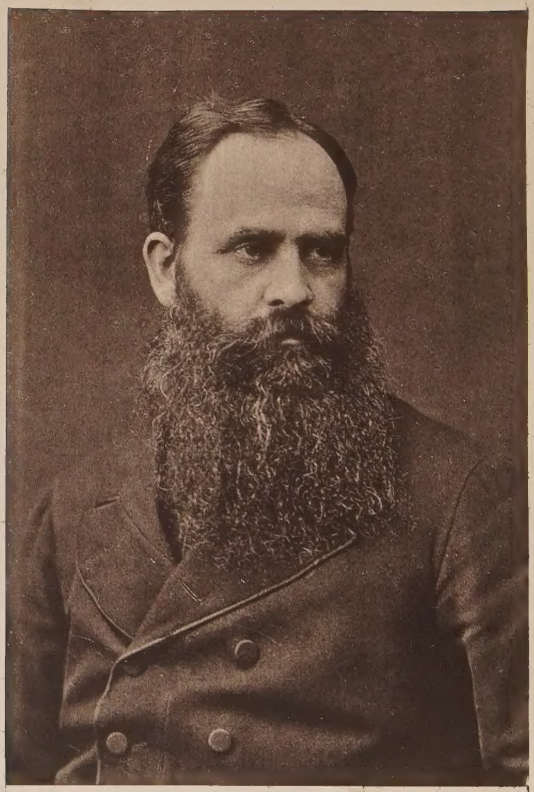
Missionary Life and Work of William and Gavin Martin

Martin Memorials.



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Martin Memorials:

LIFE AND WORK

OF

WILLIAM AND GAVIN MARTIN,

MISSIONARIES IN RAJPUTANA, INDIA.

BY

REV. WILLIAM F. MARTIN, M.A.,

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EDINBURGH:

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET,

1886.

TO

REV. JAMES MARTIN,

MISSIONARY,

CARRONHALL, JAMAICA.

THE SURVIVOR OF THE THREE MISSIONARY BROTHERS,

These Memorials are affectionately dedicated

BY HIS SON.

PREFACE.

THE preparation of these Memorials was undertaken at the request of many to whom it seemed that the Church would suffer a grievous loss, if the services of the brothers Martin to the cause of Christ in Rajputana, and their self-denying labours in behalf of the people of that Province, were allowed to be forgotten. It was the unanimous desire of their missionary brethren that some such tribute as this should be paid to their memory. As none of those in the field had the requisite leisure, it fell to me to perform this pious task. I could lay claim to no special fitness for the work, unless fervent love for, and intense admiration of, these true heroes, be qualifications. I am, indeed, painfully conscious of the defects which appear in this volume, both as a literary production and as a faithful representation of the characters delineated—defects, perhaps in some measure, due to youth and inexperience. I have had noble models from which to paint my portraits; I fear I have done them but scant justice.

Such as they are, I offer these Memorials to the Church, in the hope, and with the prayer, that they

may be instrumental in quickening her interest in, and vastly augmenting her zeal for, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. In the accomplishment of this task I have been, for a little, detained from entering upon my labours in the mission-field; but I shall never grudge the time and strength which have been expended upon it, for I have been thereby brought into the closest contact with two living, loving Christian hearts.

My thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. Scott, Home Mission Secretary of the United Presbyterian Church, for the use of volumes of the *Missionary Record.* To all, whether in this country or in Rajputana, who have kindly contributed material, I beg to tender my grateful thanks. I am under a special debt of gratitude to the Rev. A. W. Donaldson, B.A., Strathaven, who has rendered valuable assistance in the revision of manuscript and correction of 'proofs.' I can only further express the hope that every reader may feel the influence of these lives, in their purity and loftiness of aspiration, as it has made itself felt in my own experience.

WILLIAM F. MARTIN.

Bath Cottage, Strathaven,
25*th December* 1885.

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MARTIN MEMORIALS.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage—Early Days.

As early, at least, as the year 1678, the farm of West Dykes, the home of the three missionary brothers, was the property of the Martin family. It is situated within a few miles of the battle-field of Drumclog, near Strathaven, in the county of Lanark. The head of the family at that time, though not publicly known as a Covenanter, always showed himself friendly to the persecuted. It is probable he may have been present at Drumclog on the memorable Sabbath in June 1679, as there is evidence that he was in the habit of attending the field-meetings held in the district. There were extant, within the last half-century, notes written with his own hand, of a sermon preached at a conventicle at Auchingilloch.

Of the two or three generations which followed this James Martin or Martinholme, little is known. They were honest, hard-working men, who lived a quiet life, doing nothing worthy of special record.

In 1777, the principles on which the Relief Church rested so commended themselves to a large proportion of the inhabitants of Strathaven, that a congregation was formed and a church built there. Two young men in the parish attached themselves to the cause of dissent and Church freedom, viz., James Martin (grandfather of the late Rev. Wm. Martin), and Wm. Brown, a farmer, living three miles from West Dykes. The fathers of these young men could not be persuaded to separate themselves from the Church of their ancestors, but they made no effort to hinder their sons adopting what appeared to them sound principles.

Both of these young men, in course of time, married, and had large families. James Martin, the father of Wm. Martin, was the eldest of ten ; while Jean, born in 1801, the eldest daughter of Wm. Brown, and afterwards the wife of James Martin, was the eldest of eight. When Jean Brown was seventeen years of age her mother died, after years of weakness, leaving her in charge of the children, the youngest of whom was but two years old. Bravely she accepted her duty, and faithfully she fulfilled her pledge, winning her father's admiration and the life-long gratitude of her brothers and sisters. Her mother was but three years in the grave when her father lay upon his deathbed.

During his illness there occurred a little incident which is interesting in the light of what follows. Wm. Brown had for many years been a warm friend of

missionary enterprise. When, therefore, a few days before his death, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society waited upon him to receive his last subscription, he treated him with his usual kindness. It so happened that a day or two before, the 'laird' had called for and received his rent. When the dying man had handed his gift to the agent, he looked to his daughter and said, 'Jean, ha'e ye naething to gie?' Jean had not thought of this. She had a shilling which the 'laird' had given her, and nothing more, in her possession. But the missionary spirit was hers as well as her father's. Without much hesitation she gave all she could give, and felt happier for her sacrifice.

After an illness of six weeks, during which his favourite daughter watched by his bedside day and night, Wm. Brown passed away, and Jean was left the actual head of a family of eight. It needed no little wisdom and tact, as well as sound common-sense, to fit so young a woman for the management of so large a household. She showed, however, that she had these qualities. It must have been the perception of this that made James Martin, whose father also was now dead, wish to unite his life with that of Jean Brown. He was her senior by several years, having been born in 1792. These two, like-minded on most subjects, though different in mental constitution, were married in 1829. James Martin found in his wife just such a helper as he needed. He was of that nature which is apt to suffer at the hands of the world in the

struggle of life—quiet and unobtrusive, clear-headed and of sound judgment, seeing his own interests well enough, but willing that they should suffer for the sake of a friend, or for the sake of peace. He was one who could lean upon a strong wife without losing his place as the head of the house. Before his little inheritance came to him, it had been much reduced in size and value by being divided among various branches of the family. It was, moreover, burdened with debt incurred in carrying out the provisions of his father's will, so that it was necessary that the housekeeping of the young couple should be conducted on the most economical principles. They were well prepared for this, since both were determined to owe no man anything, if by their efforts it could be avoided.

The interest in Missions which had grown upon her, Mrs. Martin communicated to her husband. It is hardly to be wondered then, that, at the birth of their firstborn son, James, in 1830, they consecrated him to the service of the Lord in the mission-field. The act was the outcome of a self-consecration which was visible in their own lives. After James came two daughters, followed on the 28th of February 1835 by William, who also was dedicated to the Lord. The family circle was completed by the addition of two daughters and another son, Gavin, born in 1838, and given up to God as his brothers before him had been. As these boys grew up, it was their mother's force of character and strong religious nature

which moulded their lives; though the deep, true, devotional spirit of their father was not without its influence upon them. Her very manner towards them had a leading power. One of them has said, 'My mother's look of tender and compassionate anxiety in my boyhood powerfully tended to bring me to the Saviour.' Long after he had emerged from boyhood, William, writing from India to his mother, said:

'No features are so deeply impressed upon my memory as yours. Looks of approbation and delight when I have striven to do what was right, and looks of sorrow and reproof for waywardness, on occasions supposed to be long ago forgotten, I can realize as vividly as ever, and few influences have operated so powerfully upon my mind as these looks. Looks often reveal what the heart dare hardly speak—feelings almost inexpressible. Happy is the youth whose heart has been moulded under the influence of earthly affections which are only the reflection of the divine love. I bless God for the fact that all my dear brothers and sisters have been educated around a hearth where such influences reigned supreme, and that probably every one of them can speak as strongly as myself of the blessings they can trace to their parental training. Our home was indeed a happy one, and I can look back upon it with intense delight, especially upon the later years I spent with you, and with others of our number who are now no longer privileged to assemble around the family hearth, and to unite their hearts in prayer and praise at the family

altar. And what but religion was the principal source of this joy and delight? This it was which chiefly knit our hearts together. I cannot doubt that both of you were largely made the means of guiding us to the Saviour, and I cannot doubt that both of you rejoice greatly in the blessed result.'

The early days of the three boys at school were passed much like those of other boys at a country school at that time, the work of the farm frequently interfering with the work of the school. But even at this early period of his life, William was known and admired among his school-fellows for his fearless and determined spirit, and his warm, enthusiastic nature. No bully ever ventured to tease him a second time, or to harm smaller boys in his presence. On one occasion, as he was at play with some others by the river-side, he was set upon by a boy bigger and stronger than himself. For a while he seemed to be getting the worst of the battle, but by a quick and unexpected movement he succeeded in getting his head between the legs of the enemy. He then quietly shot him over his back into the river, where his ardour for bullying was speedily cooled. The act raised him greatly in the esteem of his antagonist, who afterwards became a warm friend.

Nothing pleased him so well in those days as to be set to do some hard physical work. Work which needed neither strength nor activity his soul abhorred. His brothers, on the other hand, preferred reading and study. At the age of twelve, James had been

stirred by a missionary sermon preached by the late Rev. Robert Niven of Kaffraria, and, to his mother's delight, had expressed his determination to be a missionary. Gavin, as soon as he was able to think for himself, seems to have had the same desire. But William had no such wish. He would be a farmer, and go abroad and make his fortune.

There was, however, a nobler life before him than any he had dreamed of. When he was fourteen years of age the Spirit of the Lord began to strive with him. He wrestled long, spent many a weary hour in his father's barn trying to find peace, and at length it came. His heart was full of it, and his brave, impulsive nature led him to do what few of his age would have attempted. The very next Sabbath he was to be found in the houses of the lowest class of people in Strathaven, spending the hour between the church services in telling the story of grace to those who had never cared to hear it. At once his mission was clear to him. He had left school several years before, but it was plain he must return if he would reach the end now before him. One day, after the work of the summer was over, he came to his mother, and asked her to speak to his father, that he might be allowed to go back to school. He had said nothing about his new hopes, and even then he gave no reason for this request. Very different from his old manner was his turning away without a word, when his mother suggested that, if he intended only to be a farmer, he had had education enough to fit

him for his work. It was like a punishment to him for having spoken so strongly against being a missionary. Another year passed ; then, when there was little outdoor work to be done, he renewed his request. This time his mother inquired into his motives, and received the answer that he wished to go to college. It was with a glad heart she communicated this wish to his father, adding, that she thought he should comply with it, as it was evident the Lord had called him. Undoubtedly it was no small trial to the old man to lose the aid of this strong son, who seemed to be growing up to fill his place. Still he offered no opposition, and even when he remembered the expense of years of study, he merely remarked that they would get through somehow.

Next morning William, dressed in an old coat of his father's, set out for school. It was hard for a youth of sixteen to take his place in classes among boys many years younger, but his spirit of determination came to his help, and he devoted himself to study with a zeal he had never before shown.

Two months after, his brother James, at that time a student of divinity, and engaged during the long recess in teaching a school at Muirkirk, invited William to assist him, and in return receive aid in his preparation for the University. Knowing William's hasty, impetuous temper, his brother may have had doubts about his fitness for school work, but if so, they were soon dispelled. William, who had now become a most earnest student, threw his whole soul into his work,

and was a most successful teacher. His power of command was truly wonderful, but not more so than his self-command. Young as he was, a glance of his dark, piercing eyes was usually enough to convince the boldest offender that he was not to be trifled with. The ironworks, in connection with which the school existed, supplied him with characters such as would have taxed the patience of most men. They seemed, however, only to draw out his energies, and give play to his powers. Discipline he had seldom to resort to, considering the class of children, but when obliged to use it there was no loss of self-control, no anger exhibited, nothing but stern, judicial calmness. Every spare moment he gave to his studies, almost grudging the time spent in any other work.

Gavin, a little fellow of thirteen years, had gone with his brother James to Muirkirk at the beginning of his work, to give what help he could with the lower classes in the school. Many a happy hour these three, all looking forward to the same work, must have passed together at this time. On the Saturdays they used to take long walks into the country, when they botanized and geologized after a fashion of their own. These were keenly relished by the three, but most of all by William, to whom the change from his former outdoor life to the confinement of the school was necessarily trying. From such excursions he always returned to study with fresh zest. Their youthful enthusiasm for reform found vent in the organization of a temperance society, which did much to improve

the morals of the district. In many ways they showed what spirit they were of, doing good according to their opportunities, and thereby earning the goodwill and esteem of all around them. When James finished his studies at the Theological Hall, it was necessary that the school should be given up. William, too, was pronounced fit to enter upon his University curriculum. This period, therefore, of useful training came to an end, but the advantages of it, all three acknowledged in after years.

CHAPTER II.

Student Days—City Mission Work.

1853–60.

THE college career of William Martin was comparatively uneventful. He was enrolled as a student at the University of Glasgow towards the close of 1853. After so short an elementary training as he had undergone, he naturally found the work more than usually difficult; and as he had no great aptitude for languages he could not be expected to take a high place in his classes. To this period and its difficulties he makes reference in a letter, written six months after his arrival in India, to one who had been his closest friend from his boyhood, Rev. John Young, minister of Trinity United Presbyterian Church, Greenock.

He says: 'I feel assured I have your sympathy in my daily duty. It requires hard plodding to make anything like creditable progress in mastering the language. I believe few missionaries, if any, would ever feel more difficulty in learning a language than I do. To one who has a special aptitude for the acquisition of languages, it is now a comparatively simple matter

to master any of the languages of India. But when I think what it cost me to wade through the Latin and Greek grammars, and to prepare for college, and how many hours were spent every day in preparation, however imperfect, for the classes, it would seem great hardihood in me coming to India, or going to any mission-field where the learning of a language is necessary, if it were not that I believe myself to have been divinely guided. By this, also, I am encouraged to hope that He, who has enabled me to plod on in the past, will still continue to me this grace, until in due time I be able freely to declare the soul-saving truths of God's Word, in at least one of the languages of India.' To these preparatory studies, which were undoubtedly irksome to him, he brought the most persistent application, making failure impossible. It needed, however, the great aim he had in view to render the task bearable. He never for a moment lost sight of his object; all his training was seen to be a progress in that direction.

On beginning his second session at college, he was accompanied by his brother Gavin, who was then entering upon his studies with the same purpose. To Gavin, 'the highly-gifted brother,' as his college friends have often called him, study was a pleasure, and he was able to take a much higher place among his fellows than William. By his professors he was looked upon as an excellent student and a young man of great promise. A bursary of considerable value was awarded him, without any solicitation on

his part, through the influence of Dr. Wm. Fleming, the Professor of Moral Philosophy.

The number of students from Avondale, attending the University of Glasgow at this time, was rather remarkable. Out of a parish of six or seven thousand inhabitants there were no less than twenty-two, the majority of whom were students of Arts, and aspirants to the ministry of the Church. It is difficult to say how much of this desire to enter the ministry was due to the sympathy which exists among young men in the choice of a profession, how much of it was due to those under whose training they came at school, and how much to a fixed and earnest purpose to devote their lives to the service of God. Perhaps all these causes were at work. A deep spiritual tone undoubtedly pervaded many of these young men. The letters of the two brothers indicate this, and show besides, that their own spiritual life was not, as is too often the case, neglected during their course of study. It needs careful watching to keep the routine of college life, with its severe mental strain, from crowding out of the mind thoughts of higher things. Most men of earnest mind feel this, and strive against the coldness which is apt to creep in. How these two felt and resisted this tendency may be inferred from the tone of such sentences as the following from some of their early letters. In a letter which describes a day of his life, William writes: 'Rose to-day at twenty minutes to six, dressed, engaged in prayer but with a cold heart, read a portion of Scripture but feel no profit

from it as yet. I know the reason I took so little interest in, and got so little profit from, these exercises is, that I was not intensely earnest in seeking the guidance and enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. Without His teaching the soul will never truly rise to God in prayer; and without His teaching the Word will remain to us dark and unmeaning, and the reading of it will be heartless and unprofitable work. Let us pray more earnestly for ourselves and for one another, that the Spirit may dwell within us as an enlightening and sanctifying Spirit.'

Gavin, too, refers to this subject in a letter to his parents, written on the completion of his twentieth year, in which he says: 'It is indeed a serious thought, that of the brief period allotted to me in this present scene, twenty years have already fled. Of that period how much yet remains to be spent is unknown, except to Him in whose hands our breath is, and whose are our ways. And neither would I be anxious to discover that which He sees fit should remain concealed, for one thing at least is certain, I shall not be removed hence until God's purposes with me are all fulfilled. So that there is no need for anxiety regarding the length of time, but only how that time can be spent so as most effectually to advance God's glory. I feel as if I were standing on some lofty, isolated edge—afraid to look behind or before into the fearful darkness, lest the slightest motion should precipitate me into the abyss below. Standing in my present position, a darkened picture meets my eye, whether I look back

into the past or forward into the future. But the darkness which rests upon the one is not the darkness which overshadows the other. The past is rendered dark because of sin. Sins, numerous, and fearfully aggravated by the privileges I have enjoyed, make it unpleasant to look back. The darkness which lies upon the future is entirely of a different kind, arising from inability to discover what is yet to come, and gives rise to very different feelings from those which are awakened by the other; for, though in one sense dark, by no means does it follow that it is therefore void of comfort, for to every true follower Christ says, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God." So that, whether life or death be appointed me, if I am Christ's, there is nothing to fear. It becomes us all carefully to be examining into our past lives, and seeing whether we be really making any advance in holiness and meetness for heaven, and also looking forward that we may see how our walk should be regulated for the future. For my own part, I feel too apt to be satisfied, if the regular routine of duty be gone through each day, without carefully inquiring into the motives by which my conduct in this respect is governed. I am thoroughly persuaded that the invariable result of a humble, earnest looking backward and forward in our Christian course would be a *looking up;* and every look of faith meets the all-seeing eye of Him who watches over us, and is sure to find its answer as He sees fit.'

The long summer vacation was spent by both

brothers, during their University course, at home. When there was work to be done on the farm, they did their share, reserving only rainy days and comparatively idle times for their own work of study. They made it a point of honour to help their father, and thus save the money which he so ungrudgingly gave them during the winter. But despite all their efforts, it was no easy matter to raise the necessary funds. It was only by the most rigid economy, and the greatest self-denial on the part of parents and sisters, that it was accomplished.

These periods spent at home were not only useful to the young students as a means of recruiting their physical health, they served also to bind the members of the family more closely together. Their relations had always been of the most loving and harmonious nature; but after the first break in the family, caused by the departure, in 1854, of James, the eldest of the three brothers, for the scene of his missionary labours in Jamaica, it was but natural that those who were left should be drawn nearer to each other. Of this home-life, their college friend, Mr. Young, writes: 'I have the most grateful recollections of profitable and pleasant times spent at West Dykes, that farm-home of quiet industry, of humble devotion, and of mutual helpfulness, where all were so thoughtful and serious, yet so happy and cheerful; Mrs. Martin the central figure of the scene, so quietly busy, so lovingly kind, a mother in Israel, honoured of God as few mothers have been.'

During the autumn of 1856 William attended his first session at the Divinity Hall, returning, as was the custom at the time, to the University, to finish his Arts course. Gavin did not reach the Hall till 1858, having remained at college a year longer than William, to take the degree of Master of Arts, in fulfilment of the terms of the bursary which had been presented to him. During their Divinity course, both studied under Professors Lindsay and Eadie, in the Junior Hall, and under Professors M'Michael and Harper in the Senior. They were most diligent and conscientious in their studies, and undoubtedly profited much by their training. Their great delight in prayer, and in the reading of God's Word, was now more than ever seen, and to that time might be traced the acquisition of that power in prayer and knowledge of the Scriptures which characterized both of them in later years. By their fellow-students, and all who knew them, they were greatly beloved. None could help loving the gentle, modest Gavin, and the warm-hearted, impulsive William made many a true friend.

During the recess which followed his second session at the Hall, in 1857, William Martin was appointed City Missionary in connection with Claremont Street United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, the late Rev. Dr. M'Ewen's. The district in which he laboured was Anderston, then a most needy locality. Into this work he threw himself with his whole heart, visiting, addressing meetings of various kinds, and organizing work for the young people of the congregation. His

talent for organizing showed itself in the formation of what he called a 'Christian Instruction Agency,' by means of which he got many of the most active Christian men and women to labour with him in the district. The wealthy members of the congregation, with whom he was acquainted, had such confidence in his discretion that they never hesitated to supply him with money for the alleviation of cases of distress which he was constantly meeting in the course of his visitation. One gentleman, in particular, was so generous in his offers of aid that he was accustomed to call him his 'banker.' Those who could not give money gave help in whatever way he suggested. He had, all along, the favour and support of Dr. M'Ewen, who, by his wise counsels, helped him in many a trying situation. It always gave him the greatest pleasure to look back upon the three years spent in this work, in which he had seen so much of the power of the Gospel to bring comfort to the miserable, and had experienced the willingness of Christian friends to succour their poorer brethren.

The most difficult part of the work he found to be house-to-house visitation. A large proportion of those resident in his district professed the Roman Catholic faith, and by these he did not always receive the most kindly reception. In some cases, however, he was not repulsed even by Romanists. Though arduous, this work was both interesting and instructive to him. He learned much of men and their needs; he learned too, more and more, the necessity

of emphasizing the Saviour's work as the only ground of salvation. He saw the working of Popery, and was shocked by much that he saw. The gross ignorance of spiritual things, and the utter darkness in which the people were kept by their priests, could not but cause the faithful worker true sorrow. But even where there seemed little hope of making an impression on souls which had been lulled to sleep, William Martin missed no opportunity of saying a word to rouse them to a sense of their danger.

Of one case which greatly interested him he writes, in May 1858, to his friend Mr. Young. He says: 'I will mention to you the case of a woman I visited on Friday—a case which has affected me very much. On Thursday night I had a special meeting of the Bible class. At the close of the meeting I was informed by a member of the class that there was a woman upstairs who would like me to visit her sister, who was seemingly near death. But I was not to go up that night, for the husband of the dying woman was in, and as he was a rough, ill-natured Roman Catholic, it would only raise disturbance. So I promised to call on Friday. Although I was visiting in the very neighbourhood during the day, I did not remember till after tea at night. Then there arose a war in my mind. I had set that night apart for writing a sermon for the children in Bishop Street, and it would not do to be put off my purpose; besides, I had promised to go during the day, and now it was night, and in all likelihood the husband

would be in, and that would be as bad as ever. But conscience suggested, "What are these poor folk to think of your veracity if you treat them in this way? You must go to-night, and make an apology, too, for not coming during the day. And as for the husband, he may not be in, and if he should, you may do him good." But other reasons came, why I should not go. In this very uncomfortable state I prepared for writing, but found I could do nothing. I must go. So I prepared to go. Kneeling down, I commended the case to God, and prayed for wisdom. I may state here, that although the dying woman had been brought up a Protestant, she was now a staunch Roman Catholic. She had had the priests at least twice, and seemed quite pleased. It was only her sister who wanted me.

'When I entered, I found her lying in a corner. She had an infant, a month old, in her bosom. When she saw me, she looked wildly round. Having spoken for a minute or two about her trouble, I began speaking about her soul. I asked, "If she were to die to-night, did she think she would go to heaven?" She answered, "Yes." "Did she deserve it?" "No, but God was merciful." "But," I answered, "He is also just, and cannot take the sinner to heaven until His justice is satisfied. How have you done that? You cannot do that; none but Jesus can. Are you willing to take Jesus as your Saviour?" "No," she answered; and then said, "There is no use following two ways; I have had the priests already." "Do

you really imagine the priests can save you?" I said. And then I showed her the awful consequences of refusing the salvation provided by the death of Jesus. I asked if we would join in a few words of prayer. She said there could be nothing wrong in that.

'Kneeling by her bedside, as I had been doing all the time, I prayed, as simply as possible. Then I asked her to pray the following prayer with me, to pray it when I had gone away, to do it often:—"Blessed God, fill my heart with the Holy Ghost, and make me holy, for Christ Jesus' sake, Amen." When I was going away, she asked when I would come back again. I promised to come on Monday, during the day, when her husband would be sure to be out. He happened to be out at this time, but she was evidently in terror lest he should come in. When I called on Monday, I found she had died in the morning. On Sabbath she was speaking of me, and said she would like to see the gentleman who taught her the prayer. As they did not expect death so soon, and as I had promised to be in on Monday, they did not send for me, for which I am very sorry. In what state she died I cannot tell. Who can tell but she may have turned a confiding look to Jesus.'

This is an illustration of his straightforward, honest treatment of those whom he visited, and of his power of winning their confidence.

But it was to the young people of the district that his heart went out. Besides the children's service in Bishop Street, he conducted Bible classes for

young men and for young women. In beginning his work among the young men, it seemed as if there would be trouble in their management. One or two showed signs of a determination to spoil the meetings. The young missionary's method of overcoming this spirit was quite his own. Calling out the ringleader, he constituted the class a jury, charged the lad with insubordination, and enlarged upon his offence, finally appealing to the jury to say if he were not guilty and deserving of expulsion. With one voice they declared him guilty, and he was accordingly expelled. A few days after, the lad returned, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated to be forgiven, and to be allowed to take his place in the class. He was of course restored, and became one of the best boys in the class. It is needless to say there was no further trouble in that class. He was in the habit of inviting a few of these young men at a time, to take tea in his lodgings, that he might get better acquainted with them, and have better opportunities of giving them friendly counsel and guidance. By this means he gained great power over them, and induced many of them to lead a better life.

The greatest comfort he had in his work, however, was derived from his Bible class for young women. Beginning with a very few girls in a little room, the numbers rapidly increased. Not only did these girls attend with the greatest regularity, and bring their friends to the class, but many of them acted the part of district visitors. Their share in the work brought

them into closer contact with the missionary, and made them feel more the power of the truth he taught them. When the time came for him to give up his City Mission work, he felt it a trial indeed to part with those who had been not only his scholars, but also his fellow-labourers. That these young women appreciated his labours on their behalf, was shown by their presenting him with a Bible, in token of their affection and esteem.

That he had entered with more than usual earnestness into his work, may be inferred from the fact, that by the time he reached the close of his term his physical health was so much reduced that on more than one occasion he was unable to walk to his meetings without the support of a friend's arm. This state of matters, however, was soon remedied by a short rest at home. During those three years of visiting in some of the worst houses in the city, he only once contracted serious illness. He was seized with smallpox, after having supported in bed a poor boy who was suffering from the disease, and whose head was being shaved. It did not occur to him that he was in any danger, and it was not till the disease showed itself that he remembered what he had done.

The effect upon him of these years spent in City Mission work was a greatly increased sense of the priceless value of the human soul, and of the power of the Gospel to reach and raise the lowest. He once remarked, that sometimes he had felt as if he

were casting pearls before swine, but yet when he came a little nearer he found that even the lowest were men after all. This struggle with sin among the most degraded classes was an admirable preparation for the work of a pioneer missionary. He gained the power of speaking for Christ on every possible occasion. If he overtook a labourer returning from work, he would enter into conversation with him, and try to turn it into a profitable channel,—when he neglected an opportunity it made him miserable. Of this period of his life he has said, that had he, on examining his heart, found that he was unwilling to spend his whole life as a city missionary, he would have considered himself unfit to enter the Foreign Mission-field. He felt deeply the importance of grappling with the heathenism at home, and was willing to do it, but his call was to 'preach the Gospel in the regions beyond,' to those who had never heard it.

His Theological course came to an end in September 1860. Before that, the sphere of his future labours had been fixed. His determination to be a missionary had steadily grown, and now the goal was reached in his being accepted as a missionary to India. And thus the mother's prayers were answered, in her second son consecrating himself to the noblest of all service.

CHAPTER III.

Preparations for India—The Voyage—Travelling in India—First Year of Mission Life.

1860–61.

It is a little remarkable that, of the three missionary brothers, not one was sent to the field which he at first regarded as the most desirable. James, all through the course of his studies, looked to Kaffraria as his future home, and was sent to Jamaica. Gavin preferred Madagascar, and went to India. William, thinking chiefly of the unhealthiness of the climate of Old Calabar, and the consequent difficulty of finding young men willing to go there, offered himself for that field, and was accepted. But when news reached this country of the death of Mr. Steel, one of the two sent out in 1859 by the Foreign Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, to begin mission work in Rajputana, William said to himself, 'Now, young men will think it is the climate that has killed Mr. Steel, and they will be deterred from going to India.' His resolution was soon taken. Calling upon the Mission Secretary, he offered, if it were agreeable to the Mission Board, to go to India, instead of to

Old Calabar. His offer was gladly accepted, as it was intended that two missionaries should be sent to Rajputana to assist in the work begun by the Rev., now Dr., Williamson Shoolbred. The other missionary chosen was the Rev., now Dr., John Robson.

As it was desirable that these two should leave before the winter set in, and as William Martin's last session at the Hall did not end till September, the subjects of his trials for licence were appointed, delivered, and sustained, and he was duly licensed by the Presbytery of Hamilton as a preacher of the Gospel, before he had left the Hall. On the 25th of September 1860, before the close of the session, he was ordained in the East United Presbyterian Church, Strathaven, to the office of the holy ministry, and as a missionary to India.

A few weeks before this event, he was introduced by his friend Mr. Young to the lady who afterwards became his wife. She was, however, so young that it seemed to him hardly right to ask her to go with him to India. With this feeling he wrote to her mother, desiring her to take means to find whether her daughter's health was likely to suit the climate. If considered too young, or otherwise unfit, she was on no account to be informed of his wish, lest it should be a source of suffering to her. Medical testimony being found favourable, and the lady's affections won, William Martin was married to Joanna Steven on the 2nd of October 1860. At first sight it did not seem a very wise step, considering their short acquaintance-

ship, but as it turned out William Martin had every reason to be satisfied with his choice.

For some time before this his mother had been urging him to take a wife; but his answer always was, that it would never do for him to ask any one to share the hardships which must be his. It was, therefore, with a good deal of surprise and amusement that she discovered his intention to marry. She was one day assisting him to pack his heavy luggage, which was to be sent off a few weeks before the date of his own leaving. Finding a good deal of space left in one of the boxes, she asked if he had nothing else to put in. With a twinkle in his eye, William said: 'I don't know what the future Mrs. Martin may have; perhaps you could put in something for her.' 'The future Mrs. Martin—who is she?' asked his mother. 'Oh!' said William, 'you and Mr. Young were so anxious for me to take a wife; what could I do?' Then he told her the short story of his courtship.

Perhaps the most interesting, because the most suggestive incident immediately preceding his departure, was the formation of a small band of six students, who entered into an agreement to pray for each other every Thursday evening, specially supplicating a blessing on each other's work for the Master. The six were—William and Gavin Martin; Robert Paterson, William's brother-in-law, for a number of years missionary in the Punjab, India, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, and now minister

of Glassford Parish; John Gilmour, minister of Burnbank U.P. Church, Hamilton; John Young, minister of Trinity U.P. Church, Greenock; and John C. Begg, of the Established Church, who, like the Martins, devoted himself to Foreign Mission work, but died on his way to India, and lies buried in the 'crystal graves of ocean,' till the great day when 'the sea will give up the dead that are in it.' This agreement, to which William Martin makes frequent reference in his letters, was a source of great comfort to him. One of the six, now reduced to three, writes: 'The great day will alone declare what blessings have been given in answer to our united supplications. With few exceptions I have remembered this compact every Thursday evening all these twenty-three years, and such seasons of intercession have usually been times of refreshing.'

Such an incident as this, points to the source of William Martin's success as a missionary. He had chosen as his life-work the winning of souls for Christ. He had a clear conviction that he was called of God to do this in the Foreign field, and laying hold of the Divine strength, he could not fail. He was full of trust in God, and of compassion for the heathen, and these made him ready for anything the Master might lay to his hand.

A few days after his marriage the last farewells had to be said. It was the second break in the family that year, a sister having died six months before. Her death had been made the occasion, on

William's part, of dedicating his life more heartily to God's service. There is no need to describe the parting which took place when the son left parents and country, ignorant of what was before him, doubting if his eyes would ever behold them again. Such scenes can only be appreciated by those who have had a part in them. Some of Mrs. Martin's neighbours thought her lacking in motherly feeling, because she was willing to surrender so many of her children ; but her own family, and all who knew her warm, loving heart, were better judges. Her devotion to the cause of Missions made it none the less hard for her to say farewell to one after another. The aged father, too, who was never to see his loving son again, felt the trial as only a father can. This straining—not severance, it is not that—of the hometies, is the great hardship of the missionary's life, but he says little about it, for he counts it only one of the things he must endure as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

On the 12th of October 1860, the Rev. William Martin and the Rev. John Robson, along with their wives, passed down the river from Southampton, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet *Ellora*, bound for Bombay. It is unnecessary to detail their experiences, and the impressions made upon them by the unfamiliar sights which met them at different points on the route. Passing through the Mediterranean and landing at Alexandria, the party proceeded by train to Cairo and Suez, re-embarking

at the latter place for Bombay. After a somewhat tedious and uncomfortable voyage, they landed at Bombay on the 14th of November. The voyage, though unpleasant, was not, however, without its comforts, for the mission party found a large company of Christian friends on board. About thirty used to meet every morning in the fore-saloon, for prayer and study of the Scriptures. Among the number were the late Sir Donald M'Leod, Rev. Mr. M'Gee of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, and Rev. Mr. Weatherhead of the Church Missionary Society.

The most interesting incident of the voyage is connected with William Martin's efforts on behalf of the spiritual welfare of the sailors on board the *Ellora*. In a letter to his sister Marion, dated 'Red Sea, October 31st, 1860,' he writes :—

'Passing over one or two interesting conversations I had with sailors previous to the time of our reaching Malta, I notice the case of a young lad, I should say about sixteen years of age, named William M'Quin. From the first day I joined the *Ellora*, I was struck with his appearance, and fondly wished to speak to him, but up to the 22nd had no favourable opportunity. As I was standing on the forecastle deck in the afternoon, I observed him by my side, and entered into conversation with him. Two years ago he ran away from home and went to sea. His father is an independent gentleman in Antigua, West Indies. No word ever escaped his lips against his father,

although I very much suspect there must have been something wrong in the paternal government as well. We spoke together on various subjects, but at length I turned his attention to the "Prodigal Son," speaking first of its lower, and then of its higher application, encouraging him, at once through Christ to return to his Heavenly Father, and to his earthly parents as soon as possible.

'Next day, as I was standing near the same place, I got into lively conversation, or rather discussion, with a Mormon, one of the sailors. When I had finished with him, William, who had been waiting for me all the time, came up, and with a most gentlemanly apology for accosting me, said that since I had spoken to him yesterday, he had felt very uneasy in his mind, and wished me to speak further with him. You can easily conceive somewhat of the joy with which such a request inspired me. He also expressed concern for his companions, whom he seemed to think very thoughtless lads, and wished me to speak to them also. This was precisely what I wished. Now I could bless God for giving me one of themselves to co-operate with me. Ascertaining the time when the majority of the lads, eight in number, would be disengaged, I requested him to speak with them on the subject, and try to bring them together, so as to give me a more favourable opportunity of speaking to them.

'At half-past seven I met with five of them, in their own cabin, below the forecastle deck. Could

you have looked in upon us, you would have seen at once a curious and an interesting sight. Seven in number (for, with the young lads, the Mormon requested to be admitted), we sat packed together in the small cabin, whilst without, the open space was hung with sailors' hammocks, and under these sat the sailors themselves, some talking, some singing, some mending their clothes. As we kept the door open for the admission of air, a few of the sailors gathered round to hear what was going on. To a most attentive audience, I spoke for a considerable time upon the opening verses of the third chapter of John, dwelling principally upon the idea, "Ye must be born again." After prayer I distributed a number of excellent tracts. All those present seemed much pleased with the meeting, and we agreed to have another next evening at the same hour.

'On Wednesday evening we held another meeting, according to agreement. The audience was rather larger, and the attention most encouraging. I gave those present some more tracts, and encouraged them to circulate them well among their fellow-sailors. I also proposed that they should keep up a regular meeting among themselves for prayer and reading of the Word. The proposal was well received, but whether the suggestion will be followed out or not remains to be seen. After some further profitable conversation, we were compelled to separate, mutually regretting that our acquaintanceship had been so short. William M'Quin requested my Indian address, that he might

write to me. I am in hopes of hearing good news from him ere long. When you have read this, I doubt not you will join with me in earnest prayer, that the seed sown on board the *Ellora* may result in a rich harvest of saved souls to the glory of God.'

In this way the missionary's labours began before he reached his sphere of work. But in the main task which he had set before himself during the voyage, he failed to make the progress he wished. He found it well-nigh impossible to fix his mind upon the study of the Hindustani grammar, in the almost suffocating heat of the Red Sea, and amid the many distractions of life at sea.

In Bombay, the mission party were hospitably received by Christian friends resident there. The first Sabbath after their landing, they partook of the Lord's Supper in the Native Church connected with the Free Church Mission, presided over by Dr. Wilson; and they could not but feel it a happy augury, that on the first Sabbath spent by them in India they should sit at the Lord's table with those already won from heathenism. For six weeks Mr. and Mrs. Martin were entertained by Dr. Somerville. They did not remain so long in Bombay from choice, but from necessity. They were urged by Dr. Wilson, and recommended by the Mission Board, to remain at least a month, but after that time had expired they were still prevented from leaving, by a severe illness which seized Mrs. Martin shortly after landing. The time was not, however, lost, as they had the privilege

of becoming acquainted with the working of missions in that centre of missionary operations. Besides, they made the acquaintance of a large number of Christian friends, who cherished a deep interest in the new field to which they were going. 'So great is the interest,' says William Martin, 'which very many, both in the Free and in the Established Church, feel in the success of our Mission in Rajputana, that they would be glad to have an opportunity of contributing to its support. Mr. Carlyle, the Free Church minister, said to me to-day (26th December), "When you have any special object for which you require money, such as the establishment of a female boarding-school, I am sure my congregation will be glad to make a collection." He would be rejoiced, he said, to bring the subject before the Deacons' Court.'

Leaving Bombay on 27th December, they went by a coasting steamer up the Gulf of Cambay to Surat, where they remained a few days with the Irish missionaries. From Surat they took train for Baroda, understanding that the railway was opened all the way; but they were detained three days at Broach, the railway not being completed beyond that point. This allowed them to have a meeting, on the Sabbath, with the Europeans employed on the railway, about forty of whom gathered to a service conducted by Mr. Martin. At last they got on to Baroda, by the first train which ran over the newly-opened line.

Thence the journey was accomplished by stages in bullock-carts. It was a novel, and on the whole a

pleasant mode of travelling. The carts were covered spring-carts, drawn by bullocks, which, on a good road, could keep up a trot equal to that of a horse, but, on the sandy roads of Guzerat, did not go more than three miles an hour. On account of the heat, they did not usually start till sunset.

The centre of the cart, between the seats, was filled up with boards, and a mattress laid the whole length, so that they could sleep as comfortably as the roughness of the road would permit. When they arrived at the staging bungalow, after a march of fifteen or twenty miles, they could either take their mattresses out of the 'garis,' as the carts were called, and transfer them to the empty 'khats,' or bedsteads, which stood awaiting the arrival of visitors, or they could remain till morning in the 'gari,' sleep there, and at daybreak go into the bungalow. Sometimes a morning march was preferred, and then the gentlemen would ride ahead on horseback, and have things ready for the ladies when they arrived, the baggage having been sent on before. The day was spent at the bungalow, which was usually situated in the vicinity of a native town or village.

Not knowing the language, they could do nothing in the way of missionary work. They were, however, accompanied by Dhanjibhai, a Christian Parsee of the Free Church Mission in Bombay, and with him they paid visits to the native villages, listening to, though not understanding much of his addresses in the bazaars, and of the discussions which followed.

At Deesa they were joined by Mr. Shoolbred, who had come to meet and welcome them to the land of their adoption. After a journey of about six weeks from Bombay, they reached Beawr, where the Mission had been established the year before.

The following, from the pen of Dr. Shoolbred, is interesting, not only as giving the impression made upon him by William Martin, but as showing something of the feelings of a pioneer missionary in the heart of Rajputana. He writes: 'Saddened and depressed by the death of my colleague, Mr. Steel, and the life of lonely labour which this entailed, you may imagine the joy with which I heard that two brother missionaries were to join me towards the close of 1860. Of Mr., now Dr. Robson, besides the name, revered throughout the Church, which he bore, I had known something as a student at the Hall. Of Mr. Martin I previously knew nothing. But all my correspondents wrote of him as one whose piety and devotion were already so conspicuous as to hold out the hope that his career in the mission-field would be honourable and successful. It was, therefore, with no ordinary feelings of joyful anticipation that, about the beginning of December 1860, I left Beawr to meet, about half-way, at Deesa, my two new brothers and their wives. In those days the journey up country was a very different thing from what it is now. Thirty hours or so of tolerably comfortable railway travelling in these days brings the Rajputana missionary from Bombay to his inland home. Then,

an uncomfortable sea-voyage up the Gulf of Cambay, followed by a long three or four weeks of daily staging on horseback, or in a bullock-cart, had to be undergone before the mission-home was reached.

'The ride down to Deesa, with its stages, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, although long and monotonous enough, was brightened by the thought of the anticipated meeting. But when that large military cantonment was reached, and day after day passed without bringing the missionary party, or any news of them, I confess I began to weary and long for their coming. Deesa is a dismal place. A great sandy plain, unbroken almost by a tree of any size—hills very dim in the distance—altogether a sort of howling wilderness, in which my lonely life in a Dâk bungalow would have been sufficiently wearisome but for the presence and society of a good soldiers' Bible-reader, Mr. M'Kinlay. He cheered me up, and gave me work to do at his soldiers' meetings, in which, and in manifold discussions of latter-day prophecies, the long weeks of waiting sped more swiftly and pleasantly away. I had calculated on allowing the mission party eight or ten days in Bombay. But I forgot to take into account the attractions and pressing invitations of that always hospitable city at Christmas and the New Year. And so while the up-country brother waited and wearied at Deesa, the newly-arrived brothers and sisters were sunning themselves in the Christian hospitalities of India's western capital.

'At last one night—I remember it so well—Mr.

M'Kinlay and I, seated in the bare, comfortless room of the Dâk bungalow, were deep in the discussion of prophecy, and he was propounding to me advanced Millenarian views. The night was pretty far advanced, and, but for the occasional shriek of a jackal, all was hushed. All at once came a smart rapping at the door. Startled by the unexpected knock, and with a confused jumble of languages in my brain, I shouted out, "Herein!" and then rushing to the door I found Mr. Robson standing behind it, and Mrs. Robson just emerging from her bullock-cart. It was a joyful meeting, the pleasure of which was complete when, a few minutes after, Mr. and Mrs. Martin also arrived in their bullock-cart. I remember being struck with Mr. Martin's appearance—his tall, somewhat commanding figure, and big black beard. But still more was I struck with Mrs. Martin's appearance. She looked so young and girlish—so little fitted to stand the hardships of the long journey and missionary life. And yet she spoke of and looked forward to that life with a wonderful enthusiasm, which could be seen kindling in her eyes into intenser feeling as they rested on the missionary husband to whom she had linked her life.

'The journey up country was a very pleasant one, and presented abundant opportunities for forming the acquaintance and studying the characters of the new brothers and sisters. One of the first things I noticed and admired in Mr. Martin was his firm seat in the saddle, and his skill as a rider. It was only a physical

accomplishment to be sure, but still one which adds not a little to the comfort and usefulness of an itinerant missionary. I had cause to notice and admire it on the very first morning of our journey northward. My own pony, a Katiawari, with all the excellences and vices of that breed, was very fresh after its long stay at Deesa. Excited by the presence of two new horses it got quite frantic, and started off at a racing pace across a very broken country. As one of its vices was buck-jumping, I speedily came to grief at a dry water-course; and as I picked myself and pony up, I was the better able to appreciate the horsemanship of my new brother, who, with his pony well in hand, and firm as a rock, came riding up to aid and condole. His good horsemanship stood him in good stead "in journeyings often," and must have been especially helpful to him during his famine labours.

'Of characteristics of mind and heart, those which most impressed me in those early days of our intercourse were his almost Puritan earnestness and sternness of purpose, on the one hand, joined with large appreciation of the humorous and an almost boyish playfulness on the other. . . . He brought to the work of a missionary an amount of enthusiasm and devotion which never flagged. He longed to be on the field of labour; he was eager to tackle with the work. On the journey up country we made only two special halts, one to visit Mount Abu, with its grand old Jain temples, which I had seen the year before in company with Dr. Wilson of Bombay, and which the

new arrivals were anxious to visit; and one at Erinpura, to stand beside the grave of my dear colleague Mr. Steel, and anew there to devote ourselves to that work and field for which our departed brother had longed, but on which he had not been permitted to enter.'

After their arrival at Beawr, on 13th February 1861, Mr. Shoolbred gave up to the two married missionaries the bungalow obtained a year before for the Mission, and went to live with his friend Dr. Small, the civil surgeon of the station, and the staunch friend and supporter of missionaries and missions. The two missionaries had their separate apartments, but messed together, an arrangement which enabled them to practise some economies, which was very useful, as the year was one of scarcity and dearness. Few evenings passed in which the occupants of the two bungalows did not meet under each other's roofs. 'Pleasant evenings they were,' says Dr. Shoolbred, 'when, the day's work in school, or study, or bazaar over, as well as the day's heat, we used to sip our tea outside the verandah, beneath the bright Indian moon, or stand and compare notes and discuss all manner of themes, specially those pertaining to our work and its preparations. On these occasions Mr. Martin was ever buoyant, ever full of hope and enthusiasm. The fitness of adjoining cities and camps to be occupied as mission stations was often canvassed, and it came to be understood and settled that, with the beginning of the cold weather,

Mr. Martin should go to open a station at the large military cantonment of Nasirabad ; while Mr. Robson should do the same in the central city of Ajmere. Meanwhile they were busy with the study of the language, and gave me most efficient help in the school, which, early in my first year, I had successfully opened in our city. Their experience, like mine, was that their effort to teach English was of the greatest assistance in acquiring a knowledge and use of native idioms.'

Reference has already been made to William Martin's want of aptitude for languages. In a letter already quoted, of date 29th June 1861, he writes to his friend, Mr. Young: 'I am glad that you drew my attention to 1 Tim. ii. 1–8, "To be ordained a teacher of the Gentiles"—how solemn and responsible the trust! Who is sufficient for the work? Oh that I could draw more largely upon the divine sufficiency! How slow we are to learn that our sufficiency is in God alone, and that only shame and confusion can flow from self-dependence. The work in which I am principally engaged, the study of the language, is one which I am very much tempted to prosecute in my own strength, but even in this pray for me, that I may be enabled to "lift up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." The missionary among the heathen is in a very trying position for the first year of his labours. His mind is, for the most part, engaged with the study of the language, and, all the time, he must remain comparatively silent, while the

abominations of heathenism are being practised around him, and by word at least he cannot stand up for the honour of his blessed Master. . . .

'In speaking of myself I do not wish to say a single word which would convey to your mind the idea that my lot is a hard one, for this is not the case. The days of great privation in the Indian Mission-field are over, I trust, for ever. Abundance of hard work the missionary will get and take here, as everywhere else, but there are no privations except such as are common to all Europeans. There is, however, one thing which I mention to you, in the confidence of receiving your hearty sympathy as a Christian student. I refer to the nature of the books through which we are compelled to wade, in order to obtain a knowledge of Hindi and Urdu. Although they are clever, ingenious, and imaginative, they are generally of such a tone, that no man of pure mind would from choice read them.'

He seems to have been feeling very deeply at this time the responsibility of his office, for in the same letter he says: 'To a very small extent have I ever realized the solemnity of the Gospel ministry. Oh that we both, you who are looking forward to it, and I who have entered upon the work, may be enabled to feel it more, not so as to be crushed by the thought, but so as to be driven, in our helplessness, to lay hold of the Almighty strength and grace so freely offered to us! Last night, in our prayer meeting, our attention was directed by Mr. Robson to this solemn

subject, in the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel. I was enabled to contemplate it with more feeling than generally, and to make, as I trust, some appropriate remarks. The three missionaries preach in rotation, and lead in the prayer meeting in the same way.

'I might say much to you,' he adds, 'about the prospects of mission work here, but as yet it seems premature, and I have made up my mind to be very cautious in the way I write, either to the Foreign Mission Secretary or to private friends, but especially to the former, about the prospects of the Mission. My motto is, to plod on, doing my duty, and eagerly and thankfully receiving all the encouragements my Master is pleased to give. I hope to be preserved from the evil and great mistake of writing home, pictures which cannot stand the closest scrutiny. A deep and solid foundation makes little show, but is the most satisfactory. In the meantime we are much encouraged by the attendance upon the school. About a hundred are more or less brought under religious instruction, and this of itself is encouraging. My morning class is now increasing, or rather, I have three classes, numbering, in all, sixteen of a regular attendance. I never met with boys so eager to learn.'

In these duties, and in the pleasure of society with his brother missionaries, the months of William Martin's residence in Beawr passed rapidly away. His efforts to master the language did not hinder him from developing more strongly those charac-

teristics which afterwards so distinguished him, viz., his power of influencing men, of securing their confidence and getting them to work, and his capacity for directing all manner of work such as came to have so important a place in the Mission.

CHAPTER IV.

Nasirabad—The First School—Village-preaching—Family Trials—First-Fruits.

1861–63.

In September 1861, a most important step was taken by William Martin towards the extension and strengthening of the Mission in Rajputana. This was in his opening a new mission station at Nasirabad, a place which will always be associated with his own name and that of his brother Gavin. That it was not originally his intention to go to Nasirabad may be seen from the following letter. Writing from Beawr, on the 16th July 1861, he says: 'Last week I visited Nasirabad, that I might be able to write home my views of the relative claims of Nasirabad and Erinpura to become our third Mission Station. My views upon the subject I have now communicated at length to Dr. Somerville (Foreign Mission Secretary), and have requested him to return the decision of the Mission Board, if possible, by next mail.

'Nasirabad is a very large military station, and has a population of fifteen thousand natives, a population

which is every year increasing. Although a large station for European soldiers, there has been no chaplain for several months. The professing Christians are little cared for, and the heathen not at all, so far as religion is concerned. I met several intelligent natives who seemed rejoiced at the prospect of a mission school being established in the place. The nearest school, of any worth, for native boys, is at Ajmere, fifteen miles off. It is a most important station, and ought to be immediately occupied. But Erinpura, although much smaller, I regard as of more importance in relation to the whole of Rajputana. It is no great distance from the native state of Jodhpore, and into the heart of this populous and wealthy state the missionary could easily proceed from Erinpura. It will be about two and a half months before I know to which of the stations, Nasirabad or Erinpura, I shall be appointed by the Mission Board. I was almost on the point of taking the responsibility of deciding for Erinpura myself, but as the expense of establishing a new mission station in India is so great, I judged it better to wait for the consent of the Board.'

But circumstances, or rather, the hand of Providence, guided him to Nasirabad, and sent him there before he had time to receive a reply from the Mission Board. In the month of September, cholera broke out among the European troops stationed there. There was no chaplain to attend to their spiritual wants, to exhort the living, or speak a word of guid-

ance and comfort to the dying. It was no time for indecision, no time to wait for the consent of those who knew nothing of the circumstances, while hundreds were passing out of the world with no light to guide them through the dark valley.

William Martin was not the man to stand aside in presence of such suffering, and calmly await orders from home. He did not need to have his duty pointed out ; it was clear to him that he must undertake this work. He accordingly went to the camp, and for two months performed the duties of chaplain ; after which time he was relieved by the appointment of a regular chaplain. This was his first experience of cholera, that scourge of India, but its terrors never frightened him.

During these two months in Nasirabad, he was greatly impressed with its fitness as a mission station, and could not but feel that it was his duty to remain in it. As Dr. Robson says, 'Having gone, and having by the manner of his going secured the sympathy and interest of the European residents, it was most natural that he should remain and carry on mission work there.' The Mission Board at first opposed the step he had taken, but his brethren in the field so strongly endorsed it that they yielded, and the Mission to Nasirabad was established. It says something for the propriety of the step, that the only opposition he met with came from friends at home. Taking no account of the extraordinary circumstances, it seemed to some of them that the whole proceeding was dictated by a

spirit of independence. But that there were none but the highest motives at work, and no desire to act independently of the authorities at home, is evident from what he says to his friend Mr. Young.

He writes on 29th May 1862 from Nasirabad: 'I daresay you will have heard something through Gavin of the uneasiness which my coming to this place without the sanction of the Mission Board, or rather, my remaining here for more than two months contrary to a decision of the Mission Board, has caused dear friends at home. It was also a season of uneasiness to me, but I felt myself in the path of duty, and, backed up by my brethren, I could not act otherwise than I did. I held the place till the Mission Board could reconsider the subject in the light which a joint letter threw upon it. Evidence was so strong in my favour, that they have been compelled to acknowledge the propriety of the course I have pursued. . . . I had three letters in one day from dear friends, all deprecating the course I had adopted in coming here. I bless God for such a friend as Mr. ——. His was a long letter, principally bearing upon my own conduct. In a series of propositions, all depending upon one principle, he attempted to prove that I had committed a mistake in coming here. But happily for my peace of mind I believe his fundamental principle to be on my side.

'I am exceedingly glad I came to Nasirabad at the time I did, and that I was led to act as I did. I have here almost as fine a field of labour as is to be found in all India, although connected with it there are a

few discouragements peculiar to a large military station in a heathen country. Within a comparatively narrow range I can speak the language pretty fluently now; and the field around me, of which I am at present the only cultivator, promises wholesome stimulus to persevering labour.'

This action, so much deprecated at first, has after all been a source of the greatest satisfaction to the Church. Nasirabad has proved not the least important centre of Christian influence among the many stations now planted in Rajputana. It was certainly a pity that there should be the least appearance of insubordination on the part of any missionary, and no one regretted it more than William Martin, but, where he believed the interests of the Mission to be involved, no one could be more firm and unyielding than he. The result has shown that those who were upon the spot were best able to judge of the necessities of the case, and of the course of action to be followed.

These early months at Nasirabad were marked by unusually hard work. While labouring among the soldiers he was hard at work upon the native languages. Hindi and Urdu occupied daily attention, and Sanscrit too was beginning to find a place in his studies. But the most interesting work, and that which perhaps needed the greatest tact, was the management of the school which he had opened shortly after his settlement at Nasirabad. The following extract from the above-quoted letter to Mr. Young shows somewhat of the difficulties he met,

difficulties which must continue to exist to a certain extent so long as caste prejudices hold sway in India.

'Up till last week,' he says, 'our school was in a most flourishing state. Four days ago seventy-one were present, and almost without exception they were making good progress. To-day there were only twenty-three. Do you ask the cause of this? It is almost impossible for any one who has not lived in India to comprehend the cause. The absence of so many was all owing to the presence of one man. When I opened a school, it was, of course, intended for all classes of the community. But the idea of the lowest caste boys, the Mihters, being admitted into a school in which Brahmans and Buniahs were learning, is a thing which would never enter the minds of the people. I never concealed the fact that the first Mihter boy who applied for admittance would be received; but, so long as my resolution was not put to the test, they do not seem to have believed me.

'I had an opportunity of proving my sincerity on Saturday. On Friday a young man of the Mihter caste came to the bungalow and wished to see me. I had a long talk with him. He was anxious to learn, but had no one to teach him. I asked why he did not come to the school. "He dared not," he said, "as he had been told that I was very angry when any one of his caste came near the school." I answered, "You will be able to say now that this is false," and in proof of it I gave him a book and told him to come to the school on the following morning. "In consequence

of this," I said, "you will have to endure plenty of persecution, but, if you are willing to bear that, I will give you an education."

'Next morning he did come. When the other boys saw his object they made every effort to get him turned away. But he still remained sitting outside of the house. I took no notice of him till after the Scripture lesson and prayer, when I went out and invited him in. The picture of astonishment and rage on the countenances of the boys at this instant was worthy of a painter; for you must understand that the touch of a Mihter is as loathsome to a Brahman as the slime of a serpent could be. My first class is composed of young men, and it was by them that the principal commotion was produced. I never had occasion for more calmness and decision, and I never saw decision exercise such commanding power. A young man of seventeen very soon discovered that he had business which demanded his care at home, and asked permission to go. With a sternness which made him quail, I replied, "I know your business, and cannot let you go."

'I hereupon took occasion to deliver a little speech to the whole school. Excuse me giving you the substance of it:—"I know the cause of this excitement. I expected it. In admitting a Mihter boy I have deceived no one, for I have professed my readiness from the first. Some of you wish to leave just now. I can give permission to no one to leave to-day. But when you get out it is your own pleasure whether you return or not. I call the roll on Monday,

and will strike off the name of every boy who can give no satisfactory reason for his absence; and every such boy must pay a fine of one rupee (about two shillings) before he be admitted again. Do not imagine that by any number of you leaving you can at all alter my purpose, for although every boy were to leave but that Mihter boy, I would come to school every day to teach him." This event has created a great commotion in the bazaar. I have been overwhelmed with petitions to exclude the Mihters. When this would not avail, they proposed a compromise. But we remain firm. There is a powerful conspiracy among the Brahmans and others to prevent the children of all the higher castes from attending school. They are succeeding just now. How long they may remain successful I do not know. I will never ask one of them to return.'

This treatment of the caste question needs no defence. He could have taken no other course than he did, to avoid the anti-Christian error into which the earliest missionaries to India fell, that of permitting caste to hold its place alongside of Christianity. The two cannot live together, and to suffer caste to exist is to introduce into Christianity an element which must work its ruin.

Some months later he writes: 'After a short absence some of the former scholars began to troop in. I have published a list of fifteen ringleaders, who can be admitted again only on paying a fine of two rupees. Four have already paid it and returned.

Like my fellow-labourers at the other stations I did nothing to court this crisis; and yet I was very glad when it came, knowing that sooner or later it must come to every mission school, and because it offered an excellent opportunity of illustrating a fundamental principle of the Christian religion, in a far more effective way than can ever be done by preaching alone.'

Three months after the opening of the school, it was examined by Major-General Honner, who gave, on the 9th of February 1862, a written testimonial, of which the following is an extract:—'During the prevalence of cholera at Nasirabad in the months of July and August last, there was no clergyman of the Established Church to administer to the sick, or to bury the dead. This want was very much felt by the European troops. The Rev. William Martin, missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, voluntarily proposed, with a true Christian spirit, to leave his station at Beawr, and repair to Nasirabad, to supply the place of a Government official, who was much wanted. The proposal was very gladly accepted. The cholera by this time had greatly abated. He came, was received with a hearty welcome, and commenced his ministerial duties without delay, by church services and other holy duties, which were most highly appreciated by the community. Simultaneously with the above, Mr. Martin, anxious to lose no opportunity, and to give effect to his missionary and educational purposes, determined to organize a school in the cantonment. He found the minds of the natives well

prepared for this movement, and his exertions were attended with the most pleasing success. In little more than three months between sixty and seventy boys, of all denominations and castes, have joined the school. Their progress, as exhibited at an examination on the 6th inst., was much to be commended—reading and writing English, arithmetic, and translations from English into the native language and back. This progress is attributable to the tact, energy, and perseverance of the Rev. Mr. Martin. One feature of the examination was remarkable, viz., the perfect understanding which seemed to exist between master and scholar, and the friendly regard which all the boys evinced towards their instructor. The scene excited in my mind sensations of deep emotion.'

While in the course of his work there was much to grieve him and cause him anxiety, his home-life did much to keep him cheerful and hopeful. His wife was in thorough sympathy with him, and longed to be able to share his work. His firstborn son, too, came, on the 20th of February 1862, to gladden his heart. In closing a letter to his father, he says of this event: 'I have spoken of myself as a father. Perhaps you think I speak coldly of the matter. Here I bridle my feelings, and shall not venture to say, at present, the half I feel; not merely lest Gavin should laugh at me, as I did at James in similar circumstances, for I can well afford to let a young bachelor like Gavin have his joke at my expense; but for a partial father to speak about a firstborn son requires time,

and my time is limited. As for the little fellow, all who have seen him say he is pretty, and, of course, I do not contradict them. They all say he is very like me, and I see no reason to deny it. As mother always said, and as I never seriously denied, I am made to live under family influences. And in nothing, I think, has God dealt more graciously with me than in this respect. I trust I shall have grace given to testify my gratitude, by never allowing mere family concerns unduly to interfere with the work I came here to perform.'

Dr. Shoolbred, speaking of the same event, says: 'I remember the time I first saw him holding the relation of a father. A proud and happy father he was, and all the fresh boyishness of his nature came out, as he tossed high in the air, and caught in his stalwart arms, his baby son. He was a baby, too, to gladden a father's heart — a very impersonation he seemed of one of Raphael's cherubs; one could almost have sworn that he had stepped out of the under-canvas of the Madonna di San Sisto, as, hanging in mid-air, he crowed and held up his tiny hands.'

It was about this time that the missionaries in Rajputana introduced the custom of holding missionary conferences at the different stations at stated periods. The social intercourse which these involved was a source of great pleasure and stimulus to all the brethren of the Mission, and not least to William Martin. The first meeting was held at Nasirabad, on the 15th of March 1862, when all the missionaries,

now five in number, were present with their wives. An addition to the staff had been made in the autumn of the previous year, in the persons of Dr. Valentine and Mr. Glardon, the latter a native of Switzerland, who had been for some little time a student in the United Presbyterian Hall. With them had come from Bombay four native converts. 'Dr. Wilson,' says William Martin, 'in giving up these converts to our Mission, has given another very striking proof of his interest in its success.' At this meeting, as at all those which have followed it, there was much earnest and serious deliberation as to the best means of promoting the work which each had so much at heart. Their serious work over, there was no lack of mirth, a large share of which was contributed by William Martin's youthful, joyous spirit. His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, and his sense of humour enabled him to tell his stories in fine style.

Another feature of his character used often to show itself on these occasions, a feature which, perhaps, was inseparable from his strong impulses, and one which sometimes gave a good deal of amusement to his friends—this was his dogmatism. As he saw more of the world and its many-sided problems, this became less marked, but he never lost his enthusiasm for that side of a question which seemed to him the right one. 'In argument,' writes Dr. Shoolbred, 'while always good-humoured, he was very dogmatic and self-assertive. No matter what the subject was, or what his opportunities of mastering it, or his ex-

periences may have been, he always took up a strong position, and through thick and thin stuck to it. When pushed hard by an opponent, his favourite and almost invariable formula was, "I know it, sir, I know it!" and that was supposed to clench and close the argument. Being a less dogmatic thinker myself, and having learned that on most subjects there is a good deal to be said on both sides, I was generally careful to avoid arguing with him, or to turn it off with a playful allusion, when our dear but dogmatic brother would, with face beaming all over, burst into a loud shout of laughter, in which the argument was stifled.

'In connection with this characteristic, I remember an amusing incident which happened at the breakfast table, on the occasion of a conference of the brethren at Beawr. One member of the Mission at that time, whose loss, through inability to stand the climate, all of us here deeply regretted, was, both by temperament and training, nearly as argumentative and dogmatic as Mr. Martin himself. Being a foreigner, too, his views on many subjects were different from his; consequently they rarely met without arguing. At last, however, our foreign brother came to know too well the impregnable strength of the favourite formula. He had run his head so often against it, as against a stone wall, that he knew the futility of it, and felt sore. I do not remember what the subject was which Mr. Martin had started that morning, but it was one on which he and our foreign

brother held views wide as the poles asunder. But in vain did he ply arguments and poke paradoxes at our brother across the table. He listened with unmoved and stolid countenance, until at last, roused by a personal appeal, he suddenly turned a beaming face on his opponent, and, in foreign and most expressive fashion, laying his forefinger alongside his nose, said with a chuckle, "Aha! Mr. Martin, I know it, sir, I know it!" The table from top to bottom was in a roar, and no one laughed more loudly or more heartily than our good brother himself, thus "hoist with his own petard."'

But though fond of indulging this love of argument when he met with a few congenial spirits like his brother missionaries, he had a great aversion to arguing with those to whom he was preaching. He had great faith in the silent and almost imperceptible influence of the truth, especially when dissociated from any irritating discussion. It always seemed to him that a discussion drew off the attention of the people from the real truth which he wished to impress upon them. When, therefore, any one of his audience interrupted him while speaking, with the intention of provoking a discussion, instead of allowing himself to be drawn into it in the presence of his audience, he would say, 'Not now, my friend. Kindly allow me to finish; then you can say what you wish. Or if you wish to enter into discussion, we shall retire to a private place, where we shall not be disturbed.' Thus he succeeded in leaving his audience with one impression, instead

of allowing their minds to be confused by an argument which was often unintelligible to them, and could seldom be useful.

About the same time he began to visit the surrounding villages, that he might bring to them also the light of the Gospel. He had now, through the kindness of Dr. Wilson of Bombay, obtained the services of a native agent named Khan Singh. 'I am now,' he says, in a letter to his brother Gavin, written just before the first conference, 'frequently accompanying Khan Singh to the neighbouring villages, and we have generally very interesting and encouraging meetings. Here is rather a favourable specimen of our meetings. On Thursday night we visited a village about three miles from Nasirabad, accompanied by Mr. Robson and Dr. Valentine. When the speaking was about to begin, I rode round the village and tried to gather in the people. Here is the way I addressed some of them. With some degree of astonishment depicted on my countenance, I inquired the meaning of that large meeting which was assembling in front of their temple. They were certainly more surprised, but could not answer me. "Here it is," I said, "Babuji Khan Singh has come out from Nasirabad to speak to you the best of words—God's words; a doctor has also come, one of the most pleasant of men; a Padri also from Ajmere, and I will be there very soon. Will you go? Yes; well I will see you." And so off I went to others. We had a large and very attentive meeting. We go back

to the same village to-night, and they have been invited to bring out their sick to be treated by Dr. Valentine.'

As he became better acquainted with the people, and gained a more thorough knowledge of their feelings and superstitions, his devices to gain an audience were sometimes very ingenious, not to say amusing. When a Brahman wishes to obtain anything, money or food, from a member of one of the lower castes, he will, if refused, lie down at the door of the house to which he comes, and say he will not go away, he will not eat or drink, till he is supplied. The fear of bringing a Brahman's blood upon his head if he leaves him there, causes the poor man to give him all he wishes, to get rid of him. It was no doubt a knowledge of this fact which led William Martin to act as he did on one occasion.

When out in one of the villages he found it very difficult to collect an audience. He could find none of the inhabitants in their usual places. They had all gone, he was told, to some solemnity in a neighbouring village. This did not satisfy him, as he was determined not to be so easily deprived of his privilege of speaking to the people. Going to the house of the head-man of the village, he called for him and told him he must have an audience of at least twenty persons. The man said it was impossible. But he would not be moved. He knew they were deceiving him and trying to get him away. So he lay down on his back upon a little raised platform near the house

of the head-man, saying in his most determined manner, 'Very well, I shall lie here until I get an audience of twenty persons. If I cannot get them to-night, I shall still lie here. I must have an audience if I should need to lie here till morning.' The fear of harm befalling the foreigner if he lay there all night, and of his blood being upon his people, made the head-man bestir himself, and in a few minutes the necessary audience was there, prepared to hear what was to be said.

Towards the close of 1862, William Martin was deputed by his brethren of the Mission to proceed to Deesa, a distance of 248 miles from Nasirabad, to meet the Rev. Wm. Robb and his wife, who had just arrived as a further addition to their staff. He accordingly set out in the middle of December, accompanied by his wife and child, to whom it was thought the journey would prove beneficial. During this journey he had many opportunities of speaking to the people at the towns where he halted for the day.

From a city called Pali, he writes on 20th December: 'The judge of this place has just now sent along a "dala," *i.e.*, a quantity of vegetables on the head of a female coolie, in charge of a messenger bearing in his hand a silver mace about four feet long. This messenger gives the judge's "salaams," and enquires when I shall have the leisure to see him. I fix upon four o'clock, so I expect he will be along at the bungalow shortly. I shall not have time to speak in the bazaar to-day, but this visit, I hope, will

prepare for a meeting on our return. . . . The judge has just been in to pay his visit, and I have had a good deal of talk with him. On parting he enquired for books, and I was exceedingly sorry and displeased with myself for having forgotten to bring any disposable books with me, as yesterday and to-day I had the opportunity of disposing of them to the most important men in two places, each as large as Beawr. If Mr. Robb has books and tracts with him, I shall see to have the evil rectified on my return.'

On the 26th of December they reached Deesa, and on the first day of the New Year, Mr. and Mrs. Robb arrived. It was a happy meeting for the two men, who had been warm friends at the Divinity Hall, and had hoped to begin work together.

But the joy of the meeting was very soon forgotten in the sorrow which followed. That very night William Martin's little child, their firstborn, 'left the embrace of his earthly parents to be with his dear Saviour.' Writing from Kuchawara to his parents on January 4th, 1863, William says: 'You can easily conceive something of the severity of this trial. We had brought him 248 miles, and during the time of our travelling he had every day become more lively and interesting; and now we have been called to leave all that was mortal of our darling at a great distance from the scene of our labours, and to return along the same road by which we came,—but, oh, how changed our feelings! We have now made one march of our return journey, and in the bungalow where I am

writing, everything speaks to me of baby. My eye rests on the spot where he slept the night we stayed here, where he played on the floor, where he sat upon the big dog's back, and my heart feels that something precious has been snatched away from it. But the heaviest blow has fallen upon my dear Joanna. Her sorrow is indeed deep and heart-crushing. But what beautiful Christian sorrow it is! In it all, what resignation to her heavenly Father's will, and what a dread of indulging sinful feelings! We have both experienced to a great degree the all-sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain the soul under the heaviest trials; and whilst such a case as this does seem mysterious, the gracious assurance of Him who is infinite in wisdom and love, that "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter," is sufficient for the present; and as for the explanation, we can afford to wait God's good time. On the evening of the 2nd we committed all that was mortal of our dear baby to the dust, beside the remains of the infant son, the firstborn of our hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Barnet.

'It now only remains for us to learn and practise the lessons which our heavenly Father would teach us by this trying event. It cannot be that we loved that little glorified spirit too much. That, I believe, was impossible; but it may be that our love to him, instead of proving the means of increasing our love to God, has failed of its proper result; and if his presence with us either failed of its result, or exerted a contrary influence, how could we expect to retain him? If an

earthly parent be jealous of a second party coming between himself and the affections of his child, how much rather may we suppose our heavenly Father will never permit it. May our behaviour under this chastisement be illustrated by the example of the dear little one who now no longer needs our teaching.

'He was exceedingly fond of his "ayah," and for a few days, about a month ago, seemed to care far more for her than for us. One day when I was holding him and the "ayah" appeared, he cried to get to her and was naughty. I punished him pretty severely. Sometime after, when the "ayah" came to take him, he shrunk back and clung to my bosom. That look of love, submission, and confidence which he gave me *then* I can never forget. My dear parents, pray for me that, now and always, I may have grace given me to imitate his example when my heavenly Father sees fit to correct me. My dear wife and I go back bereaved of an earthly child. Pray that we may be enabled to labour more faithfully in Nasirabad and its neighbourhood, that through the blessing of the Spirit many spiritual children may be given to us in his stead.'

A little later he says: 'I thank God for sparing him so long, and then for enabling me to reap blessings from his removal. Though he took his flight from us so early, how green and fresh he made my heart, which many things out here tend to wither and shrivel up.' And to another friend he writes: 'Although I have still daily to lament my earthly-mindedness, I can

acknowledge with gratitude that since our dear little one became an inhabiter of heaven, my thoughts have been oftener above. True, when my thoughts are once there, I feel the influence of far higher attractions than the presence of any relation, however dear. But He who knows our weakness has in mercy given us this aid to heavenly-mindedness; and without any sacrifice of my humanity, but through the triumph of grace, I can thank Him for it.'

Three months later another heavy trial befell them. In April of that year William received the intelligence that, after very short illness in both cases, his father and his youngest sister had, within two weeks of each other, followed his little child into the unseen. It is matter of regret that the first two letters written to his mother, after the receipt of the sad news, never reached her. Naturally there was much surprise felt, that one who had shown himself a son so affectionate should take no notice of an event which had plunged his family in sorrow. Reference was made to it in letters addressed to him, which called forth very painful feelings.

'I have rarely felt sadder,' he writes to his mother on 31st July, 'than I did on Wednesday, upon receipt of Marion's letter of 25th June. The thought that my apparent negligence had given you so many anxious thoughts about me greatly troubled my mind, but as usual I very soon found rest and peace by classing this other affliction among the "all things which are working together for good." Two of my

letters must have failed to reach you, although I cannot understand how this can be. I wrote two letters, both addressed to you at West Dykes. The first was written, so far as I remember, the second day after the sad intelligence of dear father's death reached us. As you may imagine, the sad news took a deep hold of my heart, but I can assure you the depth of my sorrow was principally caused by my sympathy with you and my concern on your account, and there was nothing possible in the circumstances which I would have been unwilling to do for your comfort. Never did I pen words with so much tenderness and feeling as that letter contained. The second letter was taken up with more general matters. If that first letter has actually been lost, I am very sorry, for I could never rewrite it, although I wished.

'I trust you will never have occasion to be apprehensive, for a single moment, that my love for you has abated. Many things have tended to strengthen it since we saw each other in the flesh, and these influences have not been without their effect. Probably, in my time, by my wilful ways, I have caused more anxiety to my parents than any of their other children, but if so, I am sure none of them ever paid more dearly for it in bitter sorrow than I have done. But I cannot help feeling as if my very wilfulness in early life, and the many anxious thoughts I often occasioned you thereby, only tend to intensify my love.

'Never till dear father was taken from your side did I fully realize what was meant by the word "widow."

Then did I see new beauty and tenderness in that touching scene which took place at the gate of Nain, when the loving Son and almighty Saviour recalled from death an only son, and restored him to his mother, "for she was a widow." Then also inexpressibly beautiful did that touching scene appear, which took place at the foot of the cross, when the dying Saviour commended His widowed mother to the beloved disciple.'

By this time it was decided that his brother Gavin should be sent to India, to share his labours. In the same letter to his mother he says, 'Marion says, "You are rejoiced at the prospect of Gavin coming out to you." We are, and why? Principally because we believe God has a work for him to do here which he cannot perform in Scotland. Were it not for this I would ten times rather he should stay at home, where you would have the consolation of his presence. But I am surer of nothing than I am of this, that were he to stay at home on your account he would suffer very much from it, and you would lose incalculably by the arrangement. But then I am sure of this, that a glorious reward is in store for you and sister Marion, for the heroic way in which you have cheered him on in his onward course. Fear nothing. It would indeed be an insult to God to act as if you thought that, unless His gracious blessings were conveyed to you through a particular channel, they must fail to reach you. "My God shall supply *all* your need according to His riches in glory *by Christ Jesus*."

'As your son, I cannot but rejoice that you have got

that blessed privilege of giving up another son to the work of Missions among the heathen. Long may you be spared to hold up our hands by your believing prayers. But if you should be soon called away, that, too, will be well, for both in Jamaica and in this place shall we be stimulated by the thought that you, with other beloved ones who have seen the Saviour, are interested in our labours.'

He says again, referring to Gavin's leaving home, 'I am often thinking of you, dear mother, of the trial which is before you in parting with your Benjamin; and I bless God that I have a mother upon whom He is placing such honour as the giving up of your youngest son in such circumstances. I know God will uphold you in the hour of trial, and give you to rejoice greatly in the privilege. I never doubted that you would be delighted to give up your last son to the work of Foreign Missions. Yea, I am sure you would feel yourself the most highly honoured and privileged of women if you could give up, for such a glorious work, three times three sons. In a certain sense you will feel the family hearth dreary and bare, but don't you think the "Son of man," your Elder Brother, will be more manifestly present with you, because for His sake you have cheerfully parted with your sons? I know He will.'

In the midst of trials and pleasant prospects, the work of sowing the good seed went on steadily. The watering of the seed sown, William Martin felt, depended largely on those at home. 'I am com-

forted,' he says, 'by the thought that all the seed I am privileged to sow in this part of the Lord's field is watered by many. But especially to the watering of the two dear ones, who remain around the old hearthstone, will the future fertility of this field be due. Here in India, where so little rain falls for eight months of the year, that it would take less than two days to dry it up, we know well the value of careful watering. In my garden I see the necessity for it every day. If the newly sown seeds are carefully watered, how quickly do they sprout; but if left unwatered, no sign of their presence would ever be given in the hot, dry earth. I can go to rest at night after the labours of the day, with the delightful thought, that whilst I am enjoying refreshing repose at midnight, you are either unitedly, or in your closet separately, by means of prayer, drawing refreshing streams out of the fountain of heavenly grace to fructify the seed sown during the day.'

In return for the sowing of these three years little fruit had yet appeared, but the brave missionary was not disheartened. What does he say of the future for which he was content to work? 'Shall these heathen slaves of Satan, so deeply immersed in sin, be one day "washed, and sanctified, and justified?" Why not? What had we been, apart from the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit? Yes, India, as yet a sink of sin, shall yet be regenerated, and its teeming millions shall present a picture of holy peace and contentment, over which angels and the thousands

of redeemed souls who have prayed and laboured for its conversion to God shall rejoice. Hasten this glorious consummation, O God!'

The time to which he looked forward comes on apace, and even in that same year of affliction his heart rejoiced to see the first sign of it in his own part of the field. The 14th of June 1863 was a day to be remembered at Nasirabad, for then the first dawn of the day of the Lord appeared. On the 15th William Martin writes: 'Yesterday was one of the most remarkable days of my missionary life, when I had the privilege of admitting the first convert at this station into the fellowship of the visible Church. His first impressions of divine truth were received some time before he came to Nasirabad from reading Christian tracts. He has visited me frequently during the past three months, and judging by his knowledge, but especially by his deportment, I had no hesitation in administering to him the sealing ordinance of baptism. The audience was good, and the attention most encouraging. By this baptism, the nature of conversion and the manner of becoming a Christian are much better understood. I trust and pray that Lachman, our first convert, may be only the first-fruits of a glorious harvest of saved souls at this station.'

J. Martin

CHAPTER V.

Gavin Martin—Work at Irvine—At Gilmourton—Departure for India.

1859–63.

DURING these early years of William Martin's missionary life, his brother Gavin was engaging in useful work at home. Immediately after the completion of his second session at the Hall, in the autumn of 1859, he was introduced to Mr. George Paulin, Rector of Irvine Academy, and was by him engaged to assist in conducting a boarding-school, which he had shortly before established. His chief duty was to act as tutor to the boys in the preparation of their lessons, taking, as well, a general superintendence of their conduct in the house. His mental abilities, together with his early experience in teaching, admirably fitted him for the former; while his fixed determination to make the spiritual well-being of his pupils one principal object of his labours, ensured his attention to the latter.

This was his first experience of such work among entire strangers, and he felt that much of his future comfort depended on the way he performed his duties

at the beginning. But none who knew him had any fears for his success in his new position. His daily life was marked by so perfect conscientiousness that he could not fail to satisfy those under whom he worked, and he was withal so lovable, so gentle and yet so firm, that he could not but be a favourite with his pupils.

His daily round of duty was monotonous enough, but his efforts to lead the boys to the source of all wisdom made the time spent in Irvine seem more like a training for his future work than otherwise it would have been. It is only his influence in this direction which calls for special mention. It was felt in all his actions, as it must needs be, seeing that his own life was to such an extent under spiritual influences, and his heart was so full of zeal for God's glory. But by direct means, as well, he strove to attain his end. Some time after entering upon his duties, after he had succeeded in winning the confidence of the boys, he proposed to a few of them to have a weekly prayer meeting among themselves. They agreed to it, the prayer meeting was instituted, and was never given up during the two years he remained among them. In addition to this, he began a family prayer meeting.

From Williamfield, Irvine, he writes to his friends at home: 'You will wish, I daresay, to know what has come of the meetings of which I spoke when we met last. I refer to the weekly meeting with the boys which I had just begun, and the proposed weekly

meeting for united prayer among those in the household who, we have reason to think, are Christians. The first, we have held four weeks in succession. The boys have never all been present, not that they manifest any unwillingness or want of interest, but because, on these particular nights, there have always been causes at work which induced them to be absent from the house altogether. Without exception, those who are at home attend every night. The meeting is held immediately after worship on the Thursday evenings, and the appropriateness of having any further meeting for prayer, when the usual form of family worship has been engaged in, is chiefly dependent on the consideration, that the difference of circumstances gives a special air of importance to the prayer meeting, because in a greater degree the boys realize that the meeting is *their own*, and also because this form of meeting admits of addressing a few pointed words in a friendly and almost personal way, which is hardly practicable elsewhere. I do trust that the interest which the boys seem to feel in the proceedings will not disappear, but rather deepen, and that there may be real good done by this feeble instrument. I feel it a very oppressive thought that there are with us in the house not a few dead souls. "Awake, O north wind, blow, thou south, upon these dead youths that they may live." Would that that omnipotent "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!" might be said by Jesus over the soul of each of these young men, as of old over the lifeless body of the

widow's only son. What rejoicing would there be among us here, what hastening home to tell their friends what the Lord had done for their souls, and what songs of lofty praise around the heavenly throne! The other meeting has been held for two weeks in succession. It consists of only four members. We rejoice, however, in the confident assurance that as children we can all unite our heartfelt petitions for ourselves and others. Mr. Paulin and I will probably conduct the meeting in turn, as there is no likelihood of either of the others taking part. I do trust that a closer bond of Christian feeling will spring out of this weekly communion. We all need to be quickened and stimulated to a more thorough earnestness in seeking the honour of our blessed Master. May the Lord very graciously visit us with His salvation.'

The result of these efforts did not at once appear, but before he left them he could see that some at least of the boys were living with a new purpose. He made a constant practice of praying for each of the boys individually. One who came under his influence at this time has often attributed his conversion to his hearing Gavin Martin praying for him night after night. The two shared the same room at night, and while Gavin Martin prayed aloud for his young friend, believing him to be asleep, he was lying awake, thinking how precious his soul must be, when a friend, a young man, would plead so earnestly for him.

Besides his exertions for the good of his pupils, he

took an active part in Sabbath school and mission work, both in connection with the Free Church, to which Mr. Paulin belonged, and in connection with the United Presbyterian Church (Dr. Robertson's), of which he himself was a member.

Of his work during the winter of 1860 he writes to his friend Mr. Young, in a letter of date November 26th, 1860, as follows:—'In my work at present I cannot speak of much which cheers, and I could tell of much which damps the spirit. Of neither would I think it right to speak specifically at present. Let this remain a little longer, until we see what God will do. Of the Sabbath efforts with which I am occupied, I may say in general that they are of such a character, or rather that their immediate teaching is such, as very plainly to speak to me, "Go forward." My junior Sabbath class, which, indeed, is the only class I have at present, I feel at least to be very interesting. Although I cannot speak of truth received in love, in any individual case, I think there is some room to believe that the truth is working slowly for itself an entrance to the hearts of one or two. I trust I am not deceived.

'The advanced class, which I conducted during the greater part of last year, was allowed to disperse in my absence, by the person to whom I gave it in charge. I can hardly discover a sufficient warrant for the feebleness of the effort which was made to prevent this issue. I have failed as yet to reassemble its members, solely from the want of

accommodation. Our society cannot provide me with a room in which to meet them, and I am waiting with some degree of impatience for the completion of the new "charity" schoolroom, where Mr. Robertson's Sabbath School Society expect to conduct one of their mission schools. I hope to find an entrance there. God grant it may be the birthplace of not a few who may be gathered there to hear the offer of salvation humbly declared. I have also begun a Sabbath evening meeting for prayer, in one of the most uninviting districts which the town presents.

'The meeting is held in a private house, and the immediate object is simply to overtake one or two "closes" in addition to that in which it is held. The number attending is still very small, and the soil seems very barren. It is most distressing to find the utter indifference manifested on the subject of religion. Though the house can be reached by taking a few steps along the close in which the people live, and though I pass from door to door almost every night immediately before the meeting, reminding them of the opportunity presented, only a few as yet have been induced to attend regularly, or so much as to pay an experimental visit. Last night I felt it somewhat discouraging, when coming from addressing a meeting in another part of the town, in which case the schoolroom was filled in every part, to retire to this frozen valley and find a mere handful to whom to present the same message of good-will to men, through the cross of Christ.

'You can easily perceive in what need I am of the prayers of an Aaron and a Hur to bear up my feeble arms, and though I have from your own lips the comforting assurance that your prayers have already been employed to pillow me up, I feel convinced that the more intimate acquaintance with my need, which these statements afford you, will urge to louder cries in my behalf. If as yet I feel restrained from loud rejoicing in immediate connection with my own work, and feel that my position is, so far as that is concerned, more appropriately upon my knees with Elijah on the top of Carmel, than with my fingers on the harp with David before the ark of God; yet, since the Lord has made the light of His candle to shine on you and those around, most gladly will I join my heart and tongue with you, to raise a rapturous burst of praise to Father, Son, and Spirit—three in one—eternal God.'

Of his own spiritual life he speaks in the same letter: 'For a day or two I had found myself extremely low—not in the "valley of humiliation:" that were cause of joy rather than of grief. Nor was it "the valley of the shadow of death" into which I had fallen. The good Lord has graciously preserved me from witnessing its dreadful scenes. But I had fallen very low into cold, un-Christian feeling, sadly failing to realize the presence of my blessed Master, or to seek, as He would have me, the honour of His name. Your letter found me thus, and coming, as I felt it did, from a living Christian's heart, I could not help

contrasting my deadness with the life of which it told, and, God blessing the thoughts which it contained, I felt myself in no small measure quickened to increasing earnestness and love. We may, I think, without impropriety, introduce a variation in the Scripture proverb, and say, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the transmission of a Christian's spiritual thoughts quicken the spirit of his friend." The more that now I see no blood-related brother's face, nor hear such words of comfort and of counsel as I was wont to hear, I feel more closely drawn to every Christian brother with whom I meet, and most of all to you, from circumstances which need not to be told. Let me therefore act a brother's part to him to whom I am thus impelled to give a place in my heart, very close to those which my own dear brothers, "according to the flesh," can never cease to occupy.

'You seem to be improving time for study to a degree which warrants a retrospect of pleasure. Your subjects are delightfully close upon the glorious object and prospects of your life. The Holy Spirit open up the truth that you may see it, and open your heart to the truth that you may feel it. My time for study is very fragmentary, as well as much more limited than yours. I find that the presence and example of my blessed Lord are constantly required to make me "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." As it is, I find that when a dozen baskets might be filled, I am content to have collected for myself a scanty meal to serve the present want. Through

God's rich blessing on the spiritual food which He has given me grace to gather, I sometimes feel, however, as if I were gaining strength. I don't know how much of this may be directly traced to prayers which you have offered in my behalf. I give you hearty thanks that I am not omitted in your prayers.'

At the close of his second year's engagement Gavin Martin gave up this work, preferring to spend his last recess at home, devoting himself to study. He carried with him the esteem and affection of all who had come in contact with him. His pupils, testifying their regard for him, presented him with a writing-desk; one of themselves, now a distinguished city minister, making the presentation. But, while in Irvine, he gained what was still more precious to him. He won the love of Mr. Paulin's daughter, Mary, who afterwards became his wife.

During part of the time Gavin Martin was at Irvine, his friend Mr. Young had been conducting religious services at Gilmourton, near West Dykes, in the school where the two had been educated. Both of them had felt deeply the coldness and want of spiritual life among many of their neighbours, and determined to do something to promote greater ardour. While at first Mr. Young bore the burden of the work, Gavin Martin's interest in it was such as to lead him to importunate prayer for its success. On his return home he took an active part in the services, and when, by Mr. Young's settlement at

Ford, they would have been given up, Gavin Martin undertook the whole responsibility of carrying them on. Every Wednesday evening he delivered addresses, over whose every line prayer had been offered for a blessing. They were indeed the outcome of his prayerful spirit, and could not fail to produce good results. The Lord was pleased to awaken many, and to give him, as his first-fruits, some who had known him from his childhood.

Of his share of the work he writes to Mr. Young: 'We have had many pleasant meetings at Gilmourton during your absence. I have good reason to conclude that several are really inquirers, though no open avowal of it has been made. We both know that in several families there is a pleasing solemnity of feeling in reference to the subject of religion. I feel disposed to conclude that it has rather deepened than disappeared. We cannot hope, indeed, to see all the fruit which yet may spring from the seed we have been privileged to sow in our native district. I do trust, however, we shall have eternal rejoicing together over not a few whose salvation you and I have successively been seeking. In reviewing my experience at Gilmourton, I am overwhelmed with a consideration of the unnumbered tokens of the Divine love which have attended me, and most sincerely do I thank the Master's loving wisdom which ordered my return to our native district. At the same time, I am crushed with a view of my sad unfaithfulness during these bygone months—dark images of proud

self-seeking, unbelief, and envy, all labouring to mar the blessed work, and, I fear, in some degree succeeding. From these and other faults in service I can only find relief by fleeing to the wounds of Him whom these very sins have wounded.'

In connection with his last sessions at the Hall, the only thing that need be mentioned is, that he and a few others of his fellow-students used to meet in each other's rooms for united prayer and Christian fellowship. His Theological course was completed in 1862. The final session of such a course of study must always bring with it very serious and solemn thoughts. 'I do not need,' says Gavin Martin to Mr. Young, 'to describe to you the mingled feelings with which I tread the stepping-stones of days and weeks which form the immediate approach to one of the most solemn epochs of my life. I know your large heart finds itself not unfrequently beating in Christian sympathy for a young and feeble brother who aspires, in Heaven's strength, to follow, though it be far off, in the steps which guide into the vineyard of the ministry of reconciliation.'

It was about this time that the Indian Mission-field began to make its claims upon him felt. He writes again to Mr. Young: 'I gave our friends at Gilmourton an address on India a few weeks ago. I feel deeply thankful that I was led to look at India,—the extent of its mission-field, its false religions, Christian efforts in its behalf, and the work yet to be accomplished in it. I never felt any special interest

in India before. I do feel that a somewhat closer examination of prominent facts has invested it with fresh attractions. I could, even more heartily than before, rejoice in being sent with implements of spiritual husbandry to labour in such a field. I trust you do not forget, on Thursday nights, my future sphere of labour, if the Master has work for me to do.'

As soon as he decided to offer himself for service in India, he wrote to his brother William a letter, which brought from him the following to the Foreign Mission Secretary :—' Nasirabad, February 3rd, 1863.—My dear Dr. Somerville,—A letter which I have received from my brother Gavin this morning, written the day after receiving licence, constrains me to write a word to you about him. Perhaps you may judge it officious on my part writing unasked of him. But I am sure there is no one who knows him better than I do, and consequently I should be able to speak of him. And laying aside, as I hope, brotherly prejudice, my opinion is that, taking him all in all, I have never met a student whom it would be more for the interest of our Mission to have among us. The spirit of humility and entire consecration to the service of his blessed Master, which has characterized him for years, but which breathes especially in every line of this morning's letter, shows me that whatever mission receives him will thereby obtain an inestimable accession. He, above all men I know, will assist to preserve a spirit of unity and love among the missionary brethren. We have long been praying that many well-qualified

young men might be led to offer themselves for missionary labour, and that the Board might be enabled by the Church to send them out; and now we are rejoiced to hear that four have offered. I trust that, both for the Home Church and all her Missions, this is the token of a blessed future.

'This, for Rajputana, is still the day of small things. My heart was sadly impressed with this in my journey to and from Deesa. Between Beawr and Deesa there are upwards of two hundred miles, and every day I passed through various villages (and on the road there are also several considerable cities), in which I could get audiences of from fifty to a hundred people, some of which I addressed from horseback, and to those who could read gave tracts and encouraged them to read to others. I am unable to give an account of this journey at present. I refer to it merely to say that everywhere my heart was depressed by the thought that the Mission Board is not in a position to send out a host of missionaries to occupy, at once, fields which seem so well prepared for occupation. If my writing about my brother and India should seem to you unnecessary, let my interest in him and the Mission be my apology. I have long prayed that he might be prepared for the Foreign field, and if for the glory of God, be sent to this place. With the earnest prayer that you may enjoy the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the discharge of your responsible work,—I am, my dear Dr. Somerville, yours most sincerely, WILLIAM MARTIN.'

All three brothers have remarked the striking fact that each seemed to be consecrated to his work by death. A short time previous to James's departure, his grandmother, who lived with them, died. William was consecrated by the death of his third sister, and Gavin by that of his father and his youngest sister.

The death of his father immediately following that of his sister, in the spring of 1863, made Gavin Martin fear that he might have to abandon his lifelong hope of labouring in the mission-field, for the sake of his mother and his second sister, the only two left in the old home. But his mother would hear of no such sacrifice for her sake. She had given him to the mission-field ; she could not take back her gift, so Mrs. Martin prevailed upon her youngest, her favourite son, to go to the work which was dear to both of them, and leave *her* in God's hand.

He accordingly offered himself, and was accepted by the Mission Board, as a missionary to India. On the 13th of July, the day following the Communion services in the town, he was ordained in the church where his two brothers before him had been ordained. In his address to the people, who filled the church, Dr. Somerville, the Mission Secretary, said 'that his esteemed brother, Mr. M'Lay, had been privileged to do what he believed no other minister in Scotland, from the days of John Knox to the present time, had done, namely, to ordain three brothers, members of the same congregation—all the male members of the family—to the mission-field ; and that those who

within the space of a few years, had witnessed these successive ordinations, were certainly laid by them under very strong and deep obligations to do what they could for the spread of the blessed Gospel.' The interest of the meeting was heightened by the presence of five ministers of the Free Church, who attended and joined in the act of ordination at the invitation of the Presbytery.

After farewell meetings in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which were more than usually solemn and touching, nothing remained for Gavin Martin and his wife to do but the more trying farewells with those dear to them at home. After these partings were over, he wrote to his friend Mr. Young: 'You have been often in my thoughts, and through grace I shall always find pleasure in having your personal concerns and public work as a portion of my burden at the throne. I know you reciprocate, with a Christian brother's love, the resolution to be a helper through the instrument of prayer. Do give me and my dear partner, and that golden field, a place hard by your heart; and those two saintly but sorely-tried ones in the old Dykes home, do help to carry bravely their new but welcome sorrow. Never was son and brother partaker of a tenderer love. Never was costly sacrifice more freely, more nobly made. We left Dykes this morning. We hardly hope or seek to look on it again. It is to me the dearest spot on earth. And Gilmourton, that too is graven on my heart in glad remembrance. God grant me joy such as I

have tasted there, and India will be a happy home.'

A short time before his departure, he was chosen by the congregation of Broughton Place, Edinburgh, as their missionary in India. He hesitated at first to become the agent of any particular congregation, but his mother's advice was, 'Accept the appointment, for it was their old minister, Dr. Brown, who first awakened in me an interest in missions.' He accepted it then as a divine call. In the letter quoted above, he says: 'I suppose you know already that I go to India as the agent of Broughton Place congregation. I feel that such a place of privilege and honour is many steps above any I had ever thought to fill. I am privileged to have the prayers of a congregation, large and eminently prayerful. I am honoured in being chosen by such a people after much search for guidance in the Saviour's name. But let me not forget that my responsibility is very high. Dear brother, read my necessities from these facts, and help me powerfully in prayer. Our portraits will reach you in due time, and the truest love of Mary and myself is with you both already.—Ever yours, GAVIN MARTIN.'

On the 27th of August 1863, accompanied by the Rev. James Gray and Mrs. Gray, and by Dr. Shields, a medical missionary, Gavin Martin and his wife sailed from Greenock on board the good ship *City of Delhi*, bound for Bombay by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Through the kindness of Messrs. George

Smith & Sons, Glasgow, they were all granted a free passage to India, thus saving a large sum of money to the Mission. The voyage, which lasted one hundred and six days, was a pleasant and prosperous one, though not unattended by incidents of danger.

On the 14th of December they arrived at Bombay, and were kindly received, as those who preceded them had been, by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Somerville, son of the Mission Secretary, and others. After a short stay there, they proceeded up country to Beawr, and thence to Nasirabad. William Martin had been deputed to meet his brother at Deesa, but the state of his wife's health made it impossible for him to leave Nasirabad. He was sorry for this, for, as he says, 'People at home will hardly understand how strong is the full tide of our joy in prospect of being strengthened by three new missionaries, even although none of them had been our own brother. How much greater must be our joy at the prospect of meeting one endeared to me by so many ties—a manly youth, possessing still, I am sure, the love-inspiring qualities which he possessed during our school and college days. I trust we shall be spared together many years to animate each other in the glorious work in which the heart of each is enlisted.' It was thus not till the 17th of February 1864 that the two brothers met at Nasirabad, and together heartily consecrated themselves anew to 'the help of the Lord against the mighty.'

Then was their mother's dedication of them

realized, when her three sons were found spending their lives in bringing the light of life to those who were 'sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death'; one in the West, labouring among a down-trodden race, separated by almost the space of the world's diameter from the two whose holy work was to tell of a Father in heaven, of a Saviour who had made atonement for sin, of a Brother whose love made all men brothers—truths unknown to the religions of India. There is no nobler desire, no holier ambition, than to aid in gathering 'from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south,' those who 'shall sit down in the kingdom of God.' The field is indeed the world, and it is the bounden duty of the Church to see that no part of the field be left untilled, unsown, unharvested. All honour to those who give their lives to this end. All glory to the Lord of the harvest, who bestows His blessing upon their labours.

CHAPTER VI.

The Missionary's Need of the Church's Prayers—Wm. Martin's Visit to Deolí—Bazaar-preaching in Nasírabad—Night-weeping and Morning-joy.

1864–65.

It is often supposed by Christians at home that the work of a missionary among the heathen is more than usually conducive to the increase of spiritual life; and a missionary is expected from that very fact to exhibit a more lofty type of Christianity than other men. What does Gavin Martin, than whom no missionary ever aimed at a higher Christian life, a closer walk with God, say of this? 'If there be anything on which I need your prayers it certainly is here, that God may aid me rightly to value the dying souls around me, the time allowed me to labour for their salvation, and the unspeakable privilege of having been appointed to this noble work. There is much temptation to sloth and coldness of affection, while busy with the study of the language, and prevented from reading much of an elevating tendency. I remember mentioning, while yet at home, the fact that a heathen country is neither a good Carmel nor a lofty Pisgah, neither conducive

to a prayerful spirit, nor a clear and commanding view of promised blessing. One, I remember, expressed surprise, and thought it strange that one could dwell among idolaters and not be pressed continually in spirit, like the great apostle, signalizing every day by vast endeavours for the perishing. No doubt it should be so. Where the Christian is *filled* with the Holy Ghost it will be so. But true it is, that every one with whom I have had opportunity to speak on this subject, or whose experience I have elsewhere learned, has felt it exactly so. Let it be remembered that the case of Paul has no reference to the present question. Paul's feelings at the sight of Athens and Athenian idolatries were feelings of one great occasion, so marked by many peculiarly stirring incidents, that even in the life of Paul it was worthy of special notice, so much so that even *he* was roused to zeal beyond his wont. It was not the constant unchanging load which rests upon the missionary's spirit who is settled in one corner of the field of idols, and sees the same saddening sights and feels the same depressing weight day after day. Let any one ask himself whether he can breathe more freely in a room filled with nauseous, poisonous atmosphere, or in the pure, open air of heaven,—let him inquire whether he can relish his food most in the crowded hospital where hardly one will taste the food supplied for all, or in the company of those who, like himself, have appetite, because they enjoy health and are continually at labour. Apply these illustrations to the case in hand, and they will

tend to show that it is natural to infer that, where Christians are deprived of the society of fellow-believers, it is hard to be all alive. I am deeply in earnest in pressing our spiritual needs upon you and all who love us and the Lord Jesus. You can do much for us, and for the perishing millions here, by staying much upon your knees.'

Truly, if there has been failure in missions, Christians at home are responsible for much of it. Missionaries in the field are their representatives, whom they are bound to support. Have they done this as they ought? Have they cried aloud to God continually, giving Him or themselves no rest until He would grant a blessing? or have they not rather given to their representatives the double duty of working and praying, forgetting that it was their work too? The Christians in the church at Jerusalem did not so act towards those whom they sent out to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. Had they done so, even Paul would have been weakened in his work and warfare. Those who fight in the front must be able to rely on those who support them in the rear. The missionary's appeal to the Church at home always is for more prayer. Such an appeal came from the Mission in Rajputana, early in its history, and the response to it made William Martin write: 'We have been much rejoiced by the hearty way the Church has taken up our proposal to have a fixed time for prayer, all over our denomination, on behalf of her missions. I fondly trust a season of reviving, such as has never hitherto

been experienced, will be the result of this union for prayer.'

When Gavin Martin arrived at Nasirabad in the beginning of 1864, he found the educational department of the work still receiving a large share of attention. William Martin had under his superintendence seven village schools, and one in the bazaar, or business part of the city of Nasirabad. By the end of the year there was an additional school in the bazaar, and another had been opened in one of the neighbouring villages. The teachers or 'pundits' were necessarily heathen or Mohammedan, as Christian teachers could not be found. To impart religious instruction to the boys who attended these schools, it was therefore necessary that the missionary should be very often present. But that the 'pundits' themselves might be brought under the influence of the Gospel, and thus be in a position to influence the children, William Martin made it a rule that all his agents should attend a weekly meeting for reading and study of the Word of God. That this plan was not without effect may be judged from the fact, that the 'pundit' who had been conducting the school at a village named Ramsar, one day shortly before an examination of his school, went to the bazaar and poured out all his newly-awakened religious feelings in the hearing of the people. The consequence was that the people withdrew their children from the school. By keeping them away they hoped to get the obnoxious 'pundit' removed, and to have an old Brahman, a man

according to their own heart, put in his place. This, however, William Martin would not do. 'He did not regard it,' he said, 'as a fault to inquire after religious truth, and consequently could not seem to discountenance the course which the "munshi" had adopted, by removing him.'

Mrs. William Martin, too, though far from strong, was already making an attempt to form a school for girls. She was not at first very successful, as the feeling against female education was exceedingly strong; but she was able to make a beginning, and the effort to obtain scholars led her to visit several of the women in their own houses.

An account which William Martin gives in a letter of date 21st March 1864, of a visit to Deoli, now a mission station, for the purpose of establishing a school in connection with the native battalion quartered there, is interesting, as showing the desire for education on the part of the natives, the manner of beginning the task, and especially the use made by the missionary of opportunities of doing good by the way.

'Deoli,' he says, 'is a small military station about fifty-six miles to the south-east of Nasirabad. Mr. Robson, during a preaching tour, paid a visit to this place towards the close of the year. At that time a strong desire for education was manifested by a considerable number of the soldiers in the Mina battalion. They then petitioned him to send them teachers. We, of course, were very glad to render them assistance in such a case, especially as they agreed to pay 3d. per

month, and purchase all their own books. Having sent on two "pundits" beforehand, I started from Nasirabad about sunrise on the morning of the 3rd, and, through the kind assistance of friends in lending me horses, I was able to make the journey in one day. About six o'clock I reached Deoli, and was hospitably received and entertained by Major M'Donald, the commandant of the station.

'Next day he made arrangements for all who wished to meet with me being exempted from duty from seven to eight o'clock. On the 5th of March, 125 soldiers gave in their names, and began to learn the alphabet. Having caused eight large maps of the Hindi alphabet to be written and fastened on the walls of the magazine where they met, I divided the scholars according to their companies. When the soldiers of each company, numbering from ten to twenty, were seated in semi-circles before their maps, along the long verandah, they presented a most interesting spectacle. Never have I seen such animated scholars. Our plan of teaching was this: Each of the "pundits" took four companies, which he visited in succession. All the pupils of one company repeated half a dozen letters together with the "pundit," till the sounds were pretty well fixed in the mind. Then they began to copy them out on their "pati," or native writing-slate (a piece of board sprinkled with sand or ground brick), whilst the "pundit" passed on to the second company. It was touching and amusing to see eighty

grown up men, all sitting on the floor, trying to learn the alphabet of their own language. Each, as he tried to write the first letter, strove to carry along in his mind the sound of each letter, so that from every part of the verandah was heard, in a gentle hum, the letters a, ā; i, ī; u, ū; ri, rī; lri, lrī; and if, in the process of writing one letter, another should escape the memory, the uneasy and perplexed look, which the unfortunate scholar cast on any by-stander who was likely to render him any assistance, was most comical.

'On the second day after the opening of the school, I had an intensely interesting meeting with the native officers of the regiment. They unitedly expressed their gratitude for the interest the Mission is taking in the soldiers, and promised to co-operate with me by all means in their power. I explained to them the principle which stimulates the Christian in seeking the spread of education, and the nature of the education which it is our aim to impart.

'On Sabbath morning I preached to the English residents, in Major M'Donald's drawing-room. In the afternoon I rode out to Umarwasa, a village about three and a half miles to the south of Deoli. It is a considerable village, containing about 200 houses, of which a larger proportion than usual are occupied by the "Buniah" class. On entering the village I accosted a number of people sitting in the shadow of a tree in front of a temple. They seemed quite pleased to enter into conversation with me. Soon a considerable audience congregated, and I felt greatly encouraged,

by the intelligent interest manifested, to declare to them the word of life. On leaving, many seemed disappointed that I could not remain longer with them, and earnestly invited me to return soon again.

'Having passed through the village, to take a view of the place, I came in front of a second temple, on the "chabutra" of which were seated two Brahmans. We were soon engaged in conversation. A good company now gathered around us. "You," I said, addressing the principal Brahman, "are a religious teacher. So am I. I have come far to make known the truth, and it always gives me pleasure to converse with those who hold such an honourable position as you do. It is our business to inquire into the truth and the best way of making it known to others. If you have no objection, we shall compare our views upon the subject." To this he was quite agreeable. The way being thus prepared, I again presented in this village, to a most attentive audience, the great essential doctrines of the Gospel.

'Leaving this village I returned in the direction of the camp. Near the path, about half a mile from Major M'Donald's house, stands the little village of Uncha, containing seventy houses, fifty of which are occupied by Minas. As it was now getting dark I had little time to spare, but as the thought came across my mind that I might never have another opportunity of declaring the way of salvation to these perishing souls, I dared not pass on without pointing them to the Saviour of sinners.

'Next day there was a "mela" (or fair) at Panwara, a village of 400 houses, about three miles to the north-east of Deoli. At twelve o'clock I started for the "mela," to embrace any opportunity that might be presented for selling books and preaching the Gospel. A little to the east of the village is a beautiful tamarind grove, in the neighbourhood of which several hundreds of people had assembled. Here, upon a shady bank, from thirty to forty women and girls were seated singing. I could not make out the subject of their song, but, inquiring at some bystander, I found it was far from being of a pure or elevating character.

'As soon as the singers had come to a pause, standing at a respectable distance so that they might not be disturbed by the presence of a white stranger, but speaking loud enough for them to hear, I explained how fond I was both of poetry and music, that I had lately been learning to sing some very beautiful hymns in their own language, and that if they had no objection I would gladly give them a specimen. To hear a Sahib sing was too great a novelty to be rejected, so all the male part of the crowd signified their pleasure. Some of the women, influenced perhaps by native ideas of modesty, or it may be, resenting my intrusion, and piqued that I should have attracted away their audience, rose and left. I chose the Hindi translation of the hymn beginning, "Here we suffer grief and pain." After singing a few verses I said that doubtless all would

like to get to heaven, where such happiness would be enjoyed and no pain endured, and proceeded to point out how alone they could become possessors of such happiness.

'After resting a little I proceeded to a small temple of Mahadem, built under the shade of a majestic banyan tree, where a considerable crowd had assembled. The presiding Brahman was engaged in receiving offerings and guiding the devotions of the worshippers. I made my "salaam" as pleasantly as possible, which was returned by many voices. In order to make sure of influential co-operation, I said to a few leading men seated at the door of the temple, "I have a great desire to speak to the people assembled here, but if you have any objections to my addressing them on the 'chabutra' of the temple, say so at once, and I shall be gone elsewhere." The idea of giving me such a reception when I had come so far to see their "mela" was at once scouted by all. Thereupon the Brahman made them all sit down quietly.

'Taking a parcel of books from my servant's hands, I held them up and said, "You see I have not come merely to see the 'mela,' but to transact business; and I am certain of this, that there is not a merchant in all the fair prepared to transact business on such a liberal scale as I am. I offer a reduction of 8d. in the shilling." Here I explained how it was possible for me to sell books so cheap. They seemed very much struck by the fact that people at such a distance, and from a different country, whom they had

never seen, and probably never would see, should take such an interest in their welfare. "Surely," they said, "these books must be good when so many wise and good people are anxious for us to read them. Please let us hear something of what they teach." On such an occasion my New Testament generally opens at the 15th chapter of Luke. I read the touching story of the Prodigal Son. As soon as it was finished, before I had time to give any exposition, three young men at least were opening the knots on the end of their "pugrees," and taking out the 1½d. which was to make them possessors of one of the Gospels. To at least 150 people I spoke for about an hour, but exhaustion at length compelled me to withdraw. Had my brother been present to take up the subject, the people seemed prepared to listen for any length of time. The word was not spoken in vain that day, as I afterwards met with those who had been present at the "mela," and could give me a very correct report of some of the truths upon which I had expatiated. It is unnecessary to say anything about the meetings I held in other villages during my seven days' stay at Deoli. In ordinary villages our meetings are very much alike. Everywhere I was well received.'

But while such work as he has here described was both useful and encouraging, the most important as well as the most difficult task was preaching in the bazaar. For this it was absolutely necessary that the missionary should have a thorough knowledge of the

language, so as to be able to meet those who would be constantly interrupting the discourse. This work had been begun in Nasirabad, early in the previous year, but had been sadly broken in upon by the illness both of William Martin and of his assistant, Khan Singh. A short notice of the first meeting in the bazaar will show the nature of the opposition they met. On 28th April 1863, William Martin writes: 'To-night Mr. Robb, Khan Singh, and I, went into the bazaar, to view the field and fix upon a few suitable places at which it would be advisable to hold meetings, as opportunity should be presented, without any plan as to how or where our first meeting should be conducted.

'On passing the house of a "fakir," who is regarded with great veneration by thousands of the people, and who is addressed in terms of the greatest reverence by even the most influential among them, I entered into conversation with a few men engaged in preparing lights to enlighten the house of this "man of God" by night. After a short time they evidently thought me much interested in their saint; and as a mark of very great favour, they invited me to step on to the "chabutra," upon which, behind a curtain, he was lying upon his bed. We were assured that he had not risen from it for fourteen years, although according to others, as I have been seriously informed, he bathes in the Ganges every morning, but is always back before any one can discover his departure. To the invitation of his attendants I

answered, that as I did not think that a conversation with him at present would be favourable to the object for which I had come here, I would rather be excused.

'As the people now began to gather around us, I explained that we had come to preach doctrines which I knew could not be acceptable to Lardley Dass, and I did not care to put it into his power to ask me to leave his presence as soon as I should make known to him unpleasant truths, but here, I said, where he can hear me if he chooses, and where no one has a right to interfere with our standing, I shall deliver my message. Then I began to declare the way of salvation through Jesus. An audience of not less than 200 people was shortly assembled, but before I had spoken long the audience became a good deal excited. I soon discovered the reason.

'A wealthy "seth" or banker on the opposite side of the street, who cherishes very great reverence for the "fakir," believing that we had come to carry him off, went to the Sepoy guard and succeeded in getting several soldiers in order to break up the meeting. Challenging the foremost soldier, I warned him to beware, for if he dared to lay his hand upon a single man within a certain limit, it would be to his hurt. Thus taken aback, and quite confounded, they slunk away heartily ashamed. But by this time my throat had become parched, and I began to speak with great difficulty. Khan Singh now took up the subject, which had been interrupted, and presented it in a very impressive manner.

'But here are two Brahmans shouldering their way into the centre of the audience, and you can easily read, in their countenances and proud bearing, the determination to silence the Padri and his Babu, and humble them in the eyes of the people. Everything must yield to them. But they soon find that we are not quite disposed to accept as truth whatever they say, simply because they are Brahmans; and besides we can give reasons also for rejecting as false what they assert as true, reasons which are quite satisfactory to a large portion of the audience.

'Our two assailants evidently have not understood each other well, for, having been foiled in their attack, they began to quarrel between themselves, one accusing the other of making such a foolish assertion, and he in his turn upbraiding the first for having made such a fatal concession. At this sight the people laughed, and the Brahmans became more angry. But a happy idea seemed to hit one of the champions, and he presented the modest demand, that for the rest of our discussion it should be carried on in Sanscrit.

'But such a proposal had a very different effect from what he had hoped, for when I showed that it would be quite as reasonable for me to ask that the discussion be carried on in English, the audience at once assented. "However," I argued, "this proposal of your leaders should only teach you the necessity for inquiring earnestly into the truth of things for yourselves, for it is perfectly clear that he is afraid we shall prove to you that your religion is built upon

a false and insecure foundation." The great mass of the audience was with us all the time, and evidently enjoyed very much the defeat of the Brahmans, whom they greatly fear but cannot love.'

There were obstacles to be met with at Nasirabad which had no existence in a city like Beawr, the former being a military station. 'In Beawr,' says William Martin, 'there was nothing which struck me so much as the marked respect which the people uniformly paid to Europeans; but in coming to this place I was as much struck by the entire absence of all external marks of respect, except in cases where it had been won by an upright course of conduct. And it is not difficult to see that many of the people begin to be infected with the spirit of bullying, for which the English soldier is but too celebrated in this country. Taking this fact into consideration, I was fully prepared to expect more noisy meetings than any brethren at the other stations were likely to have, although as yet I have been agreeably disappointed.'

'I was quite prepared,' he continues, 'to expect more determined opposition than has yet been shown. So long as I was confined to the educational department, and especially up to the time when "Mihters" sought admission, I was rapidly becoming a favourite in the bazaar. But the admission of "Mihters," and the consequent disruption, turned a great many against me. And now that they are beginning to understand more clearly the object of our mission, a large portion

of the community do not look upon us with a more friendly eye. So long as we confined ourselves to the schools in the city and in the surrounding villages, they saw little of active aggression, but now that we have taken our stand in the city, and have begun to proclaim doctrines radically opposed to the religion of their fathers, they easily perceive that just in proportion as our object succeeds their religion must decline; and it would indeed be a wonder if those who have so long held the popular mind in chains, and retained their power by keeping the people in ignorance, should allow us to proclaim the glorious liberty of the Gospel without offering a determined resistance.'

This part of the work, as above stated, was unavoidably given up for some time, but as soon as possible it was resumed. In May 1864, William Martin says: 'In order that all may have an opportunity of hearing the Gospel at as short intervals as possible, we have set apart three evenings every week—namely, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, from six to seven o'clock—for bazaar-preaching. Hitherto our meetings have been large, and the attention very encouraging. To the cursory observer the exact place of meeting, and the subjects of address, would seem to be the result of the merest chance, but some circumstance or other, connected with these meetings, has given us the encouragement of feeling assured that our gracious Master is guiding us, even in the minutest particulars. One evening, for instance, on

joining a group of idlers before a humble dwelling, we soon learned that the rude hand of death had but the other day wrought desolation within. There sat the sorrowing father in the centre of the group; and as he looked into my face his eyes seemed to say, "How miserable I am! Speak to me some word of sympathy and comfort." On hearing a stranger's voice, three women came to the door, one of whom, probably, was the sorrowing mother. The thoughts which used to soothe my spirit, when called upon to bear a similar trial, rushed upon my mind, and I was enabled to speak for a considerable time, to an attentive audience, of Him who has "conquered death, and brought life and immortality to light."

'On another occasion, when passing through the city, consulting together as to the best place for gathering an audience, we descried in the distance a company of native musicians advancing in our direction, bearing a variety of drums. The thought at once crossed my mind, These instruments have long been used in the service of the prince of darkness; may we not for once employ them in the service of Christ? As they were about to pass, I saluted the musicians and requested them to pause. "These drums," I suggested, "are doubtless very powerful instruments of music; but I am much afraid they greatly lack sweetness of tone. Would you kindly play a little, so as to enable us to judge?" To this proposal one and all assented with hearty

good-will. Soon a large crowd assembled. Our object had been attained; and it was unnecessary longer to suffer torture by listening to the sounds of a native drum; so from my heart I gave the performers thanks. As the use of these drums is uniformly associated with a marriage-feast, I had at once an audience they had gathered and a subject suggested by them, from which to address the audience.

'The thought that we had been chosen by Christ, and sent to India by His Church for the very purpose of calling men to the Gospel-feast, acted as a powerful stimulus to improve the incident to the utmost. Lifting up my heart in prayer, I bespoke the attention of the audience whilst I should speak to them for a few minutes of a marriage-feast, to which I had come to call them—a feast so different from any to which these drums had ever sounded the call. Whilst I proceeded to speak of the abundant supply, the freeness of the invitation, the suitableness of the provision made, the expense at which it has been provided, and the awful consequences of rejecting the invitation, I could not help feeling that God had graciously sent the musicians to render us assistance in calling the people together, and to suggest an interesting subject of address. After I had finished, Babu Khan Singh, the native preacher, as usual, took up the subject and treated it in an interesting and impressive manner.'

'Yesterday,' he goes on to say, 'our hearts were greatly rejoiced by the presence and Christian fellow-

ship of a blind Eurasian preacher. When he was only six months old, God saw fit to shut his eyes to the light of day, only that His infinite grace might be more apparent, in enlightening his spiritual vision to see with wonderful clearness eternal realities. With a memory of marvellous retentiveness he has learned the whole Kuran in Arabic by heart, so that he is quite as much at home in quoting and translating it as its most learned teachers; and every verse of our Urdu Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, seems to lie open before the eye of his mind. Nor do these divine and human productions lie as useless lumber in the vast storehouse of his memory. They are well digested. Possessing a clear perception of the truth as it is in Jesus, and having embraced it in love, he possesses to a large extent the power of presenting the light and beauty of truth in such a way as to render the darkness and deformity of error exceedingly revolting. Curiosity, we knew, would soon bring together a crowd, when the people saw a little dark man hand in hand with European missionaries, but we knew as well that this could neither retain them long nor soften their hearts. We therefore united in prayer before starting for the scene of our labours. Our place of meeting was soon reached; and before we had well got our blind preacher lifted up on a "chabutra," from which he might, as we would say, see his audience, a large concourse had assembled. A considerable number of these remained during the whole of the address, and could hardly

fail to carry home and think upon some of the truths so forcibly and beautifully illustrated; but you could not have witnessed, without sinking of heart, the numbers of those who paused for a little, and who, when any declaration of truth appealed too directly to their consciences, passed so eagerly beyond the sound of the Gospel.'

The hardness of heart of their hearers could not but depress the missionaries; but while there was much in the experience of each missionary to discourage him, there was also cause for rejoicing. At one station and another there were being 'added to the Church such as should be saved.' On 29th October 1864, William Martin wrote to the Mission Secretary: 'The 2nd and 9th of this month have been peculiarly joyous at this station. Our Quarterly Missionary Conference met here on the 29th of September. I believe all the brethren found the season a profitable one for body and soul. On Sabbath the 2nd, we closed our Conference by celebrating the Lord's Supper. At every successive Conference our hearts are gladdened by some new convert joining us in the celebration of this soul-rejoicing ordinance. On this occasion we had two joining with us for the first time. From Ajmere, Isa Das (servant of God), recently baptized; and from Beawr, one of three lately baptized there. And no small joy was it to have a goodly number of our fellow-countrymen, from the troops stationed here, seated with us at the love-feast, some of whom have

joined the fellowship of the Church for the first time, since enjoying the blessings of Christian ordinances at this place, through the exertions of my brother.

'Sabbath, the 9th, was to me the most interesting and important day in the history of the Mission at this station. At our usual morning Hindi service in the mission bungalow, Munshi Hussein Ali was received into the fellowship of the visible Church by baptism, in the presence of a considerable concourse of people. We opened the services as usual, by singing a Hindi hymn, after which I read part of the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel, and explained and enforced the necessity of the new birth; and, in connection with the same, explained the nature and uses of baptism. After this I put to him the following questions, and received to them all distinct and in some cases enlarged and impressive answers. The following is a translation:—

'I. Having renounced the Mohammedan faith, do you now publicly profess your faith in the Christian Religion?

'II. Do you acknowledge that the Kuran, the Hadis, and other religious books of the Mohammedans are of mere human origin, but that the Scriptures of the Christian religion are of divine origin, and can alone make known the way of salvation?

'III. Do you acknowledge the Trinity of God, that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are one God, three in one, and one in three?

'IV. Having abjured all faith in your own righteousness as a means of acceptance before God, do you rely alone upon Jesus Christ for salvation?

'V. Seeking to suppress your own will and pleasure, is it your resolution to imitate the example of Jesus Christ, and perseveringly to pray for the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, that you may grow daily in holiness?

'VI. Do you profess, before God and these witnesses, that for your soul's salvation and the service of God alone, and not for any worldly motive, you have renounced the faith of your fathers and embraced the religion of Jesus?

'VII. Do you resolve, in the strength of Divine grace, to recommend the Christian religion by a holy walk and conversation?

'Having previously prepared a personal statement for the satisfaction of the Church and the information of those present, the candidate for baptism read it at this stage of our interesting proceedings, after which I engaged in prayer and dispensed to him the ordinance of baptism.

'Throughout the whole of these proceedings intense curiosity was depicted in every countenance; and many who were afraid to listen were evidently not less afraid of losing anything that was said. This was specially manifest during the reading of the "munshi's" paper, as he showed how, one by one, the false hopes, upon which he, in common with all Mohammedans, had been accustomed to rest, failed

him in the day of his need. And again, during the delivery of my address of congratulation and Christian encouragement after baptism, I observed several Mohammedans who appeared to be quite lost in amazement. After a short address from Babu Khan Singh, deducing the lessons to be learned from what had been witnessed, the meeting was closed by prayer.

'In order,' he continues, 'to afford you a fuller introduction to Hussein Ali than I have at present leisure to write, I herewith enclose a copy of his personal statement in the original language, with a translation which he made with the help of my brother. As he speaks plainly and fully for himself, it is unnecessary for me to say much regarding him; but I cannot help giving you some account of his behaviour among us since first applying for baptism.

'His first introduction produced a rather unfavourable impression upon my mind. I regarded him with strong feelings of suspicion; and it cannot be denied that there were circumstances in his case which warranted this feeling. For a considerable time he had been living with a woman of disreputable character. I soon found that she had come to live with him at the "serai," or native inn. On hearing this, I at once gave him the alternative of discontinuing his visits or living entirely separate from this woman. His answer was a noble one, and convinced me that already he was either a true Christian or a consummate hypocrite. He said, "I desire to do

nothing which will stand in the way of my professing Christianity; I shall follow your advice. But I have promised to marry this woman on condition of her becoming a Christian. I have been very foolish, and have greatly involved myself by it. But what can I do? Can nothing be done for her? I should like so much that she were put under religious instruction." Mrs. Martin forthwith took charge of her. But her past mode of life and her ungovernable temper necessitated an amount of restraint to which she had never been accustomed; and as she began, also, to see that Christianity was something very different from what she supposed, and that marriage with the "munshi" might after all not be attained, she rebelled and took her departure. He grieved at the result, and yet it seemed as if a load were lifted from his mind. He grieved to think that she had neglected such a favourable opportunity of retracing her steps, and he grieved to think that the hope he had cherished that they who had been companions in sin would become fellow-heirs of the grace of life, should be extinguished; but, as he said, "his position was too perilous to permit him to interfere so as to try to detain her."

'From his arrival in Nasirabad till the day of his baptism, he has had a period of four months' probation. So far as his knowledge of the way of salvation was concerned, I might have baptized him much earlier; but the nature of his past life enforced the necessity of caution. He is now actively engaged

as an agent of the Mission; and, in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, is manifesting the reality of his Christian principle and his fitness for the work to which he has been called. His gentleness is to me peculiarly attractive, as it presents such a contrast to his previous character. It was only to be expected that a lineal descendant of Mohammed, a learned man among his co-religionists, and a preacher of the Mohammedan religion, should be proud and overbearing; and it was not difficult to see, even when he came among us, not more than five months ago, that this had been his character. To me it is the greatest encouragement in preaching the Gospel I have met since coming to India, to trace in his walk and conversation the progress he is making in imitating the humility and gentleness of Christ. Nothing, I am persuaded, is better fitted than such an illustration of the subduing and sanctifying influence of the Gospel, to recommend the Christian religion to those with whom he comes in contact. Only yesterday one of our servants, with whom I was engaged in private religious conversation, remarked how gentle the "munshi" had become, and by way of illustration referred to the way he had borne numerous provocations from Munshí Waji al Khan.'

As Hussein Ali was the first Mohammedan convert at Nasirabad, his confession may be given here. It is interesting in itself, as it contains some account of the Mohammedan religion, and shows also the import-

ance of circulating religious books, and especially the Holy Scriptures. In this document he says: 'I, Hussein Ali, son of Akbar Ali, formerly an inhabitant of the village of Badarpur, in the district of Raj Ulwar, give, as follows, a correct account of my circumstances :—That I am descended from the Saiyad, a sect who regard themselves as superior to all other Mohammedans; and my parents, according to the custom of Mohammedans, having sent me to an academy, had me first instructed in the Kuran, and afterwards in Persian literature. When I had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with these departments of learning, I was regularly engaged in preaching and teaching the Mussulman religion in the assembly of my people. On this account I was much esteemed by all with whom I was connected. Thus engaged, I spent many years in preaching, fasting, and prayer. Fully four years ago, leaving my native place in search of employment, I came by chance to Jeypore. Having called on Nawab Mahomed Fais Ali Khan, the treasurer, I applied to him for a situation. He, being pleased with my attainments, granted me a situation suitable to my qualifications.

'For nearly four years I remained utterly unconcerned and thoughtless, spending night and day in worldly pleasures, regardless of a future world and eternal salvation; because, like all Mussulmans, I was fully persuaded that no one who read the "Kalima" (the Mussulman confession of faith) could suffer punishment in hell. But at length, by the accusa-

tions of conscience, suddenly the burden of sin began to be felt so heavily upon my head, that my heart could find no rest. Then I was led eagerly to inquire what preparation is necessary for the future world. In this state of mind I was induced to search anew the Kuran and other books of the Mussulman religion, as to the means of removing the load of sin. Then I discovered that pilgrimage, and prayers, and fasting, and giving of the "zakat" (alms amounting to one-twentieth of the entire income), and continually asking of forgiveness, and reading the "Kalima" ("La Allah Illulah Mohammed Rasul i Alla"—there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet), and walking according to the law, will secure the forgiveness of sin, and by the performance of these requirements, and the knowledge of Mohammed as an intercessor and mediator, every Mussulman will obtain eternal salvation; on these grounds God will forgive the sins of every man.

'But having carefully examined the matter, I perceived that, in consequence of Adam's disobedience and Satan's power, no man of himself can fulfil the divine law and commands according to requirement; and even could he accomplish this himself, still he has but performed his duty, and no room is left for boasting. Moreover, by performing the above-mentioned requirements, sin cannot be removed; for how shall God forgive the guilty without a mediator? For although He has been described as merciful and gracious, still He is also just and holy. Hence His

mercy and forgiveness, apart from mediation, would bring a stain upon His holiness and justice. It cannot be so. On the contrary, all the attributes in the Divine nature are of necessity equal; one cannot lose in favour of another. By means of pilgrimage and the giving of the "zakat," evil designs and carnal wishes cannot be purified, but remain unchanged, because man is so sinful and defiled with the pollutions of the world, that by his own endeavours he cannot stand justified and righteous in the sight of God. For in the same degree as man is active in accomplishing the deeds of sin, is he slothful in performing the works of righteousness. And if any one lay claim to having kept entire the law of God, to having broken no command, and to being entirely free from sin, let him know that he is utterly a self-deceiver and a liar.

'Hence, when I perceived that pilgrimage, and alms, and prayers, and fastings, were unable to secure forgiveness, it became apparent that a mediator and intercessor must be found, who, taking my hand, would draw me out of the ocean of guilt and ruin, and lead me to eternal life. In consequence of this reflection, I resolved in my heart that Mohammed should become my advocate and procurer of forgiveness (for such is the faith and belief of all Mohammedans). But it is proved by certain verses of the Kuran and Hadis, that Mohammed is himself a sinner and needs forgiveness for himself, and everywhere implores forgiveness of God for past and future

sins. Accordingly, it is written in the Thislukatul Nussabi that seventy times a day he asked from God forgiveness. Again, in the same book, it is written that he asked a hundred times a day; and thus it is proved, by many verses of the Kuran and Hadis, that he was not free from sin. Hence I reflected, and every man should consider, that one debtor cannot be the surety of another. And how shall one criminal become the saviour of another, while he himself, imprisoned for the same offence, entreats forgiveness from the judge in his own behalf! Hence it is written in the Kuran, "One burden-bearer cannot bear another's burden." And hence this expedient, like the former, is imperfect.

'Then my heart was perplexed, because it was plain to me that both of these provisions failed to secure a perfect mediator for forgiveness of sin in the sight of God. In this reflection I despaired more than before. And when no one from any side appeared, who, seizing my hand, might rescue me from the sea of guilt and lead me safely to the shore of peace, day and night my anxiety increasing, and my heart being greatly alarmed, I forsook all things that I might learn the way of salvation. A thousand praises to the exalted God, who ordained salvation for me! For though He abhors iniquity and sin, still He delights to invite the guilty toward Himself, if only they sincerely repent of their transgression, approaching Him through that mediation which, in His unspeakable mercy, He provided for the whole world.

'After a time I laid my hand on several books containing discussions upon the Christian religion, between Moulvie Ali Hussein, an inhabitant of Lucknow, Dr. Fazir Khan, and the Rev. Mr. Fander. Having impartially perused the questions and answers of the various advocates, it appeared to me that the truth was on the side of Christianity. Then, being desirous of examining the Gospel, I wrote to my friend Captain Marselein (of Jeypore), requesting him to favour me with an English Bible, which he accordingly sent me. This I daily and earnestly perused. In many places of the Old Testament I discovered that a Saviour was to be born, of the lineage of David, who should take away the sins of all who should believe on Him, by fulfilling the law and making atonement for the guilty before God. In like manner, having examined the New Testament, I perceived that Jesus Christ is beyond all doubt the promised Saviour, who took upon Himself the nature of man, that He might lead all who behold Him as the rightful Saviour to enjoy eternal life, having sanctified them by His blood; and there is no salvation except through Him, for He has said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; and no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

'When of this my mind was fully satisfied, with my whole heart I believed on Jesus Christ. But, as it is necessary that whosoever sincerely believes on Jesus Christ should receive the outward sign of baptism, for Christ has said, "Except a man be born

of water and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and as there are no missionaries in Jeypore, having obtained leave of absence from my employer, I set out in hope of being baptized elsewhere. Having accidently met with the Rev. Mr. Martin in the camp of Nasirabad, and sincerely desiring to be baptized, I was detained by that gentleman for a time, that he might know more fully my character and behaviour. In expectation of obtaining my desire I have resigned my situation in Jeypore. And let it be understood that there were many considerations and inducements to prevent me embracing Christianity. But after all, it was plain, that though I should decline to forsake my brethren, and possessions, and position, and the religion of my forefathers (for every one knows that, to the carnal man, it is exceedingly difficult to relinquish such things as these), still these things are of the world, and are possessed only so long as we live, and religion is not a thing of our forefathers, but *of God;* and if the desire of them were not banished from my heart I would for ever remain in darkness, and after death regret would be the only fruit, because this world and all its pleasures are transitory and like a dream, but the future world is eternal. Hence it is absolutely necessary that every one should reflect upon the world to come; for the man who secures all the pleasures and profits of the world, and is regardless of his future state, is assuredly effecting his own destruction. And he who forsakes his former religion from worldly

motives, will neither secure the future nor the present, because he is a deceiver before God. On the contrary, it is better as a believer to endure affliction, than in unbelief to enjoy the pleasures of the world.

'Now I have requested the aforesaid gentleman to confer upon me baptism; hence, my friends, I have written this detailed and correct statement regarding myself. It is needful for all to reflect, and, before every other concern, to seek for salvation, for the world and all its pleasures are merely as an inn. I am persuaded that whosoever will lay aside his prejudice, and look with impartial eye, will quickly find the straight way to God. And woe to him who, having entangled himself in the pursuit of the world, shuts his eyes and refuses to inquire, because he judges it to be unprofitable. May God, by Jesus Christ, display to all the way of righteousness and truth. Amen.'

Great was the joy over the conversion of this man, so well fitted to be useful to the Church of Christ in Rajputana. Correspondingly deep then, it may be believed, was the grief when it was discovered, some months after, that he had been for some time acting the part of a hypocrite, and was in reality living in sin. It was a trial such as had never before fallen upon the missionaries at Nasirabad. Many a time had they grieved over indifference and opposition to the Gospel, but never had they been called to mourn over one publicly crucifying afresh the Lord Jesus Christ.

With bleeding heart William Martin writes again to Dr. Somerville, on 7th March 1865 : 'Here I have been sitting with pen in hand, not knowing how to begin the saddening story which it is my painful duty to narrate. But why should I hesitate to address one so deeply interested in the matter, and who can fully enter into my feelings and share my sorrow? On arriving in India, I resolved to be very careful and not write of hopeful cases from first impressions, lest expectations should be awakened at home out of all proportion to the success likely to be attained. But notwithstanding what I thought great caution at the time, I wrote a letter to you on the 29th of October, recording the baptism of Munshi Hussein Ali, and the hopeful state of three other young men, and freely expressed the joyous feelings and cheering prospects which seemed opening up for this station.

'At the time, it seemed to me a sinful caution to say less than I did; but recent events have proved how premature was our rejoicing, for, before three months had passed away, he for whose baptism we had so often given thanks at a throne of grace, and in whose walk and conversation, as we thought, the fruits of the Spirit were daily becoming more apparent, had fallen into courses of sin, in which two of the young men were partners. So consummate was the hypocrisy of this man, that even when suffering keenly in his body the consequences of his lasciviousness, he could preach the Gospel of Jesus with great apparent

earnestness and concern for the salvation of souls; and even when he was cut off from the fellowship of the Church, and had returned to Jeypore, he could continue to preach in that city, with the end evidently of imposing further upon us. He has again returned to this place, and although making the strongest professions of penitence, he still associates with a profligate woman, which renders it impossible for us to have any intercourse with him. His intellect is, I am convinced, too much enlightened—his knowledge of Mohammedanism and Christianity too clear—to permit him ever again returning to the religion of his fathers, however strong the temptation held out to him may be; but the course of deceit which he has practised, there is too much room to fear, from the first, awakens a strong suspicion that no real work of grace has yet taken place in his heart.

'But, however discouraging his case may be, let us still pray for him, that if he is a fallen Christian he may be soon delivered from the reign of his corruption, and restored to the fellowship of the Church; and if he has never been born again, that he may now yield to the blessed influences of the Spirit, and be enabled to give evidence that he is among those, regarding whom Paul says, that although they had been among the most deeply dyed in sin, they were now "washed, and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." And even if he should not be restored to us, let us pray all the more earnestly that the church discipline which has been

administered in this case may not fail to give an impressive proof, to a people sunk in sin beyond description, of the purity of our blessed religion, so that, through the blessing of the Spirit, this the day of our weeping and humiliation in the presence of Mussulman and heathen may be the seed-time of an abundant harvest of saved souls to be reaped not many days hence.'

Such news was indeed saddening to the friends of missions at home; but it may be doubted whether there was so much sympathy for the poor backslider in their hearts as in the hearts of the missionaries. They could not realize his temptations, nor conceive the power which his former life must still have had over him unless his consecration were most thorough. And so their feelings were probably more of utter disappointment and disgust at the conduct of the professed convert. It is well to contrast the temptations of such a one and the influences for good or evil which surround him, with those among which Christians in a Christian country are placed. How small a temptation is sufficient in many cases to draw professing Christians in Scotland into sin. What then of those who have been accustomed to breathe nothing but the most polluted atmosphere? The Church which carries on missionary work, while it prays for its missionaries, should pray not less earnestly for those whom they are the means of bringing into the light, that the darkness may not again overshadow them. The result of this case was

undoubtedly to make the missionaries more earnest in seeking the spiritual growth of those who remained with them.

But the grief of the missionaries at Nasirabad over this fall was turned to joy, when, two and a half years later, William Martin was able to write as follows regarding Hussein Ali, and another who had been brought under discipline:—'My dear Dr. Somerville, I hasten to give you good news. Within these few days Munshi Hussein Ali and Jagganath have been restored to the fellowship of the Church. For fully two and a half years, the former has remained separate from the communion of the Church. At first he went to Ulwar, but afterwards he came and resided at Jeypore, from whence he wrote to Nasirabad for the woman with whom he had lived here in sin, and had her taken through to Agra, where she lived for some time under the care and instruction of Mr. Shackell of the Church Mission, by whom she was baptized and afterwards married to Hussein Ali.

'Up to this time we could obtain no satisfactory evidence that his numerous professions of penitence were sincere. About this time he gave up his former service, and became a teacher under Dr. Valentine. Even before this, but much more afterwards, his zeal in preaching the Gospel in all possible circumstances, although no part of the work for which he was paid, would, in the case of most, have afforded a good proof of sincerity; but in his case it only tended at first to confirm in our minds the suspicion of deep-rooted

hypocrisy. But as we continued, day after day, to pray in his behalf, the Lord was graciously pleased to vouchsafe us other proofs of his thorough reformation, an evident blessing resting upon Dr. Valentine's faithful treatment of him; so that it was with unspeakable satisfaction we were able, at our weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday, the 2nd October (1868), to receive him back into the fellowship of the Church.

'At the same meeting, Jagganath also was restored to fellowship. In March of this year he was found guilty of *attempting to defame a Christian brother's character, of dishonesty, and persistent falsehood.* As he haughtily refused to submit to the discipline imposed upon him, of course he could not be allowed to remain in the Mission compound. He left the station, and, by removing to a distance and concealing his religion, succeeded in finding support by teaching arithmetic. He afterwards was employed as a teacher to a "thakoor's" son. But all this time he felt exceedingly miserable. The consciousness of feeling ashamed of Jesus, of denying Him before men, rendered his mode of life intolerable; so he again returned to us, made a full confession of his offence, and gladly submitted to the discipline and trying service which before he had disdainfully rejected.

'The effect of these restorations upon the minds of the heathen and Mohammedan population has been very marked. When the "munshi" was excommunicated, the Mohammedans felt they had gained a triumph, and in their conscious strength even con-

descended, with consummate hypocrisy, to condole with us regarding our heavy trial. Again, when Jagganath had left the Mission, the Hindus felt as if they had been furnished with an unanswerable argument against Christianity. To every inquiring youth the argument of our enemies was, "Look at the fruits of Christianity: whoever embraces that religion becomes a thousand times worse than he was before. And how do the missionaries treat their converts? After they have got the stipulated reward from Government for their conversion to Christianity, they care no more for their converts, but turn them out into the world to shift for themselves as best they may." "And don't you expect," was the practical lesson, "after you become a Christian, that your case will be different from that of Hussein Ali, or of Jagganath."

'You can imagine the confusion of such slanderers, when they found that Jagganath had returned and was manifesting among them a better spirit than ever he had done before; and Hussein Ali once more stood with us in the bazaar, with deep humility for his sins, and preached that Gospel which had changed his heart with an earnestness and power such as he had never before displayed. Many of his bitterest enemies, who had hoped to put him to silence by recalling his former life of wickedness, slunk away in silence and confusion. He has again returned to Jeypore, the scene of his labours, where he has already been owned of God in directing sinners to

the Saviour. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We have had a long night of weeping in connection with these two brethren; but now we are comforted. Our gracious Master has afforded us the most unmistakeable proofs that His smile and blessing rest upon the faithful exercise of Church discipline.'

Yes, joy came in the morning, and that morning still shines, or rather the fuller day has come, for these two still labour among their fellow-countrymen as faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ; and they have now been consecrated to the ministry of the Gospel by the solemn act of ordination, along with four others, who, like them, have been deemed worthy of the sacred office. How much of the success of the Church in Rajputana has been due to the faithful exercise of discipline in these and other cases, who can tell? It may be that if discipline were as faithfully exercised in the Christian Church at home, it would have a deeper, purer life. Certainly it would be more clearly distinguished from the world, and would be stronger to fight the battle of the Lord against sin and Satan.

CHAPTER VII.

Visit to Marri and Kashmir—Death of Mrs. Wm. Martin.

1865–68.

For some time Mrs. William Martin's health had been so unsatisfactory, that in the spring of 1865 it was considered absolutely necessary that she should leave Rajputana during the coming hot season. It was arranged that she should spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Paterson, at Sealkote, in the Punjab. She accordingly proceeded thither, accompanied by her husband, who, after a few days of pleasant intercourse with his brother-in-law, returned to Nasirabad. In the end of May he set out again for Marri, to which place his wife and her sister had gone to spend the hottest months of the year. Marri is a sanatorium situated on a hill 7400 feet high, which lies between the rivers Indus and Jhelum, and is about eighteen miles north of Rawal Pindi. From this journey and a short residence on the hills, William Martin hoped to receive much benefit to himself, and he confidently expected to bring back his wife thoroughly recruited.

In a letter to his mother and sister, written on July 14th, from Srinaggar, he describes his mode of travelling

from Nasirabad to Agra. He says: 'As my memory fails me in trying to recall the time when I wrote to you last, I suppose it must be a very long time ago. I am doubtless within the mark when I conclude that it is not since leaving Nasirabad. Do not imagine that this silence was owing to any coldness of affection or want of desire to write. But letter-writing is not my forte, and I have no liking for what to some is a pleasant recreation. I would rather ride forty miles at a stretch than write eight pages of a letter, and I do not know that it would do me so much harm, for nothing knocks me up so readily as sitting at my desk. So in future, if you do not hear so often from me as you could wish, judge that I write little from a sense of duty.

'I left Nasirabad on the 25th of May, travelled forty miles the first day, and after that took stages from twenty to thirty miles long. I spent the Sabbath with Captain and Mrs. Beynon, at Jeypore. Captain Beynon is the Resident there. He kindly sent out one of his horses part of the way to bring me in. On Sabbath evening I preached to the few Europeans at the station in his drawing-room. After enjoying much profitable Christian fellowship in the family, especially with Mrs. Beynon, who is a niece of the present Governor-General of India, Sir John Lawrence, I left early on Monday morning in a coach drawn by four horses. These took me out ten miles, where other four horses were ready. To convey a humble missionary twenty miles in this style took eight horses

and eight men. I think I see mother shaking her head, and saying that such grandeur is not becoming a missionary, and, it may be, fearing that it will do her son no good. Don't be afraid, dear mother. I have a great contempt for pomp and parade, and the only recommendations of the coach and four were that it cost me nothing, and conveyed me quickly over a part of my journey, and also saved my own pet horse.

'I think I never told you about this beautiful little horse. He is a brave little fellow. Think of some of his doings. For sheer sport, that night I bought him from a horse-dealer he ran off and left the rider, who was showing him off, rolling behind a hedge, leaped over three other high hedges, and that same evening threw a second rider. On a subsequent occasion he gave Dr. —— a mark of his friendship by throwing him three times, leaving him finally in the jungle with two broken ribs. Of course I greatly admired his pluck in all these adventures. After one or two attempts to master me also, he gave up his will to me, and ever since we have been excellent friends. He carries me at the rate of ten miles an hour, and instead of spur or whip, I have only to speak to him.

'I don't think, mother, you were pleased with your son riding in a state carriage. See if you like him any better courting sleep in a village "serai," or inn. Night came on before I got to the end of a long journey. Both horse and rider were worn out; no house for Europeans within eight miles. My servants

were far behind. I wished to see life in a native inn, so I resolved to spend the night there instead of outside the village. The court is separated from the street by a mud wall about four feet high, and the door is made of hurdles. I entered the courtyard, which is about the size of West Dykes "close," with little low thatched huts for travellers on three sides of it.

'The landlord looked rather suspicious when he saw me lead in my horse, but when I expressed my resolution to spend the night in the "serai," he ceased to object. I was offered one of these open cages, for the rooms were little better, but, as you may conceive, with a temperature of 95 degrees I was not disposed to sleep where not a breath of air could be felt; so I got a native bed set in the centre of the court. In this small space I counted eleven beds, most of them with sleepers, three beasts of the cow kind, two horses, and one camel; you can imagine there was little room left for me. At length I got down, with my saddle for a pillow, the only bed furniture I had. But sleep, though courted much, would not come. I turned on my left side, but only to witness a scene of pain, as I judged from the moans to which a woman in a neighbouring bed gave vent. I turned to the right, but ugh! what a stench! It proceeds from the camel, which is within two yards of my nose.

'I think to put myself at rest by gazing up into the blue sky, and forgetting all transitory things, but I soon find that my back has not become insensible to

the rough strapping of my bed. But by and by, through pure exhaustion, I sink to sleep, and do not awake till two o'clock in the morning, when my servants come up with my luggage. I next spent two very happy days in Agra with the Baptist missionaries, and preached in English to the English congregation on Sabbath evening.'

After a journey of 900 miles, by Agra, Delhi, and Lahore, he found himself, on 12th June, eighteen miles north of Rawal Pindi, beginning to ascend the Marri hills.

'For the first ten miles,' he writes to Dr. Somerville, 'they are low and uninteresting; and the feeling of disappointment is only temporarily relieved by seeing, for the first time since leaving home, the Scotch fir, which covers the nakedness of the low gravelly hills. But on leaving behind these little outworks of the great mountain-range, scenes of surpassing beauty open to the view. At every turn of the road your steps are arrested by a new picture, which the traveller cannot pass with a cursory glance. At an elevation of 2000 or 3000 feet, the vegetation becomes luxuriant; and up to the summit of the hill, 7400 feet high, increasing verdure appears. It was about five o'clock in the evening when I reached the foot of the hill on which Marri is built, and began to climb the steep zigzag road on foot, so as the better to enjoy the scenery.

'The evening air, now deliciously cool, was scented with innumerable wild-roses, which, fondly clinging

to the sturdy forest trees, presented a beautiful picture of strength and grace; while—meet inhabitants of such a home—numerous birds, of varied hue, "presided o'er the scene," and sang their evening song of praise. Far beneath, in the valleys, the rice-crops, newly planted, were rejoicing in abundant supplies of water; and even high up on the mountain-sides, the eye could discern where numerous fountains of water, leaping from beneath the rugged rocks, and guided by the skilful hand of man, gave fertility to neatly-terraced and carefully-cultivated fields. Over all this the setting sun cast his golden rays, which lent an indescribable loveliness to the scene. As I felt my lungs expand with the fresh cool breeze, and experienced an unusual elevation of spirits amid such scenes of natural beauty, I could not help feeling that it was worth while travelling 900 miles to occupy such a situation.'

At Marri he found his wife considerably improved in health by her short residence there. He expected to have here a few months' leisure for study, and was disappointed when the doctor informed him that, owing to the expected rains, it was necessary for Mrs. Martin's recovery that they should go on to Kashmir, where the climate is exceedingly mild, and the rains of July and August are not felt. The distance is about 110 miles, but the road is extremely difficult, being over mountains, through gorges, or along the steep banks of the Jhelum. They left Marri on the afternoon of the 23rd June.

The description which follows, of the journey and of Kashmir, appeared in the pages of the *Missionary Record* twenty years ago, but it is well worthy of being reproduced here, as it shows a style of writing entirely different from that which characterized him at other times. It seems, indeed, as if the journey to the 'Happy Valley,' with its magnificent scenery and bracing air, had the effect of producing a mental elevation corresponding to the state of physical exhilaration which is experienced.

'For several miles,' writes William Martin, 'our route lay in the shade of towering hills and magnificent forests, over a well-made road, so that at the outset we received a pleasant impression of hill-travelling. Darkness, however, came on before we reached Dewal, the first halting-place, and concealed, for the most part, the beauties of nature from our view, though revealing it in an aspect which can only be seen at night. A variety of objects demand attention. First, the numerous rills which cross our path and hasten to join the torrent rolling far below. How sweet is the music of running water, only those can tell who have lived in the parched plains of some tropical country. To me, who had only a few days before finished a journey of about 900 miles, during the hottest season of the year, the gentle murmur of a thousand rills was inexpressibly sweet; but ever and anon the effect was greatly heightened, and to pleasure were added the feelings of reverence and awe, as the gentler music seemed to be absorbed in

the deep, low notes which ascended from the surging tide in the depths of the ravine, or came borne upon the air from some distant cataract, forming, by the union of their many voices, an anthem such as I had never heard. I could not help feeling, "It is good to be here." Every human voice is still. You feel as if it would be irreverence to break the silence. The influences of the hour mostly tend to direct the thoughts up to nature's God.

'But the signs of human habitations are also visible. These are to be discovered from the depths of the valley up to the summit of the hills, in all directions, by the blazing fires at every cottage-door. These dwellings are often most romantically situated, perched upon bold projecting rocks, with a few roods of carefully-terraced fields to the rear, above which again the rocks reign in solemn solitude. The dead monotony of the buildings to be seen in such situations forms a most oppressive contrast to the scenery.

'The general plan of a hut is this: the earth is levelled down, and the hillside forms one, and not unfrequently three walls of the house. The fourth is built of mud, and a few sticks covered with mud suffice for a roof. As we marched along nothing of this meanness was apparent. A fire blazing at every doorway, ready to cook the peasant's supper (and many hundreds of these were in sight), suggested the idea of unusual peace and comfort; but a little more acquaintance with the tenants of these mountain-homes reveals the fact, that in mind and

spirit they bear more resemblance to their arid, earth-built habitations than to the handiwork of God by which they are surrounded.

'These blazing fires greatly relieved the surrounding darkness, but hardly more than did the innumerable glow-worms, which seemed to vie with each other in affording light to the admiring travellers. Having caught one of these little torch-bearers, I was engaged in exhibiting it to my wife. Walking somewhat carelessly by the side of the "jampan," I missed my footing and rolled down a steep decline about fifteen feet in depth, in which feat I thoroughly tore my clothes and sprained an ankle. Fortunately our resting-place was near, and by the use of vigorous remedies my foot was greatly relieved ere morning. During the night, though I slept but little, a sense of the imminent danger from which I had escaped, and gratitude to my gracious Preserver, dispelled all other feelings.

'On the 24th, when twelve miles from medical aid, Mrs. Martin was seized with symptoms which seemed to indicate an attack of cholera. By the use, however, of medicines which happily I had with me, these were removed, and after a few hours she was able, though weak, to resume the journey.'

He thus describes the first appearance of the river: 'At length the dull, hollow moan of the Jhelum in the distance arrests our attention, and we are on the outlook to get a first view of it as it forces its passage among the mountains. There it is, the

same river I had crossed a few days before in the plains on a bridge of boats, about half a mile in width: now, from our elevated position, it looks nothing grander than a long wreath of soiled snow.

'I felt disappointed, and could hardly believe that the river of the plains was the same as that of the mountains. But as we began to descend from our elevation of 2000 feet above it, at every turn in our zigzag course I became conscious of a growing respect for the floods which sent up their mighty noise, until, on reaching their banks, I involuntarily stood still and gazed in awe, over a precipice a hundred feet in height, upon the raging torrent which incessantly sends up its showers of spray as it dashes along over the hidden rocks.

'After reaching the river our course lay along the western bank, about a hundred feet above the water. In some places the bank descends gradually, in others it is almost perpendicular, showing how, in course of time, the river has worn for itself a bed of enormous depth. A little after dusk we reached the bungalow.

'June 25th.—This morning we crossed the river about five o'clock. The process, at first sight, seems a very dangerous one, and few have courage to enter the boat for the first time without considerable hesitation. I felt a little anxious for Mrs. Martin, who was still weak although now in excellent spirits, otherwise the boat practice would have been most agreeable to me. The plan of crossing is this: the

boatmen, when all are ready, drag the boat up the river a considerable distance in the backwater, and with one vigorous shove, the boat is sent into the current, where it spurns control. The unpractised traveller is in deep suspense, but only for a moment; for before he can well realize what has been done, he finds himself in the calm backwater on the other side.

'According to the advice of friends at Marri, we had started early, so as to get the greater portion of our march over in the shadows of the eastern hills. Our next halting-place was 3000 feet above the river; and you will have some idea of our ascent when you learn that, although the sun was risen on the tops of the western hills when we left the river, we only saw his direct rays at rare intervals till we had nearly reached the end of our march.

'We spent the Sabbath at Dunna, where, as at most of the other stages along the line within the Maharajah's territory, there is only an apology for a bungalow, consisting of a miserable little hut, built, in equal parts, of wood, mud, and stones, and so dirty that the majority of travellers prefer taking a tent. The next halting-place was Maira, where we saw the first specimen of the extortion and oppression practised in the valley. A little after this we came again in sight of the Jhelum; and for the next four stages, and till we entered the valley, the road lay along the right bank, often at a great height above the river. At the last halting-place, where there is a

better bungalow, we had a foretaste of the abundant fruit awaiting us. There were large apple-trees by the wayside loaded with beautiful fruit, and no one claimed possession of them. Though far from ripe, the coolies, as soon as they deposited their loads, shook as much fruit from them as would have sold at home for several shillings.'

Mr. Martin speaks of flat pieces of land on the mountain-side, carefully terraced, well watered, and planted with rice; of the superb and diversified scenery of mountain, rock, and river; of magnificent forests of pine and what is called the Indian cedar (Deodar, or 'godlike tree'), and says: 'Then we enter an amphitheatre of green meadow, here and there well cultivated. Our guide tells us that beyond that low sand-hill lies the valley of Kashmir, and that in half an hour we shall enter it. In a state of great excitement we begin our last ascent. On reaching the top I half shut my eyes, and dare hardly take in the view, lest I should be disappointed, for my expectations have been pitched very high; but as I gaze upon that wonderful panorama, my highest ideas of its natural beauty are fully realized.' The view here obtained is of Baramula, where the Jhelum leaves the valley and begins its rocky descent to the plains of the Punjab.

Here this letter ends, but is taken up a little later, as follows:—'At the close of my last letter we parted company on the rising ground above Baramula, after a journey of 110 miles from Marri to Kashmir. Now

that we have met in health again, I hope we shall enjoy our sail together up the river. From our past experience of the river Jhelum we have been led to think of it only as a mighty rebel waging incessant warfare with the everlasting hills, and trying, by undermining the foundations of their stability, to hurl them from their proud pre-eminence, so that we are hardly prepared to witness the giant in repose and meek obedience. But there he is, lying outstretched at the feet of the snow-crowned monarchs, with no violent emotion to agitate his expanded breast. What a scene of blended strength and beauty opens up before us! The Peer Panjal range of mountains, rising to a height of 14,000 feet, on the right, with the much higher range towards Ladakh, on the left, appear the appointed guardians of the favoured valley. When the cold frosts of winter rage around, they raise their lofty heads and shield their tender charge; and when, as now, the sun sends forth his scorching rays, they fan the valley with the softest breezes, and with melting tenderness pour forth from their bosom fountains of refreshing.

'Eager to form a closer acquaintance with this fairy scene, we hasten towards the river. On approaching the town of Baramula, a strange revulsion of feeling comes over us. Every step forward produces a sinking of spirit. I actually felt ready to cry. It seemed as if I had only got a glimpse of paradise, to be driven out again to earth accursed, or rather were doomed to live in a physical paradise with men

accursed. Nowhere were Heber's words more painfully true than here—

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The houses, built of stone, wood, and mud, without any very apparent principle of combination, seemed to be a fair index of the character of the people. Had the same houses been in the plains, probably they would not have seemed so mean, or told such a tale of their inhabitants; but surrounded as they were with such magnificence of natural scenery, it is impossible to conceive that they can form the abode of any but a most degraded race.

'Srinaggar, our headquarters, is yet upwards of thirty miles distant. We here change our mode of travelling, and go by river. A goodly number of boats are lying here for hire, and we soon succeed in engaging two of the best to take us to Srinaggar for the very moderate charge of seven shillings.

'No such boat, I believe, has ever appeared in British waters. Never till now have I seen anything like it. The one in which we had our first experience of Kashmir boat-life was fifty feet long, by six and a half feet wide in the centre, tapering gently to both ends, leaving both a prow and stern (if we may make the distinction where the difference is so slight) about a foot and a half in width. The bottom was formed of two immense boards, one at least stretching from end to end, and rising at both ends fully one foot out of the water. As the bottom is flat, the boats have

very little draught. As a shelter from heat and rain, a division in the centre, about twelve feet in length, is roofed with matting made from a broad-leaved grass which grows abundantly in the lakes. This roof is ingeniously supported by poles, so as to be very easily raised or let down, as the tenants may desire.

'Another boat of the same make was used for our cook-house and servants' accommodation. Every well-to-do "manji" (boatman) is the owner of two such boats, and a little one for lighter motion. The proprietor, with his family, lives upon these, and very rarely has any other place of habitation. Our present crew, to man both boats, consists of an aged father and mother, a married son and his family, and an unmarried daughter. On the river, the boat is generally pulled by two parties with a long rope, from the bank, while the third party steers with an oar; but where this is inadmissible, the boat is propelled either with long poles or with spoon-like oars. Thus we moved up lake and river for two days before we reached Srinaggar. Here and there a village on the river-side awakened sad, unpleasant feelings; but as I soon learned to shut my mind against these reflections, I spent two days of most pleasurable existence in presence of nature and nature's God.

'On reaching the city, we received a most hearty welcome from Dr. Elmslie, the medical and only missionary specially deputed to Kashmir, who entered his field of labour in the beginning of May. We found all the bungalows, built by the Maharajah for the

accommodation of visitors, already occupied ; so the doctor pitched a tent for us in a magnificent grove of plane-trees, till one of the parties should move out.

'The rule regarding these houses is that the right of occupation is lost whenever the tenant leaves it, even for a day. Anxious though the natives are to build houses for the purpose of renting to European visitors, it has never been permitted by the Maharajah. Strictly speaking, the king is the proprietor of Kashmir and everything in it, and is determined to give not even a native of the valley any proprietary right therein ; so that, although the visitors generally prefer paying rent for a house which they could occupy with some degree of freedom, the deep-rooted suspicion of the native government effectually prevents anything being done to provide sufficient house accommodation. The people hope, and the government fear, that the British will soon seize the country ; hence the anxiety of the Maharajah, notwithstanding his professed desire to make his "guests" as comfortable as possible, to put every obstacle in the way of visitors. He has now succeeded in limiting the number of tourists who shall enter the valley to two hundred per season, and it will hardly be believed that this despotic measure has received the sanction of the Indian Government ; and not only so, but that the list of intending visitors shall first be submitted to the Maharajah for approval. You will easily see how this measure may be made to affect missionary operations, which are opposed in every way by the native government.

'This Mission was begun some years ago, and was supported by several liberal friends of Missions in the Punjab, chief among whom was the present Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. M'Leod. Mr. Clark, now of Amritsar, a zealous and much-respected missionary of the Church of England, was the first who did anything like active work among the people. He met with numerous obstacles to the prosecution of his work, not the least of which were created by the British Resident for the time being, who degraded himself by becoming a tool of the native government. It soon became apparent that ordinary missionary operations could hardly be carried on in Kashmir with any prospect of success. Hence the Medical Mission under Dr. Elmslie, who is engaged by the Church Mission for five years. He is permitted to remain in Kashmir only from the beginning of May till the end of October. The rest of his time is spent at Amritsar. I have never met a man better fitted to occupy this trying post, where so much tact and prudence are required.

'His plan of operations during the first season was as follows:—*Outdoor work*: Distribution of tracts and quiet conversation. Large meetings to be avoided, as likely to disturb the peace and create difficulties. *Indoor work*: The patients assembled at seven A.M. One of his assistants waited at the door, and presented each entrant with a ticket for worship. At half-past seven, the Scriptures were read and expounded, and prayer offered up. Only those who had been present

at worship, with the exception of serious cases, were allowed to come to the hospital table. Many grumbled at this at first, but it soon came to be known, and the regulation was successfully enforced with the best results. I have often seen from fifty to sixty patients quietly seated before the hour of worship, some of whom had patiently waited for an hour, rather than run the risk of being late.

'The attention during worship was generally most encouraging; and during prayer, to whatever else the audience might be indifferent, they often gave audible proof that they recognised the necessity of a Divine blessing on the means employed for their recovery. For some time the soldiers were strictly forbidden to attend the hospital; but almost from the first their names were on the list, and towards the close of the season the proportion of soldiers was much greater than that of any other class. Although the law was supposed to be enforced, the authorities soon began to wink at the practice, and even in a secret way to court the doctor's favour.

'Of all the patients, no one, so far as I am aware, was led by means of these meetings to apply to the great Physician of souls for deliverance from the leprosy of sin; but I can conceive of nothing better calculated to prepare the minds of the people for listening to the Gospel, when the time comes for more extended operations, than these six months' labours of Dr. Elmslie. Wherever I went in the valley, I found his fame had spread abroad; and when I visited

Islamabad, the second city of the valley, the highest dignitary in the place applied to me for a letter of introduction.

'As his practice became every day more and more important, he was anxious to remain during the winter; but the Dewan (prime minister) assigned various reasons why it might not be, the principal of which was that his life would be endangered, and the government could not undertake to protect him from the rage of the Mussulmans. He altogether failed, however, to assign the *real* reason, viz., that the government is unwilling that any European should witness the oppression to which the people are subjected in our absence. I was among the last to leave the valley, and it was truly sad to witness the look of dejection which began to gather on the countenances of the people whenever they referred to the coming winter; and the main cause of it was, as they often said, that they would have no one to stand between them and the oppression of the government. A large number of those who had been Dr. Elmslie's patients wished to present a petition to the Maharajah that he might be allowed to remain during the winter; but their best friends dissuaded them from carrying out their wish, on the ground that they would be certain to suffer the penalty of their audacity when cruelty could pass unnoticed.

'During the summer, it was said that great scarcity of food prevailed in the valley, and certainly many of the people suffered much from want; but from what

I often saw, it is hard to believe that this distress was not caused, for the most part, directly by the government. Early in the summer the Maharajah bought up all the grain in the city, and from May till October there were only two shops for the sale of grain in a city of about 100,000 inhabitants, and even in these, comparatively few were allowed to buy; and this arrangement lasted for months after there were undoubted signs of a plenteous harvest in the fields. Not only so, but when the crops were reaped, in spite of this distress, the government servants relentlessly carried out the work of treasuring up the new corn, although thousands of people, with money in their hands, surrounded the boats and entreated the privilege of buying.

'I have sometimes seen one of these boats opened as a temporary grain-market, and almost instantly the banks of the river were crowded with eager purchasers, and only by a guard of soldiers could the boat have been saved from swamping. But for the almost unlimited supply of fruit and vegetables, thousands of people must have perished. The labouring poor have often assured me that they had not tasted grain-food for months, and with many, any kind of flesh-meat was quite as rare. In such a state of matters, what shall be thought of the government which could forbid the starving poor to fish in the Jhelum, because the pampered pundits choose to say that the soul of the Maharajah's father is floating about in a fish's body somewhere between Baramula and Islamabad?

'The Hindus of the valley comprise only about one-tenth of the population; the other nine-tenths are Mohammedans. Every means is employed to depress the Mohammedans and increase the importance of the Hindus. Hindus are encouraged up from the plains, and Mussulmans are excluded from any office of trust. In his attempt to establish Hinduism upon a solid basis, the Maharajah is causing temples to be built in every part of the valley. The city itself has been divided into twelve districts, each under an appointed chief, whose business it is to see to the erection of a temple within his bounds. These buildings are all in the most debased style of architecture, and can only awaken contempt for Hindu architecture in the minds of the Mussulmans.

'I have tried to discover in what light these temples are viewed by the more intelligent Mohammedans, and it seems to me that they view them, for the most part, as so much material collected for future mosques. But it is very doubtful if the Mohammedans, unaided, could throw off the Hindu yoke. They have no faith in each other; whereas the ruling class are as one man. The oppressed therefore found their hope of deliverance on British aid; but by treaty engagements we are effectually shut out from all interference.

'It is impossible to say, with any degree of accuracy, what is the present population of Kashmir. By some it is fixed at 200,000, but I think this is below the mark. Under a public-spirited govern-

ment, it would not be difficult to raise food in the valley for five times the above number.

'You cannot move about without discovering immense tracts of the most fertile land, bearing the marks of having been at one time under the most careful cultivation, but now lying utterly desolate. In a valley called 'Gul Marg,' far up among the forests, at a height of 3000 feet above the Jhelum, and 8000 feet above the sea, there are distinct marks of an ancient canal, by which great tracts of land must have been watered, where now there is no attempt at cultivation. On a table-land of the richest soil, above Islamabad, watered in the days of the Moghuls by a canal carried along the hillsides from a distant river, and capable of supporting many thousands of inhabitants, there are now only a few huts, with wretched-looking tenants, and a few patches of ground miserably cultivated.

'But it is vain to specify such saddening sights, as they everywhere meet the eye. In vain I searched the valley for anything resembling a public work. Not the least encouragement is given to agriculture, although nowhere would a small outlay bring in a larger return ; and as the Maharajah takes two-thirds of all the produce as his own, we would expect him to take special interest in the agricultural classes. But this is far from being the case, as villages wholly deserted not unfrequently testify.

'The manufacturing classes are hardly better circumstanced. Many of them are in the employ-

ment of the king, and to us, the kind of service which they require to render appears little better than slavery. Every precaution is taken to prevent them escaping down to the Punjab, notwithstanding which many of them do escape, and they may be found forming little colonies at Gujerat and Ludhiana and other cities of the Punjab. The celebrated manufactures of Kashmir have of late been declining. This fact is attributable to several causes; but I have no doubt that one of the principal is the enormous duty which is levied upon the manufacture, from the time the raw material comes into the country, during every stage of the process, till the shawls are finally exported.

'The present government seems, in fact, to have only one object in view,—by all means to amass as much gold as possible, in prospect of some coming calamity. It is well known that the Maharajah has for some time been buying up enormous sums of gold in the Punjab; but no signs of wealth or prosperity are visible within his territory. A crisis, I trust, is not far distant, when a new order of things will be introduced. Although at present everything having a manward aspect is dark and cheerless, under the Gospel of Jesus what a blessed change would soon take place! The people are physically a noble race, and, although utterly uneducated, give proof also of possessing good mental powers, which, under the ennobling influence of Christianity, would render them the fit inhabitants of this earthly paradise.

'Driven from Srinaggar by the incessant persecutions to which every European is subjected by the dealers in "fashmine," papier-maché, etc., we lived a good deal among the hills, far removed from human habitation. Gradually ascending, so as not to suffer by the change, we at last reached an elevation of fully 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and within ten minutes' walk of the perpetual snow. For three weeks our tent was pitched above the upper rim of the magnificent pine-forests, and just under the shadow of the hills, near the Peer Panjal range. This was the place for gaining energy. It may be desirable, for many reasons, that an exhausted missionary should visit his native country; but the free-and-easy life which you can lead among these hills has this great advantage, that there is no brother-minister to claim from you a sermon, and so keep your exhausted energies constantly upon the rack.

'After visiting Martan, Vernag, and Achabal, the three sources of the Jhelum, each possessing architectural memorials of Moghul taste and energy, we began our return march. On the 9th of October we left Srinaggar by way of the Shupeyon and Peer Panjal passes. The latter rises to the height of 11,400 feet, and from it is presented a magnificent prospect down into the plains of India. On the evening of the 13th, the night before we crossed, there was a heavy fall of snow, which, as you can easily imagine, called up many old associations, but

at the same time awakened many contrasts, so different were our circumstances from those in which we had been accustomed to see our beloved land mantled in purity.

'Next morning we began our toilsome descent to Poshana, a descent of nearly 3000 feet, on a rough and dangerous path, especially in one place, where it lies down a wreath of perpetual snow, or rather ice, which here and there opens up into yawning chasms, offering to the unwary traveller a lonely grave in invisible depths. Night drew on before we reached our destination, and a shower of sleet set in, which gave us our first impression of really unpleasant marching. On our approach, one of the villagers, for a consideration, at once vacated his house; and after the trials of the way this little hut, in which I could hardly stand erect, seemed to possess every comfort. I cannot enter into any detailed account of our journey to Bumber and Gujerat, though the scenery is far more magnificent, and the journey in every respect more interesting than that of the Marri road. On the 23rd of October, after a march of about 160 miles from Srinaggar, we found ourselves once more in the refreshing society of our friends at Gujerat.'

The latter part of the above letter shows the great interest which William Martin took in the condition, not only religious, but political and social as well, of the people among whom he resided. He had a knack of finding out and entering into the feelings of those around him, and when he saw the grievances under

which the Kashmiris suffered, he could not help sympathizing with them. His indignation was roused by the sight of a country, possessed of such resources, being ruined by the tyranny and rapacity of those who were responsible for its prosperity.

This prolonged sojourn in the hill country had the effect of restoring Mrs. Martin to such a state of health as she had hardly enjoyed since her arrival in India. It enabled her to do more active work in the Mission than she had ever before had strength to accomplish. During the few years of their married life, her influence over her husband, always exercised in the right direction, had been steadily growing.

A little incident will illustrate this. For some time, the many disappointments and trials of his missionary experience had been tending to make Mr. Martin very dispirited. His labour seemed all in vain. One morning as he was leaving the house, apparently with little hope in his heart and with no joy in his face, it seemed to his wife that the time had come when she should speak. Calling him back, she went to him, put her hands upon his shoulders, and, looking at him with tears in her eyes, said, 'Oh! Willie, Willie, much work and little prayer is hard work!' Then she led him to a private room, and there, kneeling down, she prayed with him as only one who loved with a true, heavenly love could pray. From that room he went forth strong in a strength which never failed him. Never again was he tempted to sever work and prayer. That morning never was forgotten; and

those who heard him refer to it in his last address delivered in Scotland in 1881, and knew that it was a passage from his own life, felt that that morning's experience had been a spring, ever welling up and filling his life with freshness and power.

But Mrs. Martin's work on earth was destined to be very short. On the 30th of August 1866, she gave birth to a daughter. Two days later dangerous symptoms set in, and on the 10th of September, while yet only in her twenty-fourth year, she breathed her last. Though suffering much she was very happy, and looked forward with joy to her change.

'When I asked if she would like a hymn sung,' writes Mr. Martin to Dr. Somerville, 'she eagerly embraced the offer, and joined in singing the first and last two verses of "Here we suffer grief and pain." Thus for fully two hours we continued, with tearful eye and choking voice, to sing parts of such hymns as "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "When this passing world is done," "How bright these glorious spirits shine," alternating song with prayer, till the voice, which at first had joined with considerable force in singing the joys of eternal union and unceasing song, became fainter and fainter in our sorrowing choir, till she was ready to join in the song which is ever new, "Worthy is the Lamb." Next morning, in presence of many sympathizing friends and residents of the station, her mortal remains were interred near the spot where sleep our sister, Mrs. Khan Singh, and her little infant, and where my little nephew,

with his infant brother Gray, await their happy waking.

'I dare not trust myself to speak of all she has been to me during the few years of our happy union. In her study of Hindi, especially during the past year, she made remarkable progress. The Hindi Bible was her daily companion and delight; and in prospect of the coming itineracy, when she hoped to labour largely among the village women, she eagerly sought from books and other sources all information which could aid her. But in prospect of a wider field than hitherto she had been able to occupy, she was not idle. So long as she was able to walk to the bazaar, every opportunity of visiting the "Purdah" women was eagerly embraced; and when no longer able to go so far from home, she sought, all the more zealously, to instruct the servants and others more directly under her influence. In the midst of this opening usefulness it must have cost a struggle to leave all behind; but she cherished the hope that her death would prove the means of greater good to souls than her life would have been, and her spirit of entire resignation never faltered from first to last.

'When the conviction took possession of her mind that she would never rise from her bed of sickness, with calm deliberation she expressed the state of her mind in the language of the hymn beginning, "Sovereign Ruler of the skies, ever gracious, ever wise," which she repeated to the end. When in health, the glories of heaven had often

formed the subject of our conversation, and she delighted to think of the meeting with departed friends; but in the days of sickness, everything else slipped into the background, and Jesus alone occupied the eye of the soul, and to gaze upon her Lord was the prospect which filled her soul with rapturous delight. In prospect of this she was enabled to say, in the language of one of her favourite hymns—

> ' " Pass away, earthly joy, Jesus is mine !
> Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine ! "

'My dear friend, pray for me, that I may get all the good from this heavy affliction, which my gracious Father designs I should. I often fear lest I should again fall into the performance of routine duty in a cold, formal spirit. I trust this may prove an epoch in my missionary history. When prostrate under a severe attack of fever one day, the wish came into my mind, that if it were the will of God to take home my dear partner, He would take me also; but immediately the thought came, Oh, if you were only one hour in heaven, and saw how infinitely worthy of your service God is, you would be glad to receive the commission to return again to earth and serve Him as a missionary! I trust to realize His infinite worthiness more and more, and to serve Him with daily increasing zeal. Pray for me, is my earnest request.'

At the same time his brother Gavin writes: 'I may be allowed, in a sentence or two, to refer to the heavy

loss which we, the Mission generally, and especially my beloved brother, have sustained in this trying dispensation. We feel that not only a familiar face and pleasant companion are looked for in vain, but that one whose cheerful piety, consistent life, and timely counsel were largely helpful, has been parted from our station circle. And while we mourn a personal loss, which for many days to come will leave a conscious void, we feel that the blessed work, which was ever dear to the departed, has lost a valuable friend.

'During no small portion of her stay in India her health forbade much active effort; but even when hindered from direct exertions in behalf of her degraded sisters, we had ever the encouraging assurance that one, familiar with our missionary discouragements and difficulties, was faithful in imploring for us aid and blessing. At the same time, according to her strength, she sought to influence all with whom she had intercourse, ever making "Christ and Him crucified" her favourite theme. Let it be the Church's prayer that many of these stray seeds may yet be fruitful, when the scatterer is not visibly at hand to watch and tend them.

'Very keenly does the sorrowing husband feel the heavy blow. To him she was all that a Christian missionary might seek in the partner of his great life-work,—tenderly affectionate and thoughtful, anticipating his wants and wishes, rejoicing with him in encouragement and success, fully entering into his

disappointments and trials, supporting by inward prayer, and gently dropping words of comfort, of counsel, or of suggestion. Seek for him, dear Dr. Somerville, the balm which the Great Physician has in store for such wounded spirits ; and try to waken the prayerful interest of the Church at large in our behalf, that the heavy sorrow which has overtaken us may be abundantly sanctified, and that all these seeming evils may turn to the spiritual good of many who know not where to look, as we all have been graciously helped to do, when days of darkness come upon them.'

Mr. Gray, of Ajmere, also says : 'This, I need not say, has been a great loss, not only to our dear brother and the mission circle, but also to the mission work. No one, I believe, could have been more indefatigable in the acquisition of the language, or more zealous in seeking and availing herself of opportunities of commending the Saviour to her poor deluded Hindu sisters. The difficulties at the outset of evangelistic work for the benefit of Hindu females are so great, that many years may be required before much can be accomplished ; but of Mrs. Martin it might very emphatically be said, "She hath done what she could ;" and while she has now gone to her rest and reward, we may feel assured that her labour has not been in vain in the Lord.'

Dr. Robson was with him during this time of trial, and wrote of it long after. 'I well remember,' he says, 'the night following this event. After he had given

all directions for the household, and made arrangements for the funeral next morning, out in front of the bungalow—now, how desolate for him!—darkness and stillness all around, and the stars shining brightly in the black heavens above—I sat in long, deep, spiritual intercourse with my bereaved brother. He took the greater part. The stroke which had fallen on him seemed to have had the effect of shattering all reserve, and causing his deepest feelings to flow out in unimpeded course. His spirit seemed to be searching out the purpose of Him who ruled above the stars, in inflicting so sore a blow, in taking from him one who was exercising such a blessed influence over him, stimulating him to spiritual earnestness and work; and he confessed that he needed the chastisement, and only feared lest through his own carelessness it might not be blessed to him as it should be.'

The following letter of William Martin's to his dear friend Mr. Young, written from Bhinai, on 27th December 1866, seems almost too sacred for publication, but it expresses so thoroughly his state of mind, and shows so truly the tenderness of his heart, that it may be as well that it should find a place here:—'My dear brother,' he writes, 'your welcome letter of 8th November I received with other home letters, when far out in the districts. You may imagine what were my feelings as I sat solitary in my tent reading these letters, some of tender sympathy, others making no reference to my heavy trial. As a husband you

may, by the exercise of imagination, enter to some extent into my feelings, but long may it be before you fully understand the state of mind in which I have been of late. All other trials through which I have passed have been as nothing compared with this. Since coming out among the villages I have not felt my loneliness so much, though far removed from any white face.

'Often, when sitting in my own house, have I paused in my studies to listen for that sweet voice singing in heart-touching strains in the next room, or fancied that I heard its familiar speech, and started up to find I was alone, and to realize the fact that I should never more see those eyes which were wont to look, and those lips which used to speak, a tenderness and love which for years I had only been slowly learning to appreciate, but which I should never again enjoy on this side the grave. Yes! But such love does not enter the grave. It is mine more really than ever, but owing to the grossness of my nature, I can but little enjoy it. I know, however, it is part of my heavenly inheritance, and I often long for the day when I shall be prepared to enter upon its possession.

'How tenderly my heavenly Father has been leading me, during the last year especially, through one of His sanctified ones; and now that He has seen fit to remove the medium, I often wonder how my heart can remain so insensible to the many tokens of His love, both past and present, and how I can profit

so little by the trial which He has sent upon me. It is one of my greatest sources of sorrow and anxiety, that I have derived so little profit from my sore bereavement. Oh, it is a sad state to be in, to feel that such a trial has, for the most part, failed to accomplish the object for which it was sent, at least, so far as I am concerned! I do not doubt that I am a child of God, and that this among the "all things" will work my good. But, oh, if only I felt this object had been secured, it would be the greatest comfort in my affliction! I but little enjoy the blessed exercise of prayer. How little I am at home with God! The Throne of Grace is not the resting-place of my soul which it ought to be; and I often feel that God will but little own my labours till I acquaint my soul more with Himself. "O Willie, much work and little prayer is hard work!" was the language of deep and tender concern for me expressed by my beloved on one occasion, when she saw me careful and much troubled.

'This and kindred sayings I value above gold, yet how little I put them into practice! If sorrow could enter heaven, I can imagine how the pure spirit of my departed would be grieved to see me stagger along life's pilgrimage so uncomfortably, simply because I fail to lay hold of the outstretched arm of Omnipotence. Her life, during the latter part of her pilgrimage, was emphatically one of prayer. Her closet was indeed the presence-chamber of Deity, whence she emerged radiant with purity and love.

This, I am persuaded, was the secret of her influence over me—an influence far greater than that ever exerted by any other human being, although she seemed all unconscious of the fact. . . .

'From the day of our marriage a union of hearts began such as I had never imagined possible in the present state. What a glorious place heaven must be, where shall be assembled all that was most lovely on earth, only inconceivably more lovely, and where our powers of appreciation shall be inconceivably expanded! I am sometimes ready to wish I were there, and yet I trust I am willing to remain on this side the vail till my Father's good time comes, which may be sooner than I think.'

This affliction, however, though grievous, did not make him pursue his work with less vigour. He rather gave himself more entirely to it, as if there were need for him to toil the harder, since one labourer had been removed. He sought his comfort in bringing comfort to others. He goes on in the same letter to say: 'You will wish to know something about our work. I have for the past three weeks been itinerating among the villages. These are generally from one to three miles apart. I take care to have my tent pitched at a village of considerable size, so as to come into contact with as large a number of people as possible. In marching from one halting-place to another, I go into the villages by the way and collect the people, and preach to them, sometimes sitting on a villager's "khat" or bed, such,

probably, as the lame were ordered by Christ to "take up," sometimes sitting in native or tailor fashion on a stone under the village tree, with the people seated around me. According to the size of the village, my audience ranges from a dozen to one hundred. Not unfrequently I have three such meetings in a day, besides numerous conversations at the tent.

'As you may easily understand, the subjects of address are few, whereas the illustrations may be endless. I now catch myself every day adopting, in the most natural way, illustrations which seem to the audience quite in place, but which to an English audience would seem quite ridiculous. The best of our missionaries are only yet learning to preach. Pray that our staff may long continue unbroken by death or removal of any kind.

'I have also now a good deal to do in the Medical department. There are, of course, cases in which I will not interfere; but the number of cases which a "non-professional" with a good box of medicines may treat successfully is very large. You can easily understand that at present I have little time for writing or study, and yet study is as indispensable here as at home.

'I am greatly blessed in having my dear brother Gavin in Nasirabad. He is a noble fellow. His sphere of action is principally in camp, but he will soon be coming out, and I shall go in for a time. I long to see my little darling, my little consolation.

The mother has one in heaven, and I have one on earth. When I think of my dear ones above I often covet more of the imaginative power. Oh that I may train my own precious charge for heaven!

'Allow me to congratulate you on your thriving household. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee and thine. Give my Christian love to your wife. If your little ones do not object to a kiss from a loving-hearted but rude, bristly-bearded foreigner, kiss them for me. And as you kneel by their bed of slumber, in spirit I shall join you, because I wish ever to live,—Your loving brother, WILLIAM MARTIN.'

As to the fruits of his trial, his brother writes: 'You will rejoice to see the evidences of resignation and humility which William's letters exhibit in reference to his bitter trial. It has given us much chastened joy to witness the marked quickening and general profiting, which the Master is being pleased to work out by the heavy trial to which He has subjected him.'

Two months after his wife's death, he had the delight of baptizing one whom she had been the means of leading into the way of life. 'Rejoice with me,' he says, 'my dearest friends, over Kacheria, my servant, and "now more than a servant—a brother beloved." On Sabbath the 11th November, Gavin and I had the pleasure, to me one of the greatest of my life, of receiving him into the fellowship of the Church by baptism, in the presence of a large concourse of people in the school. It was one of the most delight-

ful occupations of my dearest Joanna's last months, to teach him to read and understand the blessed Gospel in Hindi.

'I shall never forget some of the scenes I have witnessed, of Kacheria sitting at her feet with all the docility of a child, spelling out the simple lessons of John, or with tearful eyes listening to her simple exhibition of the love of Jesus in dying for sinners, or as she strove to train his untuned voice to sing the praise of Jesus. You can easily imagine what tender emotions his connection with me often calls up. On this account I feel him far dearer to me than he otherwise would have been. Sometimes the thought crosses my mind, what if he should fall away? I think it would be almost a greater trial than the death of my dearest. God's all-sufficient grace could sustain me, but I am ready to tremble at the thought of such a trial. Pray for him, that he may stand fast and prove an abundant blessing to me and to the Mission.'

The year 1867 presents no incidents which need be recorded. All William Martin's spare time was devoted to the study of medicine, as he felt it a duty to do more than he had formerly attempted, for the relief of physical suffering. The itineracies of the cold weather afforded ample scope for the exercise of his skill, at least after a few cures had been effected, and his reputation established. By his medical knowledge he secured for himself the goodwill of the people, and gained admittance to many houses which would

otherwise have been kept shut against him. In this way he was able to reach some who would probably have been unwilling to listen to his public preaching. He never permitted this department to monopolize the time which should have been given to evangelistic efforts. Only so far as it was helpful in this direction did he consider himself at liberty to give his attention to the treatment of disease.

In the beginning of 1868, he was under the necessity of sending home to Scotland his little daughter, the joy of his heart. He knew he would miss her sorely, but for her own sake the step had to be taken. His duties required him to be much away from home, so that she was left a good deal with the servants. Her sweetness of temper was such, that towards her father she was all that could be desired ; but he could see that in the hands of the servants she would very soon be spoiled.

The early part of this year was a time of great heaviness of heart at Nasirabad. Part of the mission property was destroyed by a storm ; but this was as nothing compared with the other cause of grief, viz., the falling away of some who had long been trusted. 'I sometimes feel,' says William Martin, 'as if our mission work were going to ruin. Emily (sister of Khan Singh) has for some time given up attending Christian ordinances, and as she persistently refused to listen to the voice of Scripture on the subject, she has been suspended. Khan Singh has been found intoxicated, and in other respects has acted in a most

foolish way. He is suspended from Church fellowship, and removed from all connection with the Mission. Oh, we greatly need your prayers, dear mother and sister! Sometimes my head is like to turn. We have never been quite satisfied with Khan Singh in some matters, but never did I imagine that he would so dishonour the name of our blessed Master, and cause so much scandal in our little Christian circle, as well as among the heathen.'

Again he says: 'I cannot write anything very encouraging about our Mission at present. The Word of Life is being preached at every station, and we may fondly trust that it is silently operating in some hearts, and that the way is being prepared for the more glorious display of the Spirit's power in the conversion of souls. The Church at home has but the faintest idea of the discouragements with which we have to contend, from callous indifference, hypocritical inquirers, and weak, unstable professors. Such a letter as that from Mr.—— in the last *Record* is also greatly calculated to lead the people at home to form far too high an idea of the amount of apparent success which has been as yet achieved. It is far too highly coloured. It is calculated to put the Church in a position of confident expectation of glorious and speedy triumphs, instead of awakening in it a spirit of deep humility, because of the little that has been done to secure such results. I cannot say that there is at present a single individual among

the heathen population who is giving signs of being in a spirit of sincere inquiry.'

The people, however, were not long to remain in this careless state. They were soon to be roused from their apathy, and made to listen with greater interest to the story of God's love. The time was coming when they would find the missionaries to be their truest friends, and when to many the gospel of salvation would be good news. It was to come through a terrible visitation, terrible to the people, and hardly less so to the missionaries, whose energies would be taxed to the utmost before it was over. Famine, gaunt and cruel, stalking through the land, was to prove what stuff the missionaries were made of, and to show the heathen that Christianity made men heroes in a time of danger and calamity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Famine in Rajputana—First Stage—Famine Relief-work at Nasirabad—Cholera—Locusts.

1868–1869.

THE two years following the summer of 1868 will long be memorable, not only in the United Presbyterian Mission in India, but throughout the whole of Rajputana. In that year began a time of suffering such as has seldom been experienced in the Province. In 1832 the country was almost ruined by a famine which in its severity closely resembled the first stage of that scarcity which commenced in 1868.

The period when the rains are expected having passed without a shower to refresh the thirsty ground, the crops were speedily burnt up by the scorching rays of the sun. The price of the various kinds of grain immediately rose to an alarming extent. In October, for a rupee, equivalent to about two shillings, which formerly purchased forty pounds of rice, only twelve pounds could be got, and the price was still rising. The poor were, in some cases, selling their children at from one to five rupees, giving them up for a trifle to any one who could provide them with food. Not a

blade of grass could be found for the cattle, which were being sold at a tithe of their value.

When the period of the latter rains passed in the same way, the aspect of things grew worse. Agriculture could not be carried on even by irrigation, for the tanks were very low, and the wells, too, were almost dry. Ruin and starvation stared the people in the face. They at once began to flee from the famine-stricken districts to the more fortunate States in the south.

Gavin Martin writes on 16th October: 'Numbers have already left the British Provinces and gone south, to districts where rain is reported to have fallen abundantly. But these are a mere handful in comparison with the crowds which, for some time, have been hurrying southward from Marwar and Bikanir. This I had ample opportunity of witnessing a month ago. I had occasion, about that time, to spend a week in the village of Bhinai, about eighteen miles from this place, on the Nasirabad and Neemuch road. A better opportunity was afforded there of ascertaining the extent of the exodus from the States just named, than could have been obtained in Nasirabad, as Bhinai is the meeting-point of two or more of the roads by which the travellers were passing through the British district.

'For several weeks previous to my arrival at Bhinai, multitudes had been passing daily; and from all that I could gather, the well-to-do classes had been the first to move, and had already, for the most part, passed that point. During the first two or

three days of my stay, large numbers of farmers, in conveyances and with considerable property, continued passing, or stayed for a few hours outside the town. At the same time, many wretched, starving creatures accompanied them on foot. During the remaining days, the proportion of travellers of the latter class greatly increased, and many of them presented spectacles of the most pitiable distress.

'All classes carried with them their entire possessions, in some cases represented by well-packed carts and numerous head of cattle, in multitudes of others, by a paltry bundle on the head or shoulders. The better classes wore comparatively a cheerful aspect, and seemed to anticipate no serious consequences to themselves or families. The poorer people, on the other hand, who had nothing to rely upon but the labour of their hands, which, in a strange country, in a time of famine, might ill suffice, had a look of extreme dejection.

'Many of them were even then dependent from stage to stage on charity, and eagerly accepted the smallest aid. At Bhinai I requested the native officer in charge of the police-station to search out and send to me all who were really in urgent need. On the first day as many as 60 came petitioning for food. The remaining days brought applicants as follows:—the second day 95, the third day 50, the fourth 222, the fifth day 322, and the sixth 255. These numbers include the women and children. To prevent deception, all who desired aid were required to appear in

person, and with few exceptions their appearance was such as to confirm their statements, that they were really in need. To such masses only a scanty alms could be given; but as far as possible each was supplied with something like a meal of fried "channa," a kind of coarse pulse a good deal used by the poorer natives.'

It was, of course, impossible for the missionaries to carry on any extensive system of famine relief without aid from home. A conference of the missionaries, held on 9th October, accordingly appointed one of their number, Rev. John Robson of Ajmere, to prepare a statement on the subject, which concludes as follows:—'I will mention only one fact, which should appeal powerfully to the people at home. At the time of the Lancashire distress, the heathen of Ajmere subscribed for its relief upwards of 4500 rupees (£450). This would be proportionate to £6000 from Glasgow alone. I trust that the Christians of Scotland will not allow the heathen of Ajmere to put them to shame by their greater liberality, but will seek to emulate them in good works.' This appeal was liberally responded to, and a large sum of money was placed at the disposal of the missionaries.

During this time of trial in Rajputana, more than on any previous occasion, were the special powers of the two brothers, Gavin and William Martin, exhibited, along with their admirable fitness for labouring together. The one was the complement of the other. The energy and impulse of William were restrained

and guided by the calm judgment and wise counsel of Gavin. William had the active force, Gavin the controlling wisdom. No two could have been better adapted to each other. Each knew where his own strength lay, and how greatly he was dependent upon the other. William would most likely have resented the control of any but his gentle, loving brother, while Gavin's wisdom would have been thrown away on most other men. In these two were combined the power to devise, and the ability to carry out, some great purpose. It almost seemed as if they had been brought to Nasirabad to meet this emergency, which gave promise of making this the greatest epoch in their life.

Their work at first differed in no important particular from that of the missionaries at the other stations. It was at a later period of the great famine that it assumed vast proportions. But even in the first stage, circumstances threw them into very close contact with the famishing crowds.

On 29th November Gavin writes from Nasirabad: 'We have entered on what threatens to be one of the most trying periods of famine known in this part of India. Considerable distress already exists in the Ajmere Province; but as yet it is most felt by the crowds of strangers who have fled from their homes in despair of surmounting the calamity there. It will probably require one or two months still to bring fully to light the magnitude of the crisis which we have to face, and then we may anticipate at least five or six months of terrible distress.

'It is hoped that, to a considerable extent, Government works and Government alms may meet the destitution of the actual population of this Province; but those in authority distinctly announce that they contemplate *only* these in the schemes which are being set on foot, and already many of these are without employment. What, therefore, is to be done for the throngs who are casting themselves upon the mercy of a district to whose rulers they look as their one remaining hope? In their own countries they have heard the fame of English liberality and beneficence, and they have come to prove it. If it be within the power of Christian charity and Christian wisdom to devise other means by which the excellence of our holy religion may be displayed, and the lives of multitudes be saved, surely we are called upon to do it now.

'We do not blame our authorities for the course which they have chosen. It is natural and right that those who have been entrusted to them as legal subjects should have their first attention, and, if need be, monopolize their care; and it is with the sincerest pleasure I testify that, so far as we can see, God has blessed us with men at the head of affairs who will turn the resources of their position to the best advantage, in mitigating the calamity which He has been pleased to send upon us. But their candid admission, that they cannot assume the responsibility of providing work and food for those who come from far, is a manifest call to those who occupy an independent

position to take the work in hand, so far as God may grant ability to do so.

'Under this conviction, my brother and myself have undertaken responsibilities connected with the supplying, at this station, of necessary labour to those who are able to work, and free provision to those who cannot, from which in ordinary circumstances we would have shrunk. At present we have over 350 persons employed in a variety of ways. Large numbers of them are old worn-out people, who, in any circumstances, would not be employed by the native contractors on Government works. Others, to the number of 30 or 40, are mothers with infant children, many of whom have to carry their children throughout the day, or lay them, unattended, in the shade of some adjoining tree, and many are children too little to be of service in the work, but who trudge nearly the whole day long with burdens on their heads, for the trifling reward of little over one penny.

'About one hundred of those engaged have come from Tonk, a small State, which, two months ago, was supposed to offer so suitable a refuge that multitudes were hurrying into it from Marwar. Many continue to come from it and other States, some of whom are actually sinking from starvation. Since I sat down to write, a company has just arrived, some individuals of which, with difficulty, made their way to the bungalow, exhausted from want of food. After eating something, and feeling revived, one of them has set off again to seek a child who had gone amissing,

and whom, unable to find, he had to leave behind. This is no solitary case.'

As it was better for all parties that, for food given by the missionaries, some return should be made by the starving people, all kinds of work were begun—such as road-making, school building, anything, indeed, which would be useful in days to come. The following letter from William Martin to the Mission Secretary, of date 14th December 1868, gives an account of the origin of the labour-test at Nasirabad.

He says: 'At the time when the appeal from our Conference was addressed to the friends of this Mission, multitudes of people from Marwar were daily passing through Nasirabad, as well as by other routes, towards the south, where good average rains had fallen. These, for the most part, had no desire to stay in British territory. Now and again, however, some one who had fallen sick by the way was brought to the mission compound for medical aid. While the suffering received medical treatment, their friends were employed in some way in the compound, but, as soon as practicable, they were encouraged to hasten on their way and make room for others.

'But now the tide has turned. Some who had got down as far as Malwa, failing to find employment, have returned, while large numbers have been unable to make their way through the small native States to the south of British territory, and have again been thrown back upon us, almost despairing of life. Two large parties of this class, only a few days ago, found

their way to the mission bungalow. Starvation was unmistakeably depicted on their countenances. So weak were several of the party, that they could hardly walk up to the door.

'Not only have large numbers of Marwaris failed in their attempt to get to the fruitful districts, and been compelled to return to British territory (many of them in hope of finding work in Nasirabad), but from all the surrounding districts, especially from Tonk, very many have been attracted to this place, in the hope of obtaining employment on the vast Government works, which, for a considerable time, have been carried on here, in the shape of new barracks. Most of these meet with bitter disappointment, for the native contractors, as one of them confessed to me the other day, choose only a few from the thousands of applicants, while the others are left utterly unprovided for. In circumstances such as these, what were we to do? We could not say to the poor and naked, "Be ye warmed and filled," yet give them not "those things which are needful for the body." To give alms to every applicant we knew to be at once expensive and demoralizing.

'At the beginning of the emigration from Marwar, we met with crowds of professional beggars, such as Brahmans, Jogis, etc., either too proud or too lazy to work, who, seeing the famine which was coming upon the land, and knowing that it would be impossible for them, in such a case, to live upon the industry of the working classes, early left their homes in search

of more promising districts. In order to save our charity for the deserving poor, and teach these lazy cumberers of the ground a practical lesson of our holy religion, we found it necessary to keep a few implements of husbandry always at hand. These were freely offered to all who came for charity, wearing their distinctive badges of indolence, with the assurance, that if they were satisfied with what ought to satisfy those fleeing from famine, and dependent upon charity—enough merely to support life—their object would be secured by the diligent use of these implements. In this way our wages and alms were both for a considerable time husbanded.

'At first we contemplated nothing more than the employment of such of the above classes as might take us at our word, and a very few special cases, in fact, not more than we could employ, with private means, within the mission compound. To this intention we soon found it impossible to adhere. The crowds of our starving fellow-creatures pleading for work, who kept dogging our steps wherever we went, from early morning till the shades of evening brought us a short respite, was enough to melt the hardest heart. Fathers with motherless children, mothers and children deserted of husbands and fathers—all assailed us with the one cry, "Work! work!" Nothing was said about wages; only something to save their life. Even mothers with infants only a few days old, laid them at our feet, and tearfully bending over them, with their faces to the ground, pleaded for work.

'In such circumstances what were we to do? Could we be content to dole out to such people as much food as would mitigate the cravings of hunger for the passing hour, without doing anything to remove the burden of anxiety for the morrow? We knew that the large, warm-hearted supporters of the Mission could not so act; and as your representatives, we felt the necessity of devising some other means, to assist more effectually in mitigating the heart-rending distress which was every day forcing itself upon our notice. After much anxious and prayerful consideration, we were satisfied that the only effective means was, to give employment to the most destitute ones, who could never hope, in the present state of the country, to get out of the famine districts, and to assist in hurrying on those who as yet are not so hard pressed. I am certain there are thousands of contributors to our Mission, who would rather spend their last farthing, than allow the unutterable misery, which is every day exhibited at the mission bungalow, to go unmitigated.'

Describing the condition of the persons seeking relief, he says: 'Take two cases such as are of daily occurrence. It is Sabbath; but it brings little quiet to us, for the crowds of sick and famishing seem even larger than usual. It is our time for attending to the sick. You may see six of them in hospital (two spare stalls in the stable), too weak for work. Fully thirty others may be seen sitting waiting their turn to receive medical aid. Fever, arising from hunger

and weakness; skin diseases and guinea-worm, arising from filth and bad water, are among the most common maladies we encounter.

'At length our medical work is over, and we may invite up to the door, one by one, the various groups of destitute strangers who are seated around, under the shade of neighbouring trees, in hope of obtaining some assistance. The first group consists of three men, with their wives and children, and two old and sickly people. Yesterday also they were here, and pleaded most earnestly for work; but having no spare implements, I put them off with a little parched grain. I urged them to try and find employment upon the barracks or somewhere else. In this they had failed; and now their cry is, not for food, although a single glance at the party would satisfy you how much they need it, but it is for work. "It is Sabbath," I reply, "and to-day I cannot set you to work; you must wait at least till to-morrow." "Only write our names then," pleads the chief speaker; "for, since failing to obtain work yesterday, we have almost despaired of life." Holding up his right hand, and making his thumb and forefingers open and shut upon each other, he says, "Since you sent us away yesterday, our hearts have not ceased so to beat: write our names, and save our lives." Although it is Sabbath I agreed to their request. "Enough," the speaker replied, "we are happy;" and making a profound "salaam" at my feet, the whole party for some time sat in silence, as if their hearts were too full to speak.

'The next group contains about the same number. They are not less importunate than the former, and like them, their appeal is for work. I write their names also; but they can hardly believe that these few strokes of the pen would secure the attainment of their object. When I assured them that they need have no anxiety about the matter, in an ecstasy of joy the men sprang to their feet and clapped each other on the back, while the women seized my feet and made the most profound "salaams."

'Now, what is the support for which these poor people seemed so grateful? Our rate of daily wages is the lowest given for famine relief. To able-bodied men we pay from 2¾d. to 3d.; for women, 2¼d.; to strong boys and girls, a little less than 1¾d.; and so on down to a little more than a halfpenny. Now, on an average, this remuneration cannot provide daily, in the present state of the market, more than about half a pound of flour for every man, woman, and child dependent upon these works. Very naturally, complaints are sometimes made of the insufficiency of this support; but my invariable answer is, "Our object is not to fill your stomach, but to save your life."

'Of about 300 engaged by us, there are nineteen who report themselves to be widows; these have thirty children. There are eleven widows without children, and eight children are said to be orphans. Appealed to for work by such a class, and by others in equal distress, we felt that we would neither be

acting truly as your representatives among the heathen, nor could we satisfy our consciences, if we shrank from the responsibility of anticipating your liberality, by incurring money liabilities before learning the result of our appeal to the Church. Refusing work to as many as we dared to send away, still our roll soon swelled to upwards of 300.

'At first these were engaged in the mission compound. But as we greatly desired to employ them upon some work, such as road-making, within camp bounds, from which the native community would reap permanent benefit, and that of such a kind as they could at once appreciate, we are now engaged, in conjunction with Captain Shuttleworth, the cantonment magistrate, in making a road through one of the most frequented localities leading out from the bazaar. We have great cause for thankfulness that, in Captain Shuttleworth, we have a sagacious counsellor, as well as hearty friend and fellow-labourer in this work.

'Already the effect of this scheme upon the mind of the native community is quite apparent. On all hands, for the benevolent spirit which has begun and carried it on, admiration is expressed. True, it is not possible for them, as yet, to think of our work as we could wish, even if they believed it to be any other than a Government work, which we are somehow or other going out of our way to manage. They cannot think of us as influenced by any other motive than that of laying up a vast store of merit for the future world. But whatever may be the thoughts of the

great bulk of the people about this scheme, it affords a never-failing introduction to the grand truths of the Gospel, with whomsoever we may have time and strength to speak.'

Those who gave their money for the alleviation of this distress may be certain that the sums which passed through William Martin's hands reached only the most deserving cases; for one of the most remarkable features of his character was his power of detecting and exposing imposture on the part of the natives. If any presented themselves for relief who had no claim to receive assistance, he was not slow to treat them as they deserved.

'On more than one occasion,' says Dr. Robson, 'he exposed such impostors who had deceived the Government officials. Once he had gone into the court of the cantonment magistrate, who was deciding on several applications for relief. Among others there was one lad who declared he had not had food for two days. His appearance seemed to support his assertion, as a huge cavity beneath his protruding ribs seemed to show that his stomach had shrunk to nothing. Martin, however, recognised him as one who had asked and got food an hour or two before at the mission bungalow, and told the magistrate so. "That is impossible," said the magistrate; "how could a person who had just eaten have such a shrivelled stomach?" "I will soon show you where his stomach is," replied Martin. Going behind the lad, he gave him a sharp twitch in the small of the

back. The lad gave a cry, and his belly shot out into normal rotundity, to his great discomfiture and the no small amusement of all the spectators.'

The one great object of the missionary, the spread of Christ's kingdom, which must always have the first place in his thoughts, whatever other duties he may be called to perform, was never lost sight of at Nasirabad, either in the beginning of their famine labours, or in the more exciting scenes which closed the two years of suffering. The outward aspect of the people seemed but a picture of their spiritual destitution, and made the missionaries only the more anxious to offer them eternal life through Jesus Christ, while they endeavoured to support their bodily life by providing necessary food.

A plan of missionary effort among those employed was adopted, of which William Martin thus writes: 'My brother's time being almost entirely occupied by stated work in the central school and bazaar, which, although less novel and exciting, is not less important, the work among the strangers gathered around us from all parts of Rajputana has devolved principally upon me. Our plan of labour is as follows:—By about seven o'clock they are all usually engaged in work. At ten the gong is sounded, and all assemble in front of a tent pitched, for convenience, near the scene of labour. A hymn is read over several times, in order to impress it upon their memory, and then sung. A passage of Scripture is in like manner read over several times, and if it be but a single verse, all

are asked to join in repeating it. It is then explained, and our meeting is closed with a short prayer.

'In the audience are Brahmans, Gujars, Rajputs, Jats, etc. etc., and other castes and sub-divisions of castes, so numerous that a mere list of them would fill about half a column of the *Record*. There are at least thirty infant children daily present, all of whom are permitted to enjoy the luxury—for them the rare one—of half an hour's rest upon their mother's knee, after they had been allowed for three whole hours to run about as best they may, or roll in the dust by the road-side, or lie quietly, stupified by opium, under a bundle of rags. In our audience there are also large numbers of old people, who, if a stranger were to judge, have reached the allotted period of human life. But appearances here are often deceptive, and sometimes you find a man of fifty wearing all the marks belonging to the threescore and ten.

'Our morning worship over, we have next to attend to the needy crowd of strangers seated in front of the bungalow. Probably a few of the most destitute are taken on as workers, but the great majority—perhaps fifty or sixty—receive ¼ lb. of parched grain each, and are encouraged to press on to some locality where the famine is less severely felt. Having got the crowd cleared away, we next come to attend to the sick. By the time this is over the twelve o'clock gun has fired, and it is time to return to the tent. The people at present cook but once a day, and those who

have saved anything from last evening's meal eat it now.

'At half-past twelve the gong is again sounded, and all who choose may assemble to join in our exercises. You would, I am sure, be delighted to witness the alacrity with which all, old and young, hasten to the tent; and you would be glad, also, to see that, though the times are not favourable to mirth and sportiveness, the youthful spirit has not yet been quite crushed out of the children, for you can see how they vie with each other as to who shall be first at the place of meeting, to get seated nearest the Sahib's chair.

'Let it be our endeavour to cherish as far as possible this cheerful spirit! And what better fitted than song to do this? So here's for it—an old song in a new garb—it is the song, "My Mother." When we first began to sing it, it had a most comical effect upon both old and young. It is a great favourite. See how that man, with brightening countenance, though without the least sense of harmony, joins lustily in the chorus, "meri ma" (my mother)! And that old grandmother, too, she knows a good deal of its meaning without much explanation. May she long live to sing it as a lullaby to her grand-children! You see also that interesting-looking young woman about sixteen sitting in the centre of the company; she and her husband have come nearly a hundred miles to Nasirabad to spend their honeymoon of probably seven months' duration, he at picking earth and gravel for a renumeration of 3d. per day, and she

at carrying it away in a basket for 2¼d., and this when flour is selling at the rate of 2d. a pound. And yet she cannot sing the song, or hear the reference made to it, without a happy smile lighting up her countenance. May we not hope that it will yet help to supplant those filthy songs which a fond but foolish mother early taught her to repeat and sing?

'But we must hasten to our lesson in arithmetic. At a sign Birma emerges from the company. He is assistant-teacher in this department. Among the 300 he has no superior—he can count up to 100! Even when he came here he was able to count as high as 40—a degree of proficiency attained only by other three out of the 300; two, one a Brahman and the other a coolie, could count to 100, while another could count as high as 80. Birma is worth looking at, were it but for the merry twinkle in his one eye. You need not mind the other, for it is blind; but the remaining one can easily do the duty of both. He at length begins—one, two, three, up to a hundred. Old and young join most lustily in the exercise, and then vie with each other in giving answers when I practise them in addition and subtraction. I verily believe a good many in our assembly are quite resolved to take a laudable revenge on the "bunias" (traders) when they return to their homes again, by acquiring such a knowledge of arithmetic as shall render them much less liable to deception. Another hymn—"Ek mulk hai khush

o pak" (There is a happy land)—and then we separate.

'In the afternoon more aid to destitute strangers, and conversation with them as far as practicable, take place; as also, further attendance upon the sick, if there be any present at the bungalow, and miscellaneous duties till the evening, when about an hour after sunset is occupied in paying the people. This last duty has hitherto devolved entirely upon the missionaries.

'This scheme of labour among the destitute will necessarily prevent us from engaging in our regular itineracies; but this is the less to be regretted, as many of the villages are half-emptied by emigration to Malwa, and besides, we have here a field of missionary labour such as could never be found among the villages. Day after day we have the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to hundreds of people assembled in the most favourable circumstances for listening with attention and profit. What a wide field we have at our very doors! There are representatives of almost every State in Rajputana. May we not hope that, through the blessing of the Spirit, some of these will carry back the word of life in their hearts and proclaim it in their homes, and thus materially pave the way for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in Rajputana?

'If we are blessed with good showers at the end of this month, so as to bring on the present crops and save the well-water, which is fast drying up, we may

hope that food will not greatly rise above the present rate; but if the new year's rain be denied, then but a small portion of the seed which has been put into the ground, and is being watered from the wells, will be brought to maturity. In that case the prices will be greatly raised, and the suffering and death in Rajputana will be indescribable. Even if favoured with rain this month, intense distress will be felt for the next seven months at least, and all the liberality of Christian friends will be required to aid in mitigating the suffering.'

This work above described was not, however, allowed to go on very long. Smallpox broke out among the famine-stricken people at Nasirabad, and, in accordance with camp rules, all strangers were ordered to leave the place. 'Those whom the Martins had been helping,' says Dr. Robson, 'came to Ajmere, and received assistance from us. I was struck, some time after, when William Martin came to pay us a visit at Ajmere, with the eagerness and reverence with which all the workers who had been in Nasirabad pressed to salute him.'

During this temporary cessation of famine labour at Nasirabad, William Martin accompanied his dying brother missionary, Dr. Robert Gray, on his last journey. A sea voyage had been recommended to Dr. Gray as the only possible means of saving him from the disease under which he was suffering, and as he was too ill to travel alone, William Martin set out with him for the coast. During the journey the

disease made rapid progress, but as the only hope lay in getting to the sea, they were urged by the doctors to press on.

At one point on the road they had a narrow escape. 'Shortly after leaving Mhawa, on the Jeypore and Agra road,' says William Martin, 'our "gari" was attacked by thieves. The driver was wounded severely on the leg by a large stone, and the front of the "gari" was broken; but fortunately the road was good, and we had a pair of good horses. We were going at a rapid rate when the robbers—so far as I could ascertain, ten in number—sprang up from the side of the road with a yell, and tried to seize the horses, which, however, started at full gallop and escaped their grasp. Then the robbers tried with sticks and stones to knock the driver from his seat. It was to me cause for much thankfulness that the doctor hardly in any degree realized the circumstances in which we had been placed. The idea of robbery had never occurred to me; for though the mail-cart had been attacked and robbed three times within one month near this very spot, no passenger carriage had ever been disturbed before, since the opening of the line for the horse "dak."'

Before they could reach Agra, Dr. Gray died, in a travellers' bungalow, far from friends and kindred. 'How solemn,' says William Martin, 'we felt, Kacheria and I, as we knelt in prayer by the bed on which lay the motionless body of our departed brother.' The same day they started, at one o'clock, for Agra, fifty-

five miles distant, bearing the corpse in the carriage. They travelled on without interruption, reached their destination that night, and next morning the mortal remains of Dr. Gray were laid in a missionary's grave.

Very soon after this sad event William Martin was hurriedly called to Ajmere. 'One Sabbath morning,' says Dr. Robson, 'I was seized with cholera, having caught the infection in a hamlet near. Mr. M'Quistan, who was staying with us, was laid up at the same time. In a few hours the symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves in Mrs. Robson too. She had only time to send off a telegram to William Martin, who was then in Nasirabad. He received the telegram about four o'clock in the afternoon, after returning from service, at once mounted his horse, galloped through to Ajmere, and took charge of the household. His help was invaluable to Dr. Murray. He continued with us till we were all better, and I believe it was to him, under God's blessing, that Mrs. Robson especially owed her life.'

While disease and death were thus busy among the missionaries themselves, the need for work among the people daily increased. Cholera in its worst forms broke out among the villages. 'When this happened,' says Dr. Robson, 'William Martin began to go among them a great deal. The cantonment authorities established a strict quarantine, in consequence of which he was obliged either to give up going out to the villages or to give up returning to Nasirabad. He unhesi-

tatingly chose the latter alternative, and had a hut constructed beneath a tree in one of the villages of the district. There he spent a great part of the hot season and of the rains, constantly going about ministering to the sick, and rescuing from death many who, but for him, would have perished.'

About this time occurred the following incident, which has been frequently referred to as an instance of William Martin's readiness of resource. As he was one day returning to the village where he had taken up his abode, he saw before him a man walking with great difficulty. Suddenly he observed the man double up with pain, and drop half-dead by the road-side. He knew at once that it was a bad case of cholera, and hastened forward to aid him if possible. The only word the poor man had strength to utter was, 'Water!' But there was no water near. William Martin remembered having passed a well some distance back. Without delay he mounted his horse and galloped back to the well. There he found that there was no vessel with which to draw the water, and the well was deep. It was the work of a moment to pull off one of his boots, unloose his horse's bridle, and by means of it lower the boot into the well. In a few minutes more he was beside the sick man, with enough water to moisten his parched tongue. The poor sufferer was too ill to refuse to break his caste by drinking from leather the water given him by the hand of the Christian.

As he could not move, William Martin hastened on

to the nearest village, and gave orders that he should be brought on in a cart. The head-man of the village was at first disposed to object to this, and would have left the sick man to his fate (a fate so common in those days of pestilence); but the threat, that he would be reported to the authorities, was sufficient, and the man was accordingly brought in and tended.

Not for some years did William Martin again see this man, nor did he know whether he had recovered. It happened long after, that he was making a tour among some distant villages. As he stood in the market-place of one of them, he was astonished to behold a stranger throw himself down before him and seize him by the feet. He raised him up and asked the meaning of his action, to which the man replied, 'Do you not know me? You saved my life at such a time.' Then it was that the face of the man recalled to his memory the incident which he had well-nigh forgotten.

The medical knowledge which he had all along been acquiring now proved of the greatest service; and not only was he able to deal with medical cases, but he began to perform surgical operations as well with very considerable success. 'Dr. Murray, the civil surgeon at Ajmere,' says Dr. Robson, 'told me that Martin's medical and surgical skill seemed to be an instinct. He had a decided rough and ready way with the patients who came to him. If they scrupled about doing what he wished, he did not hesitate to use physical force. I once saw a man who came to

him with some disease in the eyes. Martin told him to lie down on his back on the ground, that he might drop some liquid into them. The man hesitated and wished to know first what the liquid was. Martin, in reply, caught him by the neck and laid him on the ground, and the man submitted without questioning to the rest of the operation. His fame as a "Padri Doctor" spread far and wide, and persons came great distances, passing more than one dispensary and more than one regular English doctor, in order to be treated by him.'

Late in the summer of 1869, after hope of it had been almost given up, rain fell in greater or less quantities in the various districts. Growth at once began, bringing with it the prospect of plenty. But alas for the new hopes! Another year of famine, and disease, and misery untold, was to come upon the country, worse far than the year that had passed.

Locusts, which the rain, had it come earlier, would have destroyed in the egg, now began to show signs of life. At first only small creeping insects feeding on the tender grass, they soon attained their full development. Even in their early stages they did much mischief, but it was when they became winged that there was cause to dread them.

Of this new and terrible visitation William Martin writes: 'On Sabbath, the 20th of September, I witnessed the first flight of locusts which appeared in this district. To observe it well, I went up to the roof of the schoolhouse. My view on the north was

bounded by the range of hills lying between Ajmere and Nasirabad. It is difficult to say how far the locusts might be distant, but they seemed to be close upon the southern slopes of both hills, which at their nearest point are not less than fourteen miles away. They presented the appearance of a dust-storm, or a vast cloud of brownish smoke, wreathing round the spurs of the hills, and extending a distance of ten miles. Sometimes they formed in dense masses near the ground, and revealed the peaks and crests of the hills above them, while at other times they soared to a great height, and left the hills open beneath them.

'As evening drew on and it became apparent that the cloud was drawing nearer, the excitement in the village (Tantootie) became intense. The people kept streaming out to the fields; some prepared bonfires, to be kindled at a moment's notice; others came, two and two, with long ropes, to trail their fields and disturb the locusts if they should attempt to alight; while in almost every hand there was a "lota" or "thali" (copper pots and plates), or some other kind of sounding vessel or instrument, wherewith to help the voice in making a noise.

'About dusk the cloud drew near and began to settle down, along the valley to the north of the village. The fires were kindled, a terrible shouting and yelling was raised, but all was of no avail. They had soon settled for the night. Before sunrise the people were again astir, new fires were kindled, the shouting renewed, and soon up and down the valley

there was one dense cloud of locusts on the wing. They began to take a south-westerly direction, and for upwards of two hours continued to fly over the village in a compact mass, probably not less than a hundred feet in depth. At this time they did little damage to the crops here, but on a subsequent occasion they returned and destroyed a few of the outlying fields.

'The report soon spread abroad that they had wrought great destruction among the crops around Bhinai; but not till I visited the place a few days later, could I realize its extent. The 29th of September was spent in Bandanwara, preaching in the village and dispensing medicines to the sick for several hours during the day. In the evening I started for Bhinai, taking with me ten orphans picked up in the above place, all very much debilitated, and three of them hardly able to stand. At this place the fields promised more than their usual out-turn of grain; but we had proceeded only a little way on our journey, when we were forcibly impressed with the fact that in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, all might be destroyed.

'The first thing which arrested our attention was the nakedness of the trees. The avenue of trees along the pathway, with the exception of the "neems," the leaves of which seem too bitter for the locust, was quite bare. But nowhere did the desolation appear so complete as at the western gate of the village (Bhinai), where a considerable number of people may be found

at all hours of the day, retailing the village gossip, or taking their repose underneath the shade of an immense banyan tree. To-day, as I passed beneath its ponderous branches, in vain did I look for a single leaf.

'I ascended to the roof of the school to take a view of the surrounding Indian-corn fields, which but a few days before presented a most attractive appearance, as they stood clothed in the deepest verdure, relieved by the yellowish seed-tufts with which every stalk was crowned. Now they appeared only a desert of naked canes. As I gazed upon this scene of desolation, I could easily understand the gloom which rested on every countenance.'

The price of grain, which had fallen a little when the rain came, went up far beyond what it had been, after the locusts appeared. The effect of this upon the people was to throw them into utter despair. It seemed useless to struggle on any longer, when many months must elapse before there could be any hope of relief. A terrible season of fever coming upon the country made them still worse. Their spirit was completely broken by the long succession of trials and disappointments which they had undergone. The severity of the famine and pestilence may be imagined when it is said that some States, even in this, its first stage, lost fully one-third of their inhabitants. In many villages, indeed, a full half was swept away, while yet the famine had not reached its close.

Among those, too, who were under the care of the

missionaries, the mortality was most saddening. The last quarter of 1869 brought terrible sickness and death to the orphans. . At Nasirabad alone, of 127 orphans received since the beginning of the famine, 47 had died before the close of the year, 42 of whom had only been received after the beginning of September. Yet the mortality was not greater than the missionaries were told to expect, and not so great as that among the children in the poorhouses. It was truly a sad time, when each day's duty included the preparing of a little body for the grave.

Some idea of the number of orphans thrown on the hands of the missionaries at the various stations, may be obtained from the fact that, when the famine came to an end, they had, in spite of the terrible mortality which had prevailed, between 450 and 500 children entirely dependent upon them. Such a responsibility as this involved, could not have been undertaken but for the hearty manner in which the Church came to the rescue of the poor little creatures whom God had cast upon her care. It speaks well for the spirit which animated the Church, that every one of these orphans was adopted and supported by some Christian or body of Christians at home.

The ordinary Mission funds were thus relieved of a very serious burden ; and at the same time those concerned in the matter were privileged to share in a scheme which has proved to be one of the most fruitful sources of growth and strength to the Rajputana Mission. The orphanages have been the nursery of

the Native Church, in which have been reared those who can never forget the lessons of Christian love and Christian truth which have been instilled into their hearts. The spirit of benevolence, too, called forth by this dispensation of God, could not fail to be a blessing to the Church at home. Those, especially, who became responsible for the support of the orphans felt themselves more intimately connected with the Lord's work, and had their sympathies more and more enlisted in the cause of Missions.

On the other hand, it is impossible to say how greatly the missionaries felt their hands strengthened by the generous liberality of friends in Scotland, who came forward so readily to share the burden which God had laid upon them. They knew before that His presence was with them; now they perceived that His Church was not unmindful of their necessities, and this knowledge gave them fresh courage to face what still remained of their time of trial.

CHAPTER IX.

Famine in Rajputana—Second Stage—Relief-works at Ashapura—Construction of 'Talao'—Christian Work in the Camp.

1869-70.

THE period of the great famine which perhaps pressed most severely on the poorer classes of the people, was that which elapsed between the autumn of 1869 and the coming of the rains in July 1870. Their privations then were not so much due to the lack of food in the country as to the absolute want of the means of procuring it. Everything they possessed, even their clothing, had long ago been disposed of, to meet the distress, and now that food was to be had, they were unable to purchase it.

In presence of this need, William Martin, during the last few months of 1869, undertook, in co-operation with the Public Works Department, to employ, on a section of Government road, all famine-stricken people who might apply for aid. More than 900 persons were soon engaged on the Goela and Beawr road at Surajpur, sixteen miles from Nasirabad. At first, on account of the extreme weakness of the

people, it seemed as if their labour would be insufficient to pay for the food they received. At one time, too, they came in such numbers that it was difficult to get them all set to work and properly superintended. By the middle of January 1870, however, they were able to clear almost all expenses connected with their support.

'Mere improvement in the physical condition,' says William Martin, 'although this became very marked, does not fully account for this pleasing result. The Sabbath rest, and the steady moral influence brought to bear on the workers during every day of the week, were required in addition. Of course I tried faithfully to embrace the numerous precious opportunities I enjoyed of preaching the Gospel, but music and arithmetic were frequently employed as means of recreation as well as of instruction; and all these, in their respective places, exerted a powerful influence in rendering daily labour among us less a weary task than it usually is.

'As regards the sacred day of rest, the poor people could not understand why they should be paid on that day for doing nothing; and in this they were not unlike many Europeans in this country who profess to be wise in the things of the world. And here I would with sorrow notice, that the Public Works Department, wherever they have had famine relief-works, have systematically carried them on, on Sabbath as on other days, notwithstanding a distinct law of Government forbidding Sabbath labour. The

only reason assigned for this violation of the Lord's day is, that they could not afford to feed the people without work, and the people could not be allowed to starve ; and yet this same Department has for weeks together had these famine relief-works stopped, while thousands of the people were ready to perish for want of work. After an experience of nearly six months, on an extensive scale, I have no hesitation in saying that I have been able to take as much work from these famine labourers in six days as I could have done in seven.'

While the Surajpur works were still going on, the Martins commenced the operations with which their names are most closely associated, at the place now known as Ashapura. These were carried on simultaneously, until, on 4th April, the Surajpur works were closed by Government. Before the final stoppage of them, orders had come from the superintending engineer of the Public Works Department to stop all relief-works. The supervisor, before communicating the order to William Martin, telegraphed back to his superior: 'You had better let Martin's work go on, or there will be an awful row.' The superintendent withdrew the order so far as William Martin was concerned, and those who were employed by him had their work secured, while others were again reduced to want.

In a letter to the Mission Secretary, of date 29th March 1870, Gavin Martin gives a short account of the opening of the Ashapura works. 'We had been

anxious,' he says, 'to fall in with some spot near camp where land could be obtained, and a "talao" constructed, with a view to founding a village for the orphan children who might remain at this station, but without success. About the end of last year, however, acting on the suggestion of the Deputy-Commissioner, we visited this village (Gadheri), on the lands of which we found exactly what we were in search of. The spot is about four miles from the mission bungalow, and had, many years ago, been strongly recommended by Colonel Dixon as an excellent situation for a "talao," or reservoir.

'The work was opened on the 28th of January 1870, by a few of the Gadheri people, who were clamouring for employment, and literally starving. Intimation was given that all payments would be in grain, and that only so much would be given as might serve to keep the people in a working condition. No hope of laying past anything could be entertained, so that only those in real need were likely to approach us. For the first few days it was only known to a few that work was to be had; but it soon got wind, and within three weeks it was hardly possible to provide implements sufficient to keep the people employed, no fewer than from 700 to 800 having come within that period. These represented about 70 villages, some of them at a great distance.

'The people of many villages at a distance of three, four, or even five miles, walked to and from their houses daily, in order to gain, by a full day's

work, their supply of grain. This is all the proof requisite to show how imperatively some public work was needed in this locality, for their entire remuneration amounted to hardly more than half a labourer's wage in ordinary years. The numbers have gone on increasing till the present, when we have considerably more than 1100 employed on the same terms as indicated above.'

On 10th April, William Martin writes: 'I have been but little at Surajpur for the last six weeks, although about 600 people have been at work upon the road, which is almost finished. I am at present engaged in superintending famine relief operations on a much larger scale at this place (Ashapura). But my brother so recently wrote to you about the origin and aims of our work here, that I need say nothing at present, except that the necessity for supplying famine relief labour here is almost as great as ever. Although this is harvest time, we have daily upwards of 1000 people at work here, who are all paid in grain, not amounting to more than half the value of wages during an ordinary season; and when the harvest is all over, the people, in larger numbers, will doubtless come crowding in.

'But perhaps some of my readers may think that we are going out of the path of duty as missionaries, in organizing these large works. There is nothing of which I am more fully persuaded, than that in this we are pressing on in the path in which the Lord is leading us. By following the course in which I

believe we have been directed from above, we have been enabled to save very many lives which otherwise could not have been preserved, and we have won the confidence and gratitude of thousands of the people, which probably could not have been so effectually secured in any other way. So far, too, as direct missionary work is concerned, no such opportunities of preaching the Gospel have been presented to us as those we have enjoyed during the past few months in connection with these works. Let a short notice of yesterday's (Sabbath's) Christian services suffice.

'In the morning I had worship with the orphan children, 107 in number, after which I had a meeting with about 150 of the children of the labourers; and again, at eleven o'clock, aided by Kacheria, I had another meeting with the same children. At two o'clock I had a meeting with a class of more advanced boys and girls, numbering about 200. At five o'clock my brother came out from camp, and preached to an audience of not less than 600 men and women, who listened, to all appearance, as attentively as probably did any audience in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Every day affords us many opportunities of presenting to perishing sinners the blessed truths of the Gospel, and it is only our limited strength which prevents us more fully embracing these.'

A few days later Gavin writes again: 'In reference to the present necessity for famine relief-work, my former letter, taken in connection with the cessa-

tion of the Government works, is, I think, abundant evidence. I may, however, add, that while the harvest operations are now all but over, and the crop well secured, the market has not thereby been perceptibly affected. The condition of the classes who have lately been suffering remains the same. The harvest has brought nothing into their hands, and the prospect of labour for them in the usual form is less favourable than it was some months ago. Parties, also, who have till now been continuing to make a precarious livelihood without joining any of the public works, now find this no longer possible.

'It will hardly be believed, that, for some time past, some of the lowest classes have been continuing to live by following up lines of industrious ants to their storehouses, and appropriating the grass-seed there collected. But such, some of the people who have been so employed, assure us is the case. It is hardly supposable that many can have been eking out life in this hard and humbling way. At the same time I know of a company of twelve or thirteen individuals lately come to Ashapura, who assert that this has been their mode of living for a considerable time.' How many did subsist in this way cannot be ascertained; yet to such straits were the people reduced, that it was common enough for them to strip the bark from the trees, and, after beating it soft, to mix it with flour in cooking.

The stoppage of the Government works to which Gavin Martin refers, caused a great influx of labourers

to Ashapura, thereby placing the Martins in serious difficulties, as the Mission funds for famine relief were quite exhausted. It may be said, indeed, that the whole conduct of the Government Public Works Department, so far as famine relief was concerned, reflected little credit on those who were at the head of it. They proved themselves utterly incompetent to meet the distress of the time. Instead of showing something like the vigour of the missionaries in trying to alleviate the sufferings of the people, as they might have been expected to do, much valuable time was lost.

'I cannot refrain longer,' writes William Martin, 'from giving you some idea of the way in which time and money have been wasted, while comparatively little has been effected, when people were dying of starvation by hundreds. The Public Works Department, which had been entrusted with the famine relief-works, kept sending in plan and estimate, plan and estimate, for a long time, while no work was done. Then, when sanction was granted for a road or a "talao," the work was given over to some contractor, whose object was, of course, to make as much profit as possible, and the weaker class of the people were consequently allowed to starve or go to the poorhouse. And after all the planning and estimating of the Department, while the work of death was still going on at a terrible rate, the so-called famine relief-works were brought to an entire standstill for want of funds.'

An appeal was made by William Martin to the Governor-General's Agent for Rajputana, urging him to provide funds and see to it that the works were continued, with the result that a sum of £2500 was put at the disposal of the Public Works Department. This, however, was only adequate for a few days, and then again the works were closed.

When the people came crowding in to Ashapura, the Martins dared not turn them away, although they had no money at command, for they knew there was no employment to be found elsewhere. They appealed to the Mission Board for aid, but the reply by telegram came that they could not undertake the responsibility of such works, as it was the duty of the Government to provide for the people. Again William Martin wrote, on 16th April, entreating the Mission Secretary to lay the case before some of the wealthy and liberal members of the Church as quickly as possible.

'It would be difficult,' he says, 'to conceive a more trying position than that in which your missionaries will be placed, when under the necessity of virtually saying to all these people, "We can help you no longer. You must return to your villages and make the best shift you can to save your lives." I shudder at the very thought of it; it is too horrible to be entertained. If ever I felt inclined to envy the position of a man with a few hundred pounds at command, it is now. If I had it, I should rejoice to spend every farthing of it, as, in common with the brethren of the Mission, we are doing at present—

saving life by supplying food and labour, and securing for the Mission temporal advantages in the shape of work done, but above all, gaining the confidence and gratitude of the people.'

In response to this came another telegram on 31st May, authorizing them to borrow £500. They had already borrowed from a native banker to keep the works going, pledging as security their year's salary. So convinced were both brothers of their duty in this matter, that they were prepared to give up everything rather than refuse to help the poor starving people. The grant of £500 gave them great encouragement, but it was spent almost as soon as received. 'When I tell you,' writes William Martin, on 1st June, in reply to the Mission Secretary, 'that we have about 2300 people employed on this work, you will not be surprised that £100 does not last us long. Up to this present date we have spent on the "talao" the sum of £1460. We calculate that it will take about £1000 to finish it, if the rains do not set in for a fortnight.'

All this time William Martin lived among the people in the camp at Ashapura. The missionary's hut is thus described by the Rev. Wm. Bonnar, who was then located at Nasirabad: 'Let me give you,' he says, 'some idea of Mr. Martin's own private residence. A couple of days and nights spent there, with but a very slight share of its owner's everyday work, would, I am sure, most thoroughly disabuse of their extravagantly erroneous notions the minds of

those very charitable people at home, who talk so much about the luxurious habits and easy life of missionaries. He had some time ago abandoned the use of the canvas tents, as a much deeper and heavier shade is necessary at this season, and had erected for himself a small house between the two sections of the Orphanage buildings.

'The walls are entirely of mud; the house is thatched with euphorbia and grass. It contains but one apartment, about 15 feet square. A doorway opens at each end in the centre of the wall, and in either side-wall is an aperture about 1½ feet square, which serves as a window. Over the front entrance is a porch; and instead of doors, straw ropes are suspended from the wooden lintel. Bath-room and dressing-room, both in one, and in size proportionate to the rest of the building, are attached at the back. The entire structure, when finished, cost rather less than twenty shillings.'

He further describes a Sabbath among the famine labourers at Ashapura. The day began at half-past six with morning prayers, followed by treatment of the sick. 'At 11 A.M. the gong summoned the senior orphan class, when the elder ones read a lesson to which the younger ones listened, and afterwards all repeated their texts and hymns. At 12.30 the gong sounded for the mid-day class. This class meets during six days of the week for secular and religious education, and on Sabbath for religious only.

'I accompanied Mr. Martin, and was delighted to

find about 300 boys and girls, children of those employed at the work, and most of themselves also engaged in daily labour, assembled in a large open hall, rudely enough built perhaps, but commodious and airy. The hall is constructed of three parallel rows of columns standing about 12 feet apart, the pillars in each row being about 9 feet apart, and ten in number. On these pillars rests a roof of light thatch. The service was opened by the singing of a hymn, after which two of the elder boys from the Orphanage read out a lesson from the New Testament in a clear and distinct voice. Then followed a series of questions calculated to draw out the youthful mind, and also to make more intelligible the truths which they had just heard read. After another hymn has been sung Mr. Martin engages in prayer, and the children are dismissed.

'At 5 P.M. the gong again sounded through the camp summoning the adult workers, not into the hall, for its capacity is too limited, but to the open ground in front of the Orphanage. Quickly but quietly they assemble and seat themselves in order, the women on the right hand and the men on the left, and all under the cool shade of the Orphanage building. Mr. Martin now comes out from his room, where for the last few minutes he has been alone with God, wrestling for the blessing, and crying for guidance and fresh strength for further duty, and, standing in presence of this large congregation, proclaims to them the glad tidings of salvation.

'What a strange audience this seemed to European eyes!—about 800 dark-skinned Indians, nearly half of whom were men, with little clothing, while the women were but scantily and raggedly clad, and in colours which had once been gay, but now were generally faded and soiled. What a soul-stirring sight to the ardent missionary!—800 souls ready to perish, and heedlessly ignorant of their danger! The pressing earnestness of his manner, and the warmth and tenderness of his appeal, told how powerfully Mr. Martin felt the solemnity and responsibility of the situation.

'The people seemed to listen almost with eagerness to the words read and spoken. But, alas! it was only in appearance. Week after week, and month after month, they have heard—and with the same marked attention—the Gospel of Christ, and yet scarcely any have expressed a deep anxiety about their soul's welfare, or a wish to know further the way of salvation.

'This has all along been the experience of our missionaries in Rajputana. The people readily, and generally very respectfully, hear what the Padri Sahib has to say; but his words are to all appearance "as water spilt upon the ground." Here, however, and wherever famine relief-works have been organized and carried on by missionaries, opportunities and facilities for Gospel preaching, far more favourable than any experienced in former years, have been enjoyed. The missionary has been as a father to the people,

tenderly caring for them, saving them from cruel starvation, and nursing them through sickness and disease. This treatment, contrasting so powerfully with that usually followed by employers, has won for the missionary a deep and lasting respect, and has opened the way for a wider and weightier influence. May God grant that this wealth of opportunity enjoyed by the missionaries of Rajputana, and so mysteriously provided by an all-wise God, be not sent in vain; that this so apparently favourable a seed-time be duly followed by a joyful, hopeful spring, and an abundant harvest.'

In such a camp as this, composed of poor creatures rescued from starvation, it is not to be wondered that there was a vast amount of disease, the result of previous hardships. The children, especially, gave evidence of the privation they had suffered. At one period it appeared as if the infants and little children must inevitably succumb, as the food they were able to get was quite unsuited to their weak condition. To meet their case, William Martin wrote to a firm in Scotland, earnestly requesting them to make him a present of a large quantity of corn-flour, and forward it at once. His request was complied with; and the kind donors would have felt themselves amply repaid, could they have seen the joy of the poor mothers, and the rapid improvement in the state of the little ones.

This tender solicitude for the children was joined with the most careful attention to their moral training. A single incident will illustrate this. He

discovered, one day, that several of them were making themselves sick by eating wild gourds, which they found growing in the neighbourhood of the works. He immediately issued orders that no child was to touch this wild fruit, on pain of punishment. It was not long before a little fellow was caught in the act of eating the forbidden fruit, with the result that he was pretty severely punished for his disobedience. A day or two after this, another boy happened to be carrying some dishes into the Sahib's tent. Just as he reached the entrance, he stumbled and fell, smashing all the dishes. With his mind full of Mr. Martin's severity towards the culprit of the previous day, the poor little fellow dreaded the punishment which he should receive. What was his astonishment when the Sahib patted him on the head, and told him not to trouble himself about the mishap! He was quite perplexed at getting off so easily for what seemed to him a much greater offence than eating wild gourds, which belonged to nobody; and it was only when the difference between an accident and an act of disobedience was explained to him that he began to comprehend it.

It is almost surprising that, in the midst of the excitement which must have belonged to the ruling of a camp containing more than 2000 people from all quarters, the first grand duty of the missionary was never forgotten or neglected. The presence of so much physical want and suffering seemed only to stimulate these two devoted men to press more

earnestly on the people the acceptance of God's best gifts. Never before had they been in such a position to command the attention of their hearers and to overcome their prejudices.

All the time that could be spared from his duties at Nasirabad was spent by Gavin among the workers at Ashapura. 'I know,' he says, 'of no such blessed opportunities of declaring a free salvation, in the history of the Rajputana Mission, as my brother and myself have enjoyed for many successive Sabbaths. The meeting for adults has for several weeks had an attendance of from 1000 to 1600, these representing probably not fewer than 100 villages. In this way, on the first day of the week we preach Christian *doctrine*, and, by the liberality of Christian friends in Great Britain, are enabled during the remaining six to illustrate in practice, by active charity, what we have taught. Most legitimately, therefore, may the Church implore God, and LOOK FOR a blessing on the work, both while the multitudes remain together, and when they return to their respective homes. "Let us prove Him now herewith, if He will not open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."'

About the same time (the beginning of June) William writes to his sister: 'We have a good deal of teaching and preaching among the people. Gavin generally preaches to the adults on Sabbath, while I take the young, attend to the sick, etc. Gavin

preached to an audience of not less than 1600 on Sabbath last. Probably no minister in Scotland had so large an audience. There was, as there always is, great quietness and apparent attention; but "who hath believed our report?" Two or three come daily for religious instruction, but it is difficult yet to say what is their motive. The great majority seem to have no deep concern about salvation. Oh that we could labour among them in greater faith! I often feel so cold-hearted and so formal, that, were the Spirit poured out in rich measure and a stirring taking place among the dry bones, I would be taken by surprise. Pray without ceasing in our behalf. What precious opportunities we have of preaching the Gospel! Oh that the blessed seed may even now spring up in many hearts! We are far too apt to be content to look into the future for results. Very often this disposition is only an excuse for indolence and want of faith.'

It was not till about the middle of July of this year, 1870, that the rains, so long looked for but again delayed, came in abundance. It was the signal for most of those who had been gathered at Ashapura to return to their distant homes. A few weeks before this, about the end of June, William Martin, leaving Gavin in charge at Ashapura, set out for Scotland, to solicit subscriptions to meet the heavy expenditure which he had incurred, and at the same time to get himself more fully equipped for missionary work. In both of these objects he was abundantly prospered.

The Church responded heartily to his appeals for money; the Missionary Society of the Theological Hall adopted as their scheme of effort for 1870–71, the liquidation of the debt which rested on the missionaries at Nasirabad, and in due time handed over the sum of £890 for this purpose. His second object was gained in his marriage, on 11th October 1870, with Anna Charlotte Pollock, daughter of the late Rev. John Pollock, M.A., minister of the Free Church, Baldernock. After three months spent in Scotland, he returned to Nasirabad greatly cheered by the sympathy which he had experienced during his short stay at home.

This period, the most important in the history of the Rajputana Mission, as well as the most eventful in the life of the Martins, may fitly be closed by reproducing William Martin's own connected account of the nature and designs of the work at Ashapura, and then by giving, in the form of reminiscences, an estimate of it by one of his brother-missionaries. These show the earnest, plodding missionary suddenly transformed, by the force of circumstances and his own strength of character, into the skilled engineer, the energetic contractor, and the wise ruler of men, who, at the same time, fulfils all his duties as spiritual guide and teacher.

In a paper dated 28th September 1870, William Martin writes as follows to Dr. M'Gill, the Foreign Mission Secretary:—'Now that the famine is at an end, and the large numbers of people who, during the

past six months, have been employed upon the irrigation works at Ashapura have returned to their villages, I gladly furnish you with fuller information than you yet possess, regarding the works themselves and the field of Christian labour presented in connection with them.

'In the employment of famine-stricken people, for whom employment could not be found on Government works, there were three points principally which we sought to keep in view, in fixing upon a scheme of labour:—(1) We sought to secure as far as possible the concentration of numbers, so as to render them more easily and cheaply managed: (2) And as the result of this concentration, to secure the power of more effectively carrying on Christian work among them: (3) To expend our funds in such a way as to secure the largest gain to the Mission, in the shape of property available for missionary purposes.

'For several months at the beginning of the famine, we were on the outlook, in the district around Nasirabad, for some spot which might offer all these advantages. At length, after much anxious search and prayerful consideration, we were guided to Gadheri, a village four miles to the north of Nasirabad. The facts which I shall now lay before you will speak for themselves as to how far our object has been effected.

'As none of the land in the district belongs to Government, the Deputy-Commissioner, while heartily encouraging us in our aims, informed us that it was

necessary for us to make our own arrangements with the villagers. This we succeeded in doing. The following are the terms of our bargain :—

'1st. That on our part we should construct a "talao," or reservoir (its extent and the amount of money expended upon it to be left to our discretion), and that the village should have the privilege of buying half the water at the rates charged by Government in similar cases; and that, if the villagers at any future time cut off any part of the water supply farther up the stream, they should only have the right to purchase one-third of the water.

'2nd. In return for this privilege, the village presented to the Mission about 300 acres of land on the Nasirabad side of the stream, for the purpose of founding a Christian village.

'The embankment thrown across the stream, for the purpose of retaining the surplus rainfall from the upper country, is one of the largest in the district. It is formed of a central "retaining wall," 900 feet long, composed of solid masonry. This is founded on the solid rock, at an average depth of 8 feet below the surface. It is 8 feet in thickness at the foundation, and rises to a height of 30 feet above the bed of the river, gradually diminishing in thickness by gentle steps of 2 inches on each side, till at the top the wall is only one foot in thickness.

'This wall is thoroughly plastered with lime on the upper side, to prevent the water permeating through. In front of this, for the sake of strength, there is an

earthen embankment, 93 feet in thickness at the bottom, running up to the top at a slope of 3 to 1; while behind the wall there is a similar earthen embankment of 65 feet in thickness, sloping from the bottom to the top at the rate of 2 to 1. When the work is quite completed, the dimensions of the "talao," when full, will be as follows:—Greatest depth behind the embankment, 25 feet; greatest length, one mile; greatest width, half a mile.

'This work was begun on the 28th of January of the present year, when only about a dozen people were employed. Within a month, upwards of 800 were engaged; during March, upwards of 1000; while from the 4th of April, when the last of the Government famine relief-works was closed—viz., that in which I had been co-operating with Government at Surajpur—the numbers greatly increased, till during June we had at one time as many as 2500 employed. But even then, so excellent was the field of labour for the employment of large bodies of people, that we succeeded in arranging the various gangs of labourers in such a way as to guard against jostling and consequent waste of strength; so that in reality we have been enabled to carry on the work as cheaply by famine labour as could have been done before the famine began.

'Among so large bodies of people assembled in one place, feeling their entire dependence upon the missionaries for support, you can easily perceive what a wide field for Christian effort was daily presented

to us—a field, in fact, very much larger than it was possible for us fully to overtake. The consequence was, that, except on Sabbath, we had no meeting specially intended for adults. The care of the sick, general supervision of the works, providing of grain, with a variety of other duties, left neither time nor strength for carrying on daily meetings among the people at large.

'But the young, at once more accessible, and promising a richer harvest of fruit for labour bestowed on them, were the objects of our daily and special care. The anxiety of many of these young people, from among all castes, to be taught, and that in their leisure hours during the mid-day heat, when hundreds of the adults were sleeping or chatting around them, proved most encouraging to me at the time, and promises well for the progress of education among them in the future. A juvenile class, attended by from 50 to 100 children of both sexes, was held for an hour daily, during the time of mid-day rest. The secular branches were taught generally by the supervisor of the works—a former village-school teacher—after which I conducted their religious lessons; and as I sought to impress, from day to day, some Christian truth upon the minds of these young ones, either through the medium of a verse of Scripture or a Christian hymn, I was often cheered by considerable numbers of adults gathering quietly around to listen.

'During June I had also a class for inquirers during the mid-day rest. At the close of the Sabbath service,

an invitation was generally given to those who felt desirous to become more fully acquainted with the truths of Christianity, to avail themselves of this meeting. About ten were in the habit of attending with more or less regularity. Of these, two gave cheering proof of being sincere inquirers after the truth; but as for the rest, there was ground to fear that their reasons were very unsatisfactory.

'On Sabbath, with the exception of an hour or two given to the treatment of the sick, we were free to give our time and strength wholly to the work of preaching the Gospel and instructing the young. Although neither the time for meetings nor the mode of conducting them was uniform, the following was the general order:—

'The morning was devoted to family worship with the orphan children, and dispensing medicine to the sick; while a considerable portion of the forenoon was occupied in the instruction of the juvenile portion of the famine labourers. For this purpose I generally called in the aid of several of the more advanced and trustworthy orphan children. At the appointed time the gong was sounded, and the children assembled in order before the Orphanage huts—the boys on the left, and the girls on the right. The boys are divided into four or five classes, according as we have orphan boys capable of acting as monitors. The girls are similarly divided; and then are led off to the places respectively assigned them. Eight or ten classes, consisting in all of from 300 to 400 children, are thus distributed over

the plain in front of the huts, and for half an hour are engaged, under their respective monitors, in committing to memory Christian hymns and passages of Scripture; while the missionary goes about from class to class to direct and encourage. At length all are assembled under a partial shade, when I explain the hymn and passage of Scripture they have been committing to memory, sing a hymn, and engage in prayer, after which they are marched off to the grain stores, where, on presentation of his ticket, each receives his supply of grain.

'It is now time for the Bible class to assemble. This class is composed of the older and more intelligent of the orphan children, about twenty in number. Singing, exposition of a passage of Scripture, and a passage of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, on alternate Sabbaths, with singing again and prayer, form the order of our exercises. In the afternoon a similar class, time and strength permitting, is held for the more advanced children among the famine labourers.

'In the evening, about an hour before sunset, the great meeting of the day is held. About five o'clock the gong is sounded, and the adult famine labourers, to the number of from 800 to 1500, assemble in front of the missionary's hut. The men take their place on the left, and the women on the right, of the speaker, the whole forming a semi-circle. This meeting was frequently addressed by my brother, who, after conducting his own ordinary services in Nasirabad, came out to take a part in this service.

'The people having all been properly seated, and perfect silence secured, the missionaries retire together for a few minutes into the hut, to unite in prayer, to entreat the Spirit's presence and power in our midst while His word is to be proclaimed. How helpless the missionaries are made to feel, as they take another look at that sea of faces turned towards them as they retire into the presence of God!

'We remember that many of those seated there have been seated in the same place, Sabbath after Sabbath, for months, and, with apparent attention, have been listening to the proclamation of the same message of mercy which we are about again to deliver, and yet no awakening has taken place. With a deep sense of our helplessness we are forced to ejaculate some such prayer as this, "Come from the four winds, O breath of Jehovah," etc., and retire to our knees. But this, too, we have done Sabbath after Sabbath. Why then has the Spirit's power not been manifest among us? Have we ever prayed the prayer of faith, even when we have entreated God to grant a Pentecostal effusion of His Spirit, so that souls might be awakened and led anxiously to inquire, "What shall we do to be saved?" I am afraid not, or why that fearful hesitation, that almost choking sensation, in the utterance of that prayer which contains more than we are prepared to receive, although not more than the Divine promise gives us the warrant to expect? Perhaps, reader, you have felt something of what I am trying to express. If so, pray earnestly that your

missionaries may be delivered from this miserable hesitation, and be enabled to enter joyously into the Divine presence, and plead in faith the fulfilment of His promise to pour out this Spirit, and that we may be prepared to expect great results.

'The service is opened by the singing of a hymn such as the following:—

"Vas pas jawe passi jaw," etc.

"We sinners, to whom shall we go?
From whom shall we obtain the riches of salvation?
From whom shall we obtain deliverance from mental anguish?
From whom shall we obtain spiritual peace?" etc.

After sermon, which has been closely followed by some, and apparently listened to by all, prayer is offered up, and another hymn is sung, after which the people retire to receive their supply of grain. After tea the evening is devoted, for the most part, to the examination of the orphan children upon the hymn and the passage of Scripture they have been engaged learning during the day, and the services of the Sabbath are closed with evening worship.

'The famine is now over, and the thousands of people who from first to last have, for a longer or shorter time, been supported by the Ashapura Famine Relief-works, have returned to their homes. What fruit may we legitimately expect as the result of our labours among them? The seed of the word has been largely sown among the people, and we have God's own promise that His word shall not return to Him void. Perhaps little fruit may appear in mani-

fest conversion as the result of all our teaching and preaching among them, but we have numerous gratifying proofs that the truth proclaimed to the famine workers at an earlier period of the famine has not been forgotten ; and it is not for us to limit the power of the Holy Spirit by thinking He could not use even the little knowledge of Divine truth acquired, as the means of salvation.

'But perhaps we are not wrong in regarding the confidence and gratitude of the thousands of the people, which the missionaries have gained through these works, as a hardly less important consideration than the actual amount of truth imparted to those connected with them. When we now visit these people in their own villages, for the purpose of preaching to them that gospel which is "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to men," shall we not occupy a position immensely more favourable for illustrating or enforcing it, than when they knew us only, or principally, as the propagators of a new and foreign religion? But if we begin to rely on this or any other agency, as if it had any power in itself to change the heart, assuredly God will in some way humble and confound us ; if, however, we humbly, yet confidently, expect Him to bless the exemplification of Christian kindness for preparing the human heart for the reception of His own message of love, we have no reason to doubt that our expectations will be realized. But who can tell how far the realization of these hopes may de-

pend upon the prayerful, expectant attitude of the Church?'

On 2nd Jan. 1880, the Rev. Wm. Bonnar wrote as follows, from the Mission-house, Deoli, to the Rev. Dr. Young, of Woodlands Church, Glasgow, one of the Synod's deputies to Rajputana in 1879:—

'My dear Dr. Young,—As I had the good fortune to be located in Nasirabad in 1870, while the famine relief-works were still being carried on, and as I have ever looked upon the Martins' work there as perhaps the noblest and most successful missionary effort I have anywhere seen, I promised to give you a few reminiscences of the early days of Ashapura.

'It was in March 1870 that I first went to Ashapura; and all that I saw there was, to me fresh from home, novel and heart-stirring in the extreme. In the midst of a bleak, barren, and unprofitable waste of undulating and rocky ground, were encamped about 1500 or 1600 — if I rightly remember — wretched, famine-stricken men, women, and children. Close by the encampment, Mr. William Martin had constructed for himself a small mud-hut, thatched with grass and dry twigs. It had a doorway, but no door; and in the opposite wall was a small square hole for light and ventilation. When Mr. Martin's attention was drawn to the fact that he had no protection against thieves, he laughingly replied, "Excepting these bottles of medicine, of which no one here but myself knows the use, what is there that a thief would take the trouble of stealing?" And it was only too true.

The house had cost about £1 ; and no one but under the greatest necessity would have given so much for all its furniture.

'Yet *here* had Mr. Martin spent the past year, braving all the blazing heat of its long-protracted summer—for the rains had again in a great measure failed — and patiently enduring all the discomforts of storms of wind and dust, with only one servant to attend to all his wants ; and only they who know what Indian life is can imagine the hardship of such an experience. Mr. Martin's household expenses during the period of his stay here having been reduced to the very lowest possible limit—indeed, very much lower than was prudent or even safe—he naturally expected that at the end of the year he should find the debt which he had been owing to the Mission Board considerably reduced. But when the close of the year came, and he had balanced his accounts, he confided to his brother and myself that his debt, so far from being reduced, was considerably increased. "How can this be?" we asked. "I know not," was the reply; "I suppose the poor famine people can account for it, and that is so far satisfactory."

'The work which the Martins had provided for the destitute people, and in return for which they were paid in daily doles of grain, was the throwing up of a huge earthen embankment across the valley, and building in the centre of the earthwork, throughout its entire length, a wall of masonry. This embankment now retains all the water which comes down

like a river, in the rains, from the hills between this and Ajmere, and forms a large lake or "talao." The tact and energy displayed in the management and direction of the large gangs of labourers, no less than the skill in the design and execution of the work, were a surprise and pleasure to the many who came to see. While the feeble and emaciated were allotted the lightest of tasks, care was taken that there should be no malingering, but that all should duly turn out their daily tale of work; and all received, at the close of each day, a supply of grain sufficient to keep them in health and good working condition. The people had no huts to live in, but had built for themselves comfortable-looking nests in the bield of the "tor" bushes which grew thickly all around. The sanitary arrangements were most excellent.

'At the time of my first visit, the day began about 6 A.M., when, at the sound of a gong, every bush and thicket sent forth to labour, its threes and fours,—the women tattered enough, yet decent; the men, generally with only a rag round the head, and another round the loins; and the children unburdened with even a rag. Each went off to his own allotted place —the men with their picks and shovels, the women and children with their baskets for carrying earth—and set to work, knowing that in the evening the day's work would be measured. Over each gang was an overseer; and over all was Mr. Martin's watchful eye, which was careful alike to reprove idleness and evildoing, and to reward diligence; and his large,

loving heart, which had a kindly word of sympathy and encouragement for all.

'To see him moving about from group to group, and to watch the looks of reverent love and gratitude which met him on all hands, one could not but note how proud they were of their "king," as they were wont to call him. And king indeed he was; for he ruled the hearts of all, and with the gentle sway of love. Their other favourite designation of him, however, was the truer, viz., "Our father," or as sometimes, "Our father and mother."

'Not only, however, was he a father to his people, but he had sometimes to exercise the office of judge and magistrate; for, as you may suppose, amongst so large a number of people, brought together from all quarters, there were occasional breaches of those laws which rule in all communities. Only a few days before I went there, he had had occasion to sentence a man to receive twenty lashes in presence of the assembled camp. Before carrying out the sentence, he gave the man the alternative of dismissal from the work; but he preferred to submit to the punishment and retain the chance of winning again the favour of him whom he had had such good cause to respect and love.

'At noon the gong sounded a relief, when there was an interval of two hours for food and rest. It was then that Mr. Martin's dispensary work was done. After luncheon — say at half-past twelve o'clock—he came out of his hut, followed by three

or four boys carrying medicine-bottles, etc., to find fifty or sixty people sitting in rows and waiting for their daily dose. Mostly chronic cases they were; and what a sickly sight they presented, covered as they were with scurvy and skin diseases of all kinds and loathsome sores, or wasted with diarrhœa, dysentery, fever, and all the ills which follow in the wake of famine! Misery was staring out of every form and feature; while some looked only blank despair. There was no time for careful weighing out of medicines; all *that* had been done elsewhere: the pills and the powders were ready. Mr. Martin with his own hand dropped a couple of pills here and a powder there, or poured a measure of castor or codliver oil into the gaping mouths before him. The pills were chewed up, and the oil gulped down, with apparent relish. Certain it is, these poor, simple people firmly believed that the pill or the potion had treble power when it was received direct from the hands of the "sahib." One man I remember noticing with a piece of an *Illustrated London News* sticking on his back, and on drawing Mr. Martin's attention to it, he explained that it was the remains of a mustard plaster he had applied the preceding day.

'After dispensary, Mr. Martin had the school to look to, where, in addition to the orphans and other children, were gathered many men, both young and old, who were willing to devote their hour of rest to the hard task of learning to read.

'At two o'clock the gong summoned all to work

again; and at sundown it sounded the relief, when, from all directions, the workers converged towards the grain-store, where the daily supplies were paid out to the separate gangs by several trustworthy men told off for the purpose. And presently the camp, so still before, became all alive with bustle and noise; for under every bush was a grain-mill in full swing, and the full-throated grinders were singing for joy that the day's work was done, and the hour of food and rest had again come round.

'In half an hour or so the chorus of mills and grinders had died away with the short-lived twilight, and the camp was lit up with 500 or 600 fires, round which the dusky figures sat and smoked in silent expectation of the meal that was being cooked. In another hour all was hushed in repose, the still silence being broken only by the occasional call of the watchmen, or by the wild, unearthly laughing-yell of the jackal in his unholy midnight prowl.

'Sunday was, of course, a day of rest, when, in addition to the daily religious service, there was a special one which was attended by the great bulk of the people. By dint of much patience and perseverance, Mr. Martin had taught the large assemblage line by line, till they could repeat and sing very well indeed several of our most popular hymns.

'In writing the above, I have associated the name of William Martin alone, with this famine relief-work; but, in reality, Ashapura, and all that it has become, is equally the work of both brothers. William's singu-

larly self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of Christ and humanity was equalled only by his brother Gavin's; and both were equally remarkable for their singleness of purpose and purity of heart. William, guileless as a child, was ever full of ardour and enthusiasm; Gavin, on the other hand, was grave and thoughtful, and was distinguished by his calm, dispassionate judgment. William had the fire and energy; Gavin the thought and direction. William was essentially a most lovable man; Gavin a good man—indeed, he was familiarly known amongst us as "Gawain the Good." I have heard that Gavin, in his earlier days, was inclined to be severe and uncompromising; but in the days I was privileged to know him, all severity had disappeared, and in its place sympathy and love reigned supreme; and if he were still uncompromising, it was only when principle was at stake.

'The great work which has made the names of the brothers Martin to be revered in thousands of households throughout Rajputana, and which has won a name and a place for our Mission in the hearts of the people, was begun and carried on through the terrible famine which spread over the length and breadth of Rajputana in 1868–69, and through the equally terrible visitation of cholera which followed in famine's wake. Week after week, and month after month, in the scorching heat of the prolonged summer—for rain season there was none—they went from village to village, and, when the pestilence was raging, from

house to house, in quest of the destitute and of helpless orphans, and administering to the sick and dying.

'Theirs was a noble work, and it was nobly done. One of the brothers has gone to his rest, never having quite recovered from the effects of the fatigue and exposure of that trying time. But his work and his name still live. Often in my tours through Rajputana have I had accorded to me an unexpectedly warm welcome, being recognised as the friend and brother of the Nasirabad Padris. Again and again have I heard the sturdy Zemindar, with deep emotion, bless the name of Martin for their having rescued him and his from the jaws of death, and only for the sake of love.

'Gavin Martin's death was universally mourned in Nasirabad and the surrounding district, by rich and poor alike; and the general lamentation was, "Alas! the man of God, our good and kind friend, is gone from us for ever!" It was my precious privilege to be associated with Gavin Martin during ten of the earliest months of my Indian life; and his lovely example I ever look back upon as one of the many great blessings I have been given to enjoy.

'In illustration of the deep and lasting impression made by the goodness and kindness of the Martins on the people gathered together at the relief-works at Ashapura, I may mention an incident which came under my observation three years ago. The catechist one morning reported that a boy of 17 or 18 years of

age, who seemed to be very ill, had taken refuge in the compound during the night, and now very much wished to see me. I sent for the boy, and saw at a glance that he was in a state of very great nervous excitement; and the catechist said that although he was starving, yet the very thought of eating or drinking threw him into convulsions. I asked the boy whether he had ever been bitten by a dog, to which he replied, "Yes, some months ago." I concluded that it was a case of hydrophobia, and said that he must go to hospital, on which he began to cry piteously, and to entreat that he might be taken to Nasirabad to William Sahib—the familiar name of William Martin. The boy died early next morning; and the native doctor told me that all night long his one cry was, "Take me to William Sahib! Oh, take me to William Sahib, ere I die!" The poor boy had been saved from starvation and death during the famine time by William Martin, and had lived under his fostering care for more than a year, but ultimately had been enticed to run away. And now, after six long years, when he felt himself in the gripe of this terrible disease, his one anxiety was to get back to him who had been to him more than a father.

'Allow me, in concluding this rambling paper, to give you an illustration of the kind of example which the Ashapura orphans had set before them. Mr. William Martin had punished a boy for a fault, for the commission of which he thought there was conclusive proof. Some time afterwards, however, the

boy's innocence was clearly established. Mr. Martin, deeply grieved at the thought of having accused and punished an innocent boy, lost no time in making reparation. He called the boy into his own private room, took him by the hand, confessed with unfeigned sorrow his hasty and unrighteous judgment, and asked the boy's forgiveness. The poor lad, quite overcome at the sight of such loving condescension, burst into tears. That hour was the turning-point in the boy's history. Hitherto known as refractory and disobedient, from this day he became an example to others.—With kindest regards, believe me, my dear Dr. Young, yours sincerely, W. BONNAR.'

The United Presbyterian Church now realizes, in some degree, the importance and value of the noble rescue work which was done in these two years of awful misery. It has never grudged the money expended in it. For famine relief and the immediate wants of the orphan children, it gave out of its treasury more than £10,000; while, for the support and education of the hundreds of orphans who survived, probably not less than £15,000 have been paid out. But in return for this, what lessons have been taught in Rajputana! What power has been gained over the hearts of the people! Had this occasion been allowed to pass unimproved, who can say how many years of ordinary effort would have been required to give the Mission the position it now holds in the eyes of the people? When Gavin Martin made his first

itineracy after the close of the famine, he was recognised in every village as the 'Talao Sahib,' and was at once surrounded by those who formerly would have shunned him.

The Government of India, too, acknowledged, as well they might, the services of the missionaries in Rajputana. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Wm. Muir, desired 'his cordial thanks to be conveyed to them, and in an especial manner to the Rev. W. Robb, and the Rev. Messrs. G. and W. Martin, for their indefatigable exertions.' Colonel J. Cheap Brooke, in his report on this famine, which spread over an area much greater than that of Great Britain, and cut off, at least, a million and a quarter of human lives, bears testimony to the self-sacrifice of the missionaries, mentioning by name Mr. Robson, Mr. Robb, and William and Gavin Martin, 'who,' he says, 'were indefatigable in their labours, and have all suffered more or less in health by their exertions during the famine.'

But it needed not the support of the Church nor the acknowledgment of the Government to satisfy William and Gavin Martin as to the propriety of the course they had followed. They saw clearly at the time that it was a God-given duty, in discharging which they would willingly have sacrificed life itself. It was a glorious opportunity, which God in His providence offered them, of showing the power and love of the religion of Jesus, and to Him be due the praise, that He gave these two the courage to seize it, and the

wisdom and faithfulness to make the best use of it. To few men is it given to be placed in a position of so great influence, to have the bodies and souls of so many thousands of their fellow-creatures in their keeping. Their Master must have deemed them worthy of the trust, true-hearted and devoted servants; and none can doubt that, if service rendered in the name and for the love of Christ is well-pleasing to the Father, the sunshine of God's countenance was upon these two brothers who fed the hungry, tended the sick, comforted the widow, and relieved the fatherless and the orphan. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

CHAPTER X.

Gavin Martin's Visit to Scotland—Appeal to the Students—Failing Health—Last Illness and Death.

1871–74.

As the missionaries in Rajputana felt that their work had reached a new stage after the famine, it was considered desirable that one of their number should visit Scotland in 1871, to endeavour to increase the interest of the Church in the progress of the Mission. The Conference proposed that Gavin Martin should undertake this duty, believing that personally he would derive benefit from the change after the fatigue of the two previous years, and hoping that he would be able to bring back his wife, who was at home recruiting after a severe attack of cholera. The members of Conference were well assured, too, that he would be not their least effective advocate in pleading for the Church's sympathy and support. Accordingly, he left Nasirabad in the end of March, reaching Naples on the 23rd of April. Thence he travelled by rail to Belgium, spending a few days on the Continent, and arriving in Scotland in the beginning of May.

From the day he landed, till he set out again for India at the close of the year, he was kept almost constantly occupied. The steady demands made upon him began, indeed, to tell upon his health, and it was with something like a feeling of relief that he found the time of his departure had come round. All his old fellow-students had been anxious to obtain his services, and every minister, who made the acquaintance of the zealous, spiritually-minded missionary, had felt it a privilege and an honour to introduce him to his people. Wherever he went, his earnest words and persuasive eloquence moved the hearts of his hearers, and deepened their interest in the cause he represented.

Only one of his numerous addresses delivered during his visit home has been preserved, viz., his appeal to the Students of the Theological Hall. It was delivered to an overflowing audience, at a meeting held in Bristo Street Church, Edinburgh, on 23rd September 1871, and is so true and powerful a statement of the claims of the mission-field upon young preachers, that it may well find a place in a missionary memorial. The part of the address which is preserved is as follows:—

'As aspirants to the ministry, you profess a sincere desire to be guided to the special field which the Master would have you occupy—to let Him be dictator of your sphere as well as of your calling. He has work to do at home, and He has work to do abroad. There comes, therefore, to each, the possi-

bility that the Master may appoint his sphere of labour elsewhere than in his native land. In *theory*, this is of course acknowledged by every one; but in practice, with some at least, the question of relative claims between a heathen country and a Christian fatherland seems never to be brought forward for decision. Without so much as taking the balances into their hands, they quietly take for granted that the Home Church is to furnish them a field of effort.

'Now it seems to me, if God desires a young man to remain at home, some indication more conclusive than the fact of having been born and educated in the country may be anticipated. It needs a call from God to justify remaining at home, no less than to warrant going abroad. There are the two alternatives presented in God's providence; and light sufficient may be expected, to enable every one to make an intelligent and deliberate choice. I believe that, when most young men are in course of training for the ministry, they are conscious of no call more definite than this: "Go, preach." The world is before them, and they have yet to learn in what direction God would have them turn.

'It is not enough, therefore, to answer appeals for foreign missionaries, as many do, by replying, "I feel no call to go abroad." Another question must be answered: "Do you feel a call to remain at home? Can you point to anything which may be confidently regarded as an intimation of God's will to this

effect?" The failure to observe the one does not of necessity imply that you have received the other. No man should be satisfied with any call which does not produce in his mind the intelligent conviction that this is the voice of God to him.

'It has become too common to limit the notion of a call to invitations from Christian congregations. Now, even such calls cannot be regarded as absolutely intimating where God would have the subjects of them labour. Should three such invitations, for example, issue in favour of the same individual, it is clear that two of them at least come to him unfurnished with Divine authority, as, from the nature of the case, he can accept but one. At most, they are but alternatives proposed to him, and he must judge between them by the light which Providence may cast on each. But even in such a case as this, there is another alternative open. The Foreign Missions of our Church continually present such alternatives to be considered, along with others which arise. Our students, as they leave the Hall, are met by standing calls from China, India, Calabar, Kaffraria—from every field which is in need of labourers; and these come to them, let it be observed, before the voice of any congregation can make itself heard. It is true, they come without the formalities of congregational and Presbyterial meetings; but is it the less possible that the voice of God may be in these heathen wailings, "Come over and help us," and in the earnest questioning, not only

of the Church, but of her Master, "Who will go for us?"

'I do not say that all who hear these calls are bound to regard them as imperatively addressed to them. On the contrary, where earnest, disinterested prayer for guidance is followed by no drawing toward heathen lands, it is probable that God is preparing some other sphere of labour for His servant. All I insist upon is this, that the call to consider the claims of heathendom meets every student on the very foreground, and should not be pushed aside till years of anxious, fruitless waiting for some more distinctive call convince him that it was God who beckoned him to leave his home and kindred, when he was about to step forth into public life.

'And of this I am convinced, that our Foreign Missions offer a vaster and more urgent field than most of you can hope to find at home. I would not seem to disparage any field of effort, home or foreign, nor over-estimate that in which I have been privileged to labour; but I would be conscious of neglecting duty did I not use this opportunity of testifying regarding Rajputana, that it is a vast, a noble, an inviting field. I know not how to compare the ample sphere which it could furnish for tens and twenties of your number, with the narrow and, in some instances, lessening circles in which many country pastors are compelled to labour. Were Rajputana parcelled out into equal parts, and divided among its present European missionaries, each would find himself en-

trusted with a million precious souls—an arrangement less favourable than if the whole of Scotland were made over, for religious instruction, to three of its present ministers. Surely, men who feel that life for Christ's sake is real, should not lightly set aside a fact like this.

'Again, the field is one entirely worthy of the highest talent. The impression seems in many quarters to exist, that for a young man of first-rate ability to give himself to the foreign field, is virtually to throw himself away. If what is meant be merely, that he removes from those best fitted to estimate and admire his talents, I grant it is correct. But if it be intended by it, that he goes to a sphere in which he cannot fully lay out all his powers for Christ, so far as regards our Indian field, I hold it to be utterly untrue. What gift can you exercise in the Church at home, for which there is no room in Rajputana?

'*Are you possessed of Literary Talent?* A Christian literature is the very thing we need. Our native literature is inconceivably impure, and at the same time there is comparatively little to offer in its place, to the ever-growing numbers who desire to read. While those who labour in this field at home, with difficulty find room on the shelves of libraries for the product of their pens, in India we are often at a loss to meet the demands of intelligent readers. Could a popular Christian writer desire a wider or a more inviting field?

'*Are you gifted with powers of Exegesis?* Where could you find a nobler opportunity of honouring the Master with this talent? It is not translations of English, French, and German commentaries which we require. We must have the essence of Bible truth, straight from the living source, presented in a form adapted to Oriental modes of thought. Of this we have as yet a lamentable supply. Is it, then, a slur on a young and gifted exegete, to invite him to qualify himself for the task of making plain a portion of God's word for Churches, in a language spoken by tens of millions?

'*Are you fitted to shine among men of Science?* Nowhere is your talent more urgently required than in Indian fields. Government is labouring to give Science to the people, but it is Science divorced from Christianity. The educated Hindus fear that their hoary system crumbles at the touch of Western Science, but they are ready to conclude that Christianity itself is equally unable to stand beside it. We need men capable of meeting this growing evil, of demonstrating that Science and Christianity are not rival lights, but come from the same Divine origin, and are meant and fitted to lead men to the same God of Truth.

'*Have you been honoured with powers of Oratory?* Would that every member of our missionary band were such as you—that each were an Isaiah or an Apollos! The *language* you will find sufficient for your highest flights of eloquence, and the people

deeply sensible to the charms of oratory. Where, indeed, more suitably could your metaphor and imagination be employed to illustrate Christian truth, and commend the blessings of salvation, than in the flowery East—the cradle of imagery?

'*Are you fitted to excel in training the young, or giving an impulse or system to those that teach?* Where could you find a nobler calling, than in helping to train for Christian warfare a native ministry, whom God may use to deal death-blows to an accursed system, and baptize with power, to gather thousands into the fold of Jesus?

'Are you possessed of no such shining gifts as those which have been named? *Yet have you winning, gentle ways of dealing with immortal souls?* Can you seize at opportunities, by the wayside and the well, of pointing sinners to the Lamb of God? You will find in Rajputana an ample field. And no gift is more likely to yield rich, precious fruit, than that which you possess.

'But I may be told there are difficulties in the way of receiving an appointment to any of our foreign fields—that more might be done by the Mission Board to encourage applications. It may be so; but if *God* have called you to the foreign field, the attitude of others must not be allowed to turn you from the path of duty. The heathen world is a grand arena, to which God is summoning His servants. He has been pleased to open many doors into it, and has given them in charge to diverse watchmen. By all

means, let your first knock be at the door entrusted to the Board of our own Church. If there be no desire to receive you there, it may be God desires to lead you to your field of labour through some other entrance. Several of those now labouring in India presented themselves in this attitude; and my own conviction is, that men thus minded will not be often allowed to stand long idle.

'But what of the hardships and privations to be met with in the field? may be asked by some. I speak of Rajputana only; but there I have found them incomparably lighter than the moderate calculation I had made. Not one of the thousands of volunteers, now playing at war near Aldershot, but would eagerly covet the amenities of an Indian missionary's camping life. It is true, there are trials of another kind, and these by far the harder, to be borne. There is separation from the dearest objects of affection; there is partial banishment from the living, active world of thought; and there is removal from the warmth and quickening power of concentrated Christian life.

'There is no use in trying to conceal or make light of facts like these; and the man who is conscious of no sacrifice in consenting to forego the privileges of home, is too destitute of heart to be of real worth abroad. But, as covering and compensating for loss sustained in this blessed service, stands the precious word of Christ Himself, meant primarily for such as should thus be tried: "Lo, *I* am with you alway."

'I have never met an Indian missionary who mourned the choice he had made. The universal feeling seems to be, were the hardships tenfold greater, the *Master* and the service are worth it all. Permit me, then, to ask, Is there one now present, who can hear Christ saying, "Arise, prepare that I may send thee far hence among the heathen"? Is there one youthful, ardent Christian to whom the cry of tens of millions, "Come over and help us," has been sent home with power? Let not that inspiration die away. Is the Master saying, "*Go*"? Let not comfort, home, or friends detain thee. Does Christ say, "Go"? Let not hardships, toil, or death deter thee. It is a blessed thing to toil and sacrifice and die for Christ, and it brings with it a glorious reward.'

These words are worthy to be remembered, coming as they did, from one who was not long to toil and sacrifice, but was soon to die for Christ, and to receive the glorious reward. It cannot be doubted that they were blessed to those who heard them; and there is no reason why they should not still be the means of turning the thoughts of some in this direction.

In the end of November, Gavin Martin and Mrs. Martin returned to India, accompanied by the Rev. George Macalister, M.A., and Dr. James Somerville, who, as an addition to the staff, were warmly welcomed by their future fellow-labourers.

Early in the following year, William Martin com-

menced building-operations at Ashapura, as he wished to lay the foundation of his Christian village as soon as possible. When the bungalow and the boys' and girls' Orphanage buildings were ready for occupation, he removed from Nasirabad with seventy-five of the orphans, leaving the more advanced children in his brother's care. The property at Ashapura had been increased by purchase to 500 or 600 acres, sufficient, when properly cultivated, to support about thirty-five families. His object was to settle here, as they grew up, those of the orphans who had no desire or fitness for engaging in the educational or evangelistic work of the Mission, but preferred an agricultural life. Those also, who exhibited a talent for mechanical or other pursuits, were to receive a training which would qualify them to take their respective places in the new Christian settlement.

Thus relieved of the charge of the majority of the children, Gavin Martin was free to devote himself to the higher education of the thirty who remained at Nasirabad, and to more strictly evangelistic work. With renewed zeal he set himself to labour, in the faith that the promised blessing would not long be delayed. But the days of constant, unceasing activity were at an end for him. It was easily seen that his exertions during the famine had told severely upon his constitution. In March 1872, symptoms of chest-weakness began to appear, and he was ordered change of air and rest. To get this, he went to a

village sixteen miles from Nasirabad, that he might superintend the erection of a school there, while unable to preach. During this and other periods of forced retirement, he exercised his poetic gift in translating several hymns into Hindi, for the use of the Native Church. He began also a translation of the *Memoirs of M'Cheyne*, but was never able to complete the task.

It was a great trial to him to be laid aside, week after week, so soon after nearly a year's absence from the field. Only when positively forbidden could he restrain his desire to work for his Master. For two and a half years he continued to labour in enfeebled health. An attack of pleurisy entirely disabled him for some time; but no sooner was he in some measure recovered, than he felt himself compelled to preach the Gospel of Christ.

He engaged in the cold season itineracy as usual in the latter half of December 1872, and greatly enjoyed it. 'The opportunities,' he says, 'of setting forth the truth, were numerous beyond my ability to use them; but I can look back on many meetings with much pleasure, and something of conviction that the Divine Spirit's power was with me in setting Christ before the people.'

He mentions one town, where, among the members of one of the lowest castes, there seemed to be a groping after the truth. One man had been led by a certain Hindu religious teacher to give up idol-worship, in consequence of which he became the

object of much persecution by his caste-fellows. When he wished to have some work done for him by one of his townsmen, he was refused, on the ground that he was of too low origin. As this was more than he could bear, he went with three or four others to Nasirabad, to try to get justice for himself and his friends. They were directed to the missionary as a person likely to be able to help them.

'The conversation they had with William,' says Gavin, 'seems to have impressed them with the loving character of Christ's religion, as contrasted with the selfish system of the Hindus, which condemns multitudes to degradation and exclusion. When they returned to Kekri and reported what they had heard, it awakened a desire to hear more of this new religion; and some time ago, a native Christian was sent from Ashapura to spend several days with them, and introduce them to a fuller acquaintance with the truth. He left a Gospel with one of their number, the man who had renounced idolatry; and when I visited them in the end of December, I found he had read as far as the 18th chapter, and had a fair acquaintance with what he had read. A number of the others were regular hearers of what he read to them from God's word, and all seemed eager for instruction.'

In the summer of 1873 he was again prostrated by illness, and was obliged to go to Taragurh, a hill near Ajmere. 'I have enjoyed much peace of spirit,' he writes to his mother, 'during this illness, and trust,

if the Master spare me for further work, that His afflictive dealings will bear fruit in a life of higher consecration than hitherto. If God sees fit, however, to lay aside instruments for a time, it is because He can do without them, and would have them understand this.'

A partial recovery enabled him again to perform many of his duties, but in November it appeared that he was making so little progress towards complete restoration to health, that he was ordered to betake himself for a few months to Bombay, to benefit from the sea-air. Arrived at Bombay, he consulted a medical man, with the result that he was sent on to Mahableshwar, a hill-station on the west coast of India. After four or five months spent here, he returned to Nasirabad, having made good progress during the last month or so of his stay.

'I am far from being completely restored,' he says, 'and personally have no expectation of ever again enjoying the vigorous health I long had in India. I am conscious, however, that with increased spirituality I might be useful far beyond my former measure; and this, more than full bodily health, I am now drawn to seek. I trust you will join in the prayer that, whether the Master see fit to give me new physical energy or not, I may be so filled with the Spirit as to be a powerful instrument for drawing men to Christ.'

It is probable that these years of service, rendered in much weakness, were among the most fruitful of

blessing in Gavin Martin's missionary life. He was able to speak as one who was almost in presence of the eternal realities; and realizing that his race was nearly run, he was the more impelled to press on men the claims of God's message.

This was a time of much anxiety to his mother; for, while her thoughts often turned to the son who was nearing the end of his journey, she watched by the bedside of her eldest daughter, Jane, Mrs. Cochran, who was suffering from a painful and incurable disease. She had the comfort, however, of knowing that both were prepared for whatever might happen, and that both were enduring, with Christian patience and submission, the purifying afflictions of God. Many a loving message of comfort passed between the brother and sister, who were so soon to meet in the realms of bliss.

On 3rd September 1874, Gavin Martin wrote his last letter to his mother and sisters, from Kumharia. He says: 'It is a very long time since I wrote to any of you, and though I have received no expression of complaint, I know you must have thought me remiss. I am sorry for your sakes that I cannot write frequently, and I have thought regretfully of your disappointment, as each mail has left of late. Still, I am not prepared for self-accusation in the matter, as I am every day conscious of diminished strength for work, and of the duty of employing as much of what remains as possible in the great work on which I have been sent.

'You are not to draw from this any unfavourable conclusion as to the present state of my health; because, since my return from Mahableshwar, I have enjoyed a measure of strength and ability for work which I little anticipated. With hardly an exception, I have been able to do for the Master, every day, something worth performing in the way of active work, and for some months I have been enabled to conduct a Sabbath service specially for the native Christians, in addition to taking part in other services. For this restored honour and privilege, I wish you all to join me in thanksgiving to the Giver.

'In our work, there are, as has ever been the case, causes for joy and sorrow meeting us side by side. In the Native Church there are many imperfections, but still enough of love and activity to convince us that Christ is in our midst. Our two native preachers, Hussein Ali and Jemmel Singh, do not spare themselves, and both have agreed to set to the Church the example of devoting one-tenth of their income to Christ's cause. On the other hand, disunion and pride are only too often exhibited by even the best of our native brethren. We see more of the ordinary life of the members of the Church than a minister at home does of that of his people, and this, perhaps, brings more into view minor infirmities, which remain hid from a home pastor. Our work among the orphans is, on the whole, one of much pleasure, and gives promise of precious fruit.'

Before this letter reached those to whom it was

addressed, the writer had entered upon what was to prove the last stage of his disease. The details of his last illness are touchingly narrated by his brother. After this most faithful and conscientious of missionaries had gone to his rest, William wrote as follows :—

'In the end of September he was seized with a sharp attack of pleurisy, from which, however, after a few days, he seemed to be slowly recovering. On the 7th October, the doctor sanctioned a change to Ashapura. It was with great delight and hopefulness we welcomed him here, remembering that during the previous year the same change had proved most beneficial to him ; and besides, we looked forward to enjoying his society for a season as an inestimable boon. In disposition always gentle and sociable, for a considerable time past he had been manifestly growing in spirituality, so that no one could come much in contact with him without profit.

'But our joy was soon overcast. The exertion of coming out proved too much for him ; for before mid-day he was attacked with fever, and from this time his disease, notwithstanding all that the doctors could do, continued to lay firmer hold upon him. Mrs. Martin, who had remained behind to take charge of the Orphanage in Nasirabad, on hearing of the sudden change for the worse, came out next morning, and to the last continued day and night to nurse him with the most tender and sustained devotion, and in death was enabled to render him up in

a spirit of childlike submission, teaching us all a lesson for which we shall have reason to bless God.

'Although his disease, from day to day, was making rapid progress, on Sabbath, the 11th, he was carried in on a couch to our afternoon native worship. This was the last time he was permitted to join in the public service of God. From this time he became considerably worse. Although he seemed to sleep much, his mind was so occupied with visions—for the most part overpoweringly glorious—that they proved very exhausting to his poor, weakened frame.

'As a specimen of these visions I give the following:—One day he, with a great many other sick people, was permitted to approach the throne of God, each to ask one question. As his question, he had made up his mind to ask how he might best glorify God; but just as he was about to speak, he caught sight of his wife, and instead, asked that for her sake he might be spared a little longer. Thereupon he was met with such a frown as filled him with shame and fear; but, as in dismay he turned from the throne, he heard a voice of infinite tenderness say to him, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and, falling into the arms of Jesus, at once was comforted. Regarding the sight of Jesus, he afterwards remarked that he would not have lost it for worlds.

'On Tuesday, the 20th, he became much worse, but this had no effect in disturbing his mind. Hitherto we had avoided, as much as possible, speaking to

him, and he, from exhaustion, did not care to speak much, although he sometimes found it very soothing to have my wife sing to him some of the hymns in which he had been accustomed to find so much delight when in health. But this day, at once to suggest a subject for his mind to rest upon, and to call forth some expression of his feelings, I quoted the passages, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" "My peace I leave with you," etc., to which, after a little pause, he replied, "I have never had any darkness at all; I have always had comfortable assurance on that point."

'On the evening of the 23rd, a messenger came for me to Ajmere, whither I had gone during the day to join the missionaries in Conference. During the night, accompanied by Dr. Shepherd, I returned, and found a great change upon him since I had left in the morning.

'On Sabbath, the 25th, he expressed a wish to see the orphan children. All the children, and many people from camp and from neighbouring villages, had for many days been eagerly asking for him, and desiring to see him, but the doctors, fearing the consequences of such excitement, had hitherto forbidden it; but now that he himself expressed a desire to see the children, they were all invited out from Nasirabad. First, during the day, the children and residents of Ashapura were admitted into his room; but he seemed hardly conscious of their presence, as they

stood, deeply moved, around his bed. After a little, judging him too weak to speak to them, I asked them to retire. As they did so, his wife said to him, "Gavin, have you nothing to say to the children?" He answered, "I think not." "Nothing of the love of Jesus?" she inquired. The name of Jesus acted as a charm upon his dormant mind, and at once he roused himself, and said, "Yes, certainly; where are they?" I answered, "You are too weak to speak to them at present; tell me what you wish to say, and I shall deliver your message." "Tell them," he said, "to love Jesus now, to love Him always, and to love Him till He calls them home." Then, calling God to witness, I promised my dying brother that, by the help of Divine grace, I would labour more faithfully and lovingly to bring every one of the orphan children to Jesus, so that not one of those whom we had unitedly sought to save should be awanting in the day of the Lord.

'About ten o'clock in the evening, the orphans and native Christians from camp arrived. Before being admitted, they were warned, as they loved him, to restrain their feelings in his presence. Never have I witnessed a more affecting scene than the room presented now, with this little group of children and native Christians, as they stood, bathed in tears, round the death-bed of their beloved friend and pastor. He tried at first to address them as he lay, but failed to articulate. Then, animated by Christ-like love to souls, he struggled to sit up in bed. Supported by

his wife and myself, he addressed them for a considerable time. Much of what he said was inarticulate, but a good deal could be distinctly made out. Of what I heard, the following is a part:—"My dear brothers, in a few days I must die. I have had great hope in Christ Jesus; it has all been realized. Jesus has comforted me very abundantly. Let His words abide in your hearts, and they shall make you holy. Ever follow His teaching, and your salvation shall be completed."

'At last, quite exhausted, he drew from underneath the shawl in which he was wrapped his white, emaciated hand, and waved, when unable longer to articulate, a last "Salaam," or "Peace be with you," to those to whom he had so faithfully expounded, and among whom he had so beautifully exemplified, the Gospel of Peace. The children, who had so nobly controlled their feelings when beside the death-bed, had hardly reached the open air when their pent-up emotion became uncontrollable, and demanded for itself free vent in sobs and groans.

'On Monday morning, the 26th, a marked change took place, and to all it seemed as if he were just about to leave us. He was quite conscious, and recognised us all, including friends from Ajmere and Beawr, and bade each of us separately a last good-bye. With deep emotion, and a profound consciousness of being in the presence of the Father of spirits, we knelt down, and prayed with and for our dying brother.

'In connection with prayer, I cannot pass on with-

out noticing what seemed to all of us who had the privilege of watching by his bedside, very direct answers to prayer. One day, when he was suffering excruciating pain, he moaned aloud to his wife sitting beside him, "Oh, Mary, pray!" She fell upon her knees, and prayed for his relief, and when she rose she found him in a peaceful slumber. During the earlier days of his illness, he had sometimes distressing pain and great restlessness, and we prayed that, if it were the Lord's will to take him away, He would be pleased to deliver him from bodily suffering; and from that time forth, but especially at the very end, he suffered, as far as we could discover, little or no pain.

'After bidding us all good-bye, his mind began to wander, and he seemed to think he must proceed upon his journey, for he suddenly started up in bed and tried to rise. When I caught him, he struggled to get away, saying, "Let me go; I must go," and muttered something about "journey." I laid him upon his bed, and with my hand still upon his, said, "You must halt yet a little longer. You cannot go till our Father calls you home." The word "Father" recalled him to reason, and, with a gleam of delighted repose, he answered, "Our heavenly Father."

'During the three following days he seemed for the most part unconscious; and it often seemed to us strange that he should be detained so long upon the border-land, still in the body, and yet so little with us; and yet I trust we shall all find that it has not

been in vain for us that we, during those days, in so close contact with things unseen and eternal, were called to commune with our own hearts.

'On the evening of the 29th, it was manifest that his end was very near. We had been waiting with him for several days on the margin of the river, and all that time its water was very calm; but at last, when he did cross, its channel seemed hardly to wet the soles of his feet.

'On the following evening, all that was mortal of our dear departed brother was laid to rest in the cemetery of Nasirabad, beside his own dear little ones, James and George, and other dear ones of our small mission party, in the presence of a very large concourse, especially of the native community, of all grades and castes, by whom he was greatly beloved.

'As one out of several instances of such attachment, I may mention the following:—'The native merchant who made the coffin, when I went to settle accounts with him, would not include this charge in his bill, adding that he felt it a privilege to be allowed in any way to show his esteem for the late Gavin Martin. Pray, my dear friends, that his holy life and devoted labours may be felt as a powerful influence among all who knew him in this heathen land; that he, "being dead," may "yet speak" effectually to them.'

Thus passed away, in his thirty-sixth year, after only eleven years of missionary life, one whom to know was to love, whose highest aspirations were after

purity and holiness, whose loftiest ambition was to do the greatest good in the time allotted to him, and whose life had been a constant sacrificing of self. When the wealthy Hindu banker, the Parsee merchant, the poor sweeper and water-carrier, the Brahman Pundit, and the bigoted Mussulman Munshi joined with the European soldier in paying honour to the dead, they did not bury in his tomb the reverence they felt for the meek and gentle Padri, who had gone about among them continually doing good. When one of them said, 'If every European were like Gavin Martin, I would become a Christian,' he but expressed the feeling of all who had looked upon his noble Christian character. So powerful had been the blameless life of a loving missionary, to prove the infinite superiority of Jesus Christ over every other being who has been worshipped. The memory of his beautiful life still abides with all who knew him, as an elevating and ennobling influence. 'His loss was to be mourned,' as one of his fellow-students has said, 'not so much as that of a comrade in arms, as of a sainted knight who outshone us all in love to the Captain of our salvation.'

CHAPTER XI.

Marriages at Ashapura — William Martin's Visit to Udaipur — Mrs. William Martin's Death — The Synod's Deputies at Ashapura.

1875–79.

FOR a year or two after his brother's death, William Martin was obliged to superintend the evangelistic work both at Ashapura and at Nasirabad. In the care of the orphans, he was greatly assisted by Mrs. Gavin Martin, who had chosen to remain in her old home to labour among those for whom her husband had given his life. When, however, in 1876, she became the wife of the Rev. James Gray, of Ajmere, there was no one in Nasirabad to take charge of the orphan girls; and they were, therefore, all removed to Ashapura. In the same year an ordained missionary was appointed to Nasirabad, and William Martin was again at liberty to devote all his energies to the welfare of Ashapura and the surrounding district.

The numbers in the Ashapura Orphanage had been considerably reduced, previous to the accession of the girls from Nasirabad. Several of the most earnest

and promising young men, members of the Church, had been carried off by death, while many more had married and settled, either in the village or at some of the other stations. This latter, however, was no cause of regret, as it imparted all the more stability to the Christian communities which received them.

As the majority of the orphans had now grown to man's and woman's estate, it very frequently happened that a young man who had become self-supporting would come to the missionary, and inform him that he wished to get married. On his mentioning the name of the young lady who had attracted his attention, he was allowed to have a short interview with her if she had no objection. If the liking was found to be mutual, the marriage was not long postponed. On Christmas day 1876, no less than six of these marriages were celebrated in the bungalow at Ashapura. Mrs. Martin had the large room in which the service was conducted beautifully decorated, and arranged everything so well, that not only were those chiefly interested delighted with the proceedings, but all the native guests, to the number of a hundred and four, and the Europeans who were present, expressed in one way or other the pleasure which they had experienced in taking part in the festivities.

It may be not uninteresting to look at a specimen of the courtship of these young couples, as related by William Martin:

'Nandura,' he says, 'is a quiet, steady, pious young man, of no great scholarship, but very diligent in

improving his mind. Although engaged for only about two months, and until the date of their engagement, so far as I am aware, never having an opportunity of speaking to each other, he and Parbatti, his bride, have long had a good understanding with each other. He has, on several occasions, expressed to me a very lively interest in her studies and general behaviour. Once he called my attention to what he thought the rather light and trifling demeanour of several girls, among whom he specially mentioned Parbatti. He suggested that a few words of advice from him might have a beneficial influence upon her. As, however, this remedy did not approve itself to my judgment, I thanked him for calling attention to what he thought improper, encouraged him to come to me again if he wished to speak of anything else connected with the girls, and assured him I would do my best to watch over their behaviour and train them aright.

'The young man was not slow to embrace the first opportunity afforded him of improving Parbatti's mind. On the day of their engagement, although they hadn't more than twenty minutes' talk in all, I was rather amused next day to learn from her that, during these few minutes of their first interview, he had set to asking her Scripture questions, which she candidly acknowledged she couldn't answer. Curiosity led me to ask Nandura for *his* version of the interview. So a little after, on meeting him, I accosted him as follows :—"Well, Nandura, you had, I hope, a pleasant talk with Parbatti yesterday?" "Yes; but she didn't

talk much." "What! Was she very bashful?" "No, it wasn't that; but she could not." "Why, how was that?" "I asked her some questions, and she couldn't answer them." "What kind of questions?" "Scripture ones." He, at the same time, suggested that an interview with her occasionally might prove an impetus to her studies. To this proposal I could not assent, but told him that, as they were now engaged, I didn't wish the marriage to be long delayed, and then she would be entirely handed over to his tuition.

'The next in order are Dewla and his bride Buri. Dewla is a blithe, cheerful-looking young man, and his countenance isn't better than his disposition. He is no scholar, but is, I believe, a sincere Christian, and desires to serve the Lord. His bride will, I doubt not, prove a true help-meet for him. Their courtship was sufficiently curious to warrant a little notice. Ten days before their marriage, Dewla came to me requesting an interview with Buri. I promised to ascertain if the desire for an interview was mutual; but on calling Buri, I found that she had no wish to speak with Dewla, nor did she wish to get married at all.

'My discouraging report, however, didn't seem greatly to disturb the young lover; for next day he came to me again, saying that he had reason to believe that Buri was now willing to speak with him. Again I called the young lady into my room, and informed her of what Dewla had said. For some time she sat in silence, and then, without giving me

an answer, requested me to give my opinion of Dewla. I was happy to be able to give him a very good certificate of character, and sent her away to think over the matter, but to be in no hurry to give a definite answer, as they were both young and could afford to wait. But Dewla was not prepared for much delay; for shortly after, for the third time, he came to me, saying he had been told that Buri was willing to marry him. I now determined that he should hear his sentence from her own lips, so I gave them an opportunity to be a little while alone; but within two minutes their interview was over. When questioned as to the result, Dewla shook his head, and said, "No, Sahib, she will not have me."

'But all this time I was quite sure that Buri was thwarting her own inclinations; and her dejected looks that evening quite prepared me to expect what took place next morning, when she came to the bungalow wishing to see me. On inquiring her business, I found that she wanted to make a confession. In course of conversation she acknowledged that last night she had intended to accept Dewla's proposal; but, being annoyed by what appeared his over-confidence, she had, contrary to her intention, given him a negative answer. This matter was easily settled, and within a few hours Dewla was on his way to Nasirabad to buy furnishings for his house; and Buri, with Mrs. Martin's aid, was purchasing her marriage-dress from a cloth-merchant on the verandah.'

Two months before these marriages, William Martin had had the happiness of baptizing and admitting to the membership of the Church twenty-one of the orphans; and on the marriage-day an old woman was baptized, who, when she first came to Ashapura, appeared one of the most bigoted of Hindus. Eighteen months before her baptism she had been so ill as to be unable to cook her own food. As her son, with whom she lived, was a Christian, she would take nothing from him, and so was in danger of dying of starvation. When William Martin discovered the state she was in, he ordered food to be prepared for her, and told her she must take it, as she could not be allowed to die of starvation on mission ground. She said she would rather kill herself than touch the polluted food, and, seizing a piece of iron, threatened to break her skull. Seeing that the blows she dealt herself were very light, he laughed at her passion and soon made her ashamed of it. At length she tasted the food, and soon began to eat it with great relish. On her recovery, prayer was offered for her by her son and by all the Christian community, and at the same time efforts were made to impart Christian instruction to her, with the result that she sought admission to the fellowship of the Church by baptism.

It was pleasant to see the young people getting happily settled in life, but their guardians could not see them leaving the Orphanage without a certain feeling of sadness, after having watched over them so long. They regarded them almost as their own

children, and endeavoured to make them realize this. In closing a letter to his mother, which tells of the marriages referred to above, William Martin refers to one method which they followed to attain the desirable end. He says :

'As I write, it is eight o'clock at night, and the children are with us in our large room, which is lighted up, learning their lessons, or reading. This takes place every night. It causes us a good deal of trouble, and some of our friends do not think it a good plan ; but I have my own ideas upon the subject. One thing at least, it brings the children and us very near, and leads us to feel more as one family. They confide in us, and consult us more readily than if we stood aloof. As you can understand, with so many children, boys and girls, together, we have our trials, but we have also our joys.

'If the thought occurs to you, "Well, William is getting plenty of opportunity to practise now the theories about the proper training of children, on which he used to harangue me in the byre at West Dykes," you will only think what I have often thought. I have good reason to remember those thoughtless harangues, for one of them subjected me to the severest discipline I was ever brought under, viz., my first confession. I wonder if you remember it. You cried as much as I did, when I came out early to the byre to ask your forgiveness for my thoughtless speech of the previous evening. But I am running

on, and don't know where I would stop, if it were not now time for worship.'

By this time Ashapura had become quite the 'lion' of the district. Whenever a feast took place within a reasonable distance, the guests were brought to see the new village, and the Sahib's bungalow was invaded by eager sight-seers. Hardly a day passed without some visitors, native or European—more frequently, of course, native—coming to see this growing settlement. Many were the occasions thus furnished by the people themselves for the presentation of truth, and the affording of useful information regarding various subjects.

In every department of his labours, William Martin was most ably supported by his wife. In the Orphanage she was truly a mother to the children. Her mental and moral qualities, as well as her affectionate nature, fitted her to be their guide and counsellor, so that her husband could leave her in charge with the utmost confidence when obliged to be from home for any length of time. She did not, however, confine herself to such work as forced itself upon her. During the cold season she very often walked out with one or two of the older girls to villages four and five miles distant from Ashapura, to meet and converse with the women who could not come within hearing of the Gospel.

She was indeed a model missionary's wife, devoted and sympathetic ; a sister to all the other missionaries, who felt that, if they needed rest and repose, nowhere

would they be more certain to find it than at Ashapura. She had a warm and kindly welcome for every one who chose to visit them in the jungle. Her husband she almost adored, as his first wife had done, about whom she often loved to talk to him. Yet, when duty called him to leave his station, she cheerfully gave up the pleasure of his society. One such occasion, which necessitated his absence for about two months, was his journey to Udaipur with Dr. Shepherd, undertaken with a view to the opening of a mission station there. During that time everything went well at Ashapura. This journey was a very long and toilsome one, involving 400 or 500 miles of riding.

Dr. Shepherd thus describes their expedition to Udaipur, which may be called an itineracy, from the work which was done by the way, but, more properly, was an embassy, fraught with important issues to the Rajputana Mission:

'The extension of our efforts, into some of the Native States of which Rajputana is composed, had been, for long, occupying the attention of the brethren of our Mission. It was resolved at a meeting of Conference held in October 1876, that deputations should be sent to the capitals of the important States unoccupied by us, to investigate and report as to the facilities which might be afforded for commencing missionary operations there. In accordance with this proposal, the following brethren were set apart for this work:—The Rev. James Gray and Dr. Somerville to Kotah, the Rev. Dr. Shoolbred and Dr. Clark to

Jodhpore, and the Rev. William Martin and Dr. Shepherd to Udaipur.

'In January 1877, Mr. Martin and I set out from Nasirabad, for our long and anxious journey. Our route lay along the plains of Meywar, in the villages of which, we had many opportunities of preaching for the first time the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. At Raila we were joined by Babu Umrah Singh, whom Dr. Shoolbred had kindly sent to aid us in our itinerating work. On reaching Bhilwara, a rising township, with a population of about 20,000, we left the main road and struck out in a south-westerly direction, towards Udaipur, passing in turn Akola, Thawula, Kemli, and Duboke.

'From Raila to Bhilwara, as we marched along, we met large numbers of villagers from Jodhpore, whom the impending famine in their own land had compelled to seek relief in the distant, but always fertile plains of Malwa. Mr. Martin often joined company with these careworn, weary, and almost hopeless travellers; and from his previous experience, and in a way no other one could, was he able oftentimes to comfort and cheer them. To us both it was a heartrending scene to witness cavalcades of whole villages, with bullocks, carts, and all their belongings, marching in solemn procession across that broken highway, to meet a fate which, to most of them, would be dark and sad. "Death is behind us, and death may be ahead of us, but we must go on," said some of them to Mr. Martin.

'On reaching Udaipur, we pitched our tent in the broad "chaugan" or parade ground, at an easy distance from the city. Our first acquaintance was the Rao of Bedla, who on previous occasions had warmly received Mr. Robson, and subsequently Messrs. Robb and Jameson. We were both struck with his kindness, as well as with his benevolence and intelligence. To him we communicated the object of our visit; and from him it elicited a hearty and ready response. That this response was real, is clearly proved from the valuable assistance he kindly tendered us in the trying circumstances in which our Mission was afterwards established in Udaipur.

'We spent the few days we remained in Udaipur as well as we could, in making inquiries, moving about the city, and in preaching. Although the people seemed kindly disposed to us, we could see that the prejudices of the Rajputs, and the bigotry of the Brahmans, were very much against us. This, however, was not to be wondered at, as Meywar is one of the oldest and most conservative of the Rajput States, and is ruled over by a prince who is himself priest as well as king in his own wide dominions.

'The Maharana of Udaipur we had the great pleasure of interviewing, and never did Mr. Martin's noble Christian character come out so beautifully as when he talked freely with this heathen prince. He received us with his usual courtesy, and kindly gave orders that we should be shown the interesting sights in his ancient and remarkable city. Our interview

took place in one of his lovely water-palaces, the Jagniwas, when we had an opportunity of unfolding to him the purpose of our visit.

'It was a scene which will not be readily effaced from my memory. The prince, surrounded by his nobility, was standing on the charming verandah, enjoying the cool afternoon breeze, which was wafted across the surface of the immense lake in which this picturesque palace is built. The native court, over which he had been presiding, had risen. An expression of anxiety and thoughtfulness somewhat clouded his young and handsome face, but this quickly passed away as he conversed freely with Mr. Martin. The frank and genial manner in which Mr. Martin approached him, and the facility with which he could speak to the prince in his own native tongue, I could see, made a wonderful impression, not only on the Maharana, but on his numerous retainers, who, according to custom, pressed around to hear what was being said. We did not get a very satisfactory reply when the object of our visit was explained, but still we expressed the hope that, in the event of our coming to settle in their midst, no obstacle would be thrown in our way by the Durbar.

'We returned to our tent, after thanking the Maharana for all his kindness, to plan a short journey to Kherwara, a military camp fifty miles south of Udaipur, and the headquarters of the Meywar Bheel Corps. By this visit we intended to make the acquaintance of some of the Bheels, of whom we had heard so

much, and who, although an aboriginal race, untrammelled by caste prejudices, are extremely friendly and loyal to the British. As we marched southwards, we had ample opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with the language and customs of these strange, wild mountaineers. Our road led us past Barahpal, Parsad, and Rikabnath, which is only eleven miles from Kherwara.

'We were very hospitably entertained by Colonel Gordon, then commandant of the station, who was able to introduce us to three of the principal Gametis or head-men of the Bheels. With these we had several meetings, and through them we arranged to address one of their tribes. We could get no house large enough to hold us all, so we assembled in a stubble-field, near the hut of one of these Gametis. To show us every respect, native beds, covered with rough blankets, were brought for us to sit on; while our congregation squatted around us on the ground.

'As I myself was a listener, I could mark the peculiar effect the earnest and stirring words spoken by Umrah and Mr. Martin had on these rough and untamed hillmen. At the close of our service we all knelt in prayer, and as Mr. Martin implored a blessing on our meeting, I could not help feeling that the Master was with us, and would cause the seed which had been sown that morning to spring up and bear abundant fruit to His praise and glory. We were both impressed with the hopeful field for mission work presented to us by these Bheels, an impression

which is now taking practical effect in the operations carried on round our recently opened station of Udaipur.

'On our return journey, we halted at the famous shrine of Rikabnath, which nestles in a well-wooded mountain gorge, not far from the high road between Kherwara and Udaipur. It was a festival day when we arrived, in consequence of which, the old temple and its capacious galleries were crowded with eager and excited worshippers. Mr. Martin and I joined the throng, and I was never more moved by our dear brother's earnestness and enthusiasm than I was on this occasion. He asked at once to see the Pujari, or high priest of the shrine, who, at our request, showed us the costly jewels with which, on great occasions, the idol is adorned.

'The interview was a long and very interesting one. For our comfort, a rich carpet was spread on one of the inner platforms facing the shrine; and around us soon gathered many of the important Brahmans of the place, while a large and motley crowd leaned over the balconies above us, to see and hear what was going on. The conversation was started by the Pujari repeating a Sanscrit "shlok" or stanza, which was soon turned by Mr. Martin, with his usual aptness, into a channel through which he was able to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified to the attentive listeners. There was no discussion, there was no interruption; all seemed to listen with interest to the simple story of God's love to men. To me it

was a matter of great thankfulness that we were permitted to declare our message in the courtyard of one of the sacred shrines of India, and to representatives from all parts of the country, who were vainly seeking, in their religious pilgrimage, to obtain that forgiveness and salvation Christ alone can bestow.

'We soon reached Udaipur once more, to start for Deoli, 180 miles off, where our Spring Conference was to be held. This march opened up a new route to us, and took us past the ancient fort of Ohittore, where we lingered for some little time, admiring its remarkable ruins, and preaching as we had opportunity. We arrived at Deoli in the beginning of March, when we presented to Conference a detailed account of our journey.

'After duly considering the reports from the deputies who had visited Kotah, Jodhpore, and Udaipur, it was unanimously agreed by the Conference, that while accepting the prior claims of Jodhpore, from its size and importance, our Mission could not, without more assistance, undertake such an influential centre, and therefore it was resolved that Dr. Shepherd be appointed, with the sanction of the Mission Board, to proceed to Udaipur and inaugurate mission work there. The responsibility of opening this new station was put on my shoulders, and in November 1877 I proceeded once more to this stronghold of Hinduism, with God's help to fulfil the wishes of Conference. As the result of our medical work in that city, we have gathered around

us a little Native Church, and this ancient city has now become one of the recognised stations of our Mission.'

The autumn of 1877 threatened to be as mournful a time as that which had been experienced eight years before. The spring crops had been lost for want of rain, and the autumn showers were so long delayed, that it was feared a terrible period of famine was again in store for the people of Rajputana. To aid the young settlers at Ashapura in their difficulties, William Martin, who had become possessed of a few hundred pounds of his own, devoted all he could spare to the deepening of old wells and the digging of new ones, in order to obtain a constant supply of water for purposes of irrigation. He also drew largely upon the Famine Relief Fund which had been raised at home, that he might lend small sums, for the purchase of seed, etc., to farmers in Ashapura and the neighbourhood.

Late in the year the rains came, and the country was mercifully saved from another great famine. William Martin, however, continued the digging of wells, until he had as many as eleven on the property, as he believed it to be essential to the prosperity of the village, and the only means of guarding against the effects of protracted drought in that part of the country. It was not the kind of work he would have chosen, for he was more than ever anxious to carry the Gospel into new fields.

'Perhaps you may think me,' he writes, 'too much

taken up with the secularities of Ashapura. I sometimes fear this myself, and long for the time when I shall be set free for what appears more directly missionary work; but for the present the path of duty is plain. I cannot get free from the secularities, so it is as well to do the work whole-heartedly, and carry spirituality into the secularities.'

Since he lavished so much care and attention upon the orphan children, and upon his children in the faith, it will readily be believed that his affection for the members of his own family was of an unusually deep and tender kind. In nothing did he find such delight as in the caresses of his little ones, and by every means he tried to draw out their love. But he was never satisfied that they should love their earthly parents alone. A few pages from a letter written on 30th January 1880, to his eldest daughter in Scotland, which gives details of his own conversion, will show how he opened his heart to them, and strove to teach them a higher love.

'I know,' he says, 'that you love me, and I rejoice in your love. But oh! I long to know that you love your heavenly Father with all your heart. What a trial it is for a father not to be loved by his child! When I came home in 1870, you did not love me. Somebody had frightened you, and told you that I would beat you, and so you were afraid of me, and did not like me; and one day you came to me and said, "I do not love you." Your words were like a dagger in my heart. I went away into

another room; I could not cry; and my heart was like to break. My own little daughter did not love me! God knows how I loved you; and you did not love me. Oh, it was a sore trial!

'Now, my dear Joanna, God is your Father. How He must feel if you do not love Him! Do you love Him, or do you not? I did not love my heavenly Father till I was fourteen years old. I have ever since been very, very sorry that I did not love Him all my life. Would you like to know how I was led to love God?

'Before my conversion I lived in great terror of God. Often when I went to bed at night I dared not sleep. I was afraid lest I should die in my sleep, and awake in hell. So I often lay awake for a long time at night, and sometimes cried so that I wet my pillow with my tears. Oh, I was miserable! This state lasted for a good many months. At length, one night I was in this miserable state—my heart was very hard, and I cherished very wicked thoughts of God, such as this: "What right had God to make me a man? I never asked to be created. Or if He would create, why not have made me some beast which would die, and be no more? Why did He make me with a soul which would never die, but be miserable for ever?"

'As I was cherishing these wicked thoughts, the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of John came into my mind. It was God returning love for enmity. All my wicked thoughts were checked at once. I thought,

"God loves sinners—I am a sinner—He loves me!" This was quite a revelation to me. I felt an indescribable *something* pass over my heart. The love of God had taken possession of me. I had no fear. Love had cast it out.

'I rose from my bed, and knelt by my bed-side, and prayed that God would blot out all my sins, for the sake of Jesus who had died for me. I then and there gave myself to God, to serve Him with my whole being in any way He might see fit to appoint. Oh, I was happy! After sitting thinking a little, I went back to bed, and fell asleep as gently as a tired little child in its mother's arms; and ever since, I have been happy. Often have tears been in my eyes, and sometimes my heart has been like to break; yet even then I have been happy, because when even most sorely tried, I have been able to say, "Thou art my portion, O Lord." Oh! my dear Joanna, do you love the Lord? If I knew you did, how happy I should be?'

It was well for him that he had in his heart this peace and joy of which he speaks, for the six years that had passed over him, before these words were written, had brought not a few trials to his home. The dust of two infant sons had consecrated the soil of Ashapura; his saintly brother had gone to his eternal rest; and, just a little before this, his faithful, loving wife had been torn from his side. The last was a blow almost too heavy for him to bear; and yet, neither under it nor under any of the others did

his strong, impulsive nature for a moment rebel against God's dealings.

In Mrs. Martin's death the Mission suffered in common with her husband, but to him belonged the aching heart as well as the hallowed memories of a blessed fellowship. Her departure took place on 25th July 1879, eleven days after the birth of her little Anna, who was to be a little sunbeam to chase the cloud of sorrow from her father's heart. During her illness, her sufferings were at times severe; but her light and joyous spirit, and the sustaining power of her heavenly Father upheld her, so that no word of murmuring escaped her lips. Several times, as she saw the tears in her husband's eyes, she said, "Forgive me, William, that I cannot cry. Do not think me heartless. I have been very happy with you. Every hour of my life in India has been happy." When the end came, the weeping watchers could realize that the beloved spirit which was leaving them was at once received into the fulness of joy.

When tidings of her death reached the surrounding villages, where she had so often gone to carry the good news of salvation, the heathen women with their children crowded to Ashapura, wishing to look upon her once more, before the coffin hid her from their view. Sitting on the ground, they wept and mourned with the bereaved husband. Then, while he stood with Mr. Bonnar at the foot of the bed, they passed through the room, taking a last, long look at the face they loved so well. When the funeral procession

moved away to the cemetery, the women following, they literally lifted up their voices and wept. What a wail of sorrow burst from the hearts of the poor women who had lost one they had deemed their best friend!

William Martin was wonderfully supported under the shadow of this sore bereavement, by feeling that he was under the shadow of the Almighty. His friends would not permit him to preach on the Sabbath immediately after his wife's death, but on the following Sabbath he was back amongst his people. On Saturday, August 9, he writes:

'Last Sabbath I preached to my people for the first time since Anna died. There was much weeping, and I could not help breaking down occasionally; but I was graciously aided in my effort to bless the people, and had great enjoyment in the service. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," etc., was my subject; and in my dear departed, who had lived and died in the Lord, as none present could doubt, and of whose abundant labours for Christ they had all been witnesses, I had a powerful enforcement of the words of my text. It was her dying message to the people of Ashapura, to give themselves to the study of God's word, and to prepare for death. I took the first opportunity of meeting them all together to deliver and enforce this message.'

The day after writing the above was the communion Sabbath. On Monday he continues his letter:

'On Saturday night, after meditating for some time

upon my subject for address—part of the 55th chapter of Isaiah—I prepared for bed. My study is also the bedroom for all of us. As I knelt by my bedside, the cots of my three children were around it—Gavin at its foot, Willie at the head, and Bessie at the left side. Never, I think, since the night of my conversion, have I felt such delight in God. I felt Him surrounding and encircling me with the right hand of His righteousness. My soul joyed in the God of my salvation. I could feel Him a real being in my heart; and I said to Him, "Thou art the portion of my soul." The thought came into my mind, "Yes, but the portion of your soul has taken away the wife of your bosom, and if He should shortly take away one of these treasures around your bed——." I looked round upon my sleeping boys and Bessie, and oh! how my heart went out to them! And I turned to God and said, "The portion of my soul cannot but do what is right." Oh, I was very happy!

'Next morning, in my address I dwelt a good deal upon the words, "Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness;" and I felt that the fatness in which my soul had delighted on the previous night, enabled me to expound the words in a way I never could have done before. After worship I had Anna's juvenile class, and during the day her servants' class, and at four o'clock the communion service.'

About the beginning of December of the same year, the Synod's Deputies to Rajputana, Dr. Young of

Glasgow, and Duncan M'Laren, jun., Esq., of Edinburgh, arrived at Nasirabad. Dr. Young thus writes of Ashapura:

'Our visit to this place was necessarily a short one, but it lingers in our memories as one of the most interesting episodes in all our Indian experience. Ashapura lies within three miles of Nasirabad, and we drove out to it in Mr. Martin's "tum-tum," charioteered by himself, in the delicious evening of what had been to us a busy day. It was such an evening as one meets with occasionally in the early autumn at home, but finds to be normal in the winter of India—peaceful, cloudless, calm, and with an air which, without being "eager" or "nipping" (to use Shakespearian adjectives), is yet cool enough to be sensibly crisp and bracing. The exquisite twilight is of course soon over. The sun was still above the horizon, and was sending long shadows across the compound, when we started from Nasirabad, but by the time we drew up at Ashapura, objects were scarcely distinguishable in the gloom.

'The road was excellent at first, through the cantonments and beyond them, where, on our left, lay a large "talao" constructed by the Government for the water supply of the garrison and the town. But by and by we came to rougher ground, and the track seemed to lose itself among links or downs which tumbled around us on every side. Not the less, however, did Mr. Martin urge on his willing steed. His superabundant energy must blow itself off in

whatever he does, and he drives as furiously as he grapples strenuously with a famine, or deals with any obstruction which impedes him in his work. The natives seemed familiar with his style; for when it had grown too dark to discern faces, dusky figures, passing us like shadows, would hail him with "Salaam, Maharajah," having no doubt who the driver was, and conveying by the words the Irishman's idea of "more power to ye," as well as the profound respect with which our friend is everywhere regarded. And so we sped on; now mounting hillocks, now crossing "nullahs," now bumping on boulders, now dragging through sandy ruts—our Jehu keeping his seat like a centaur, and his passengers contriving by much ingenuity and effort to avoid a spill—till we stopped at the mission bungalow, and, scrambling up a slight acclivity, found rest within its walls.'

The Deputies found in the village of Ashapura twenty-four Christian households, 'all,' says Dr. Young, 'paying rent for their holdings, all living in a compact township of neat and tidy homes, all conducting themselves with remarkable propriety, all industrious, and all, in ordinary circumstances, enjoying a reasonable measure of prosperity. They have a "punchayat" or village council among themselves; they have a cemetery; they are even projecting a town-hall; and, what is better, they are all exemplary in their attendance on religious ordinances; they maintain the worship of God in their families; they give freely of their substance to the cause of Christ;

and they exert themselves personally to do Christian work among the surrounding heathen. Ashapura, so far, is a marked success. It has attracted the attention, far and wide, of some of the best friends of India and of Indian Missions. It does honour to the faith and foresight and zeal of a noble missionary, who, as well as the Church which sent him forth, and sustained and encouraged him, may well be congratulated on an enterprise to which the Divine blessing has so manifestly been vouchsafed.'

The usual prayer meeting was held, on the evening of their arrival, in the large room of the bungalow, and there the two Deputies looked upon part of the fruits of William Martin's labours, and listened while he addressed his audience, and while a native brother led the devotions of the company.

'For the extent of it,' says Dr. Young, 'anything more encouraging than this meeting could scarcely be seen in a mission-field. The whole little community seemed to be present, as they usually are; for Mr. Martin has his flock admirably in hand, and the prayer meeting is, we believe, just as well attended as the church. Devotion and instruction go hand in hand with the work and business of the settlement; and if the present spirit of the enterprise can be preserved, the brightest of futures for it may be anticipated.'

"We remained a day or two at Ashapura,' he continues, 'and were conducted by Mr. Martin all over the place. It has no great beauty, certainly, but the

battle with nature is being hopefully waged, and well-watered and fertile fields are rapidly taking the place of unreclaimed jungle. The farmers do not live on their little patches of soil, but are gathered together in a township of well-planned and neatly-constructed houses. We entered several of these houses, and were equally pleased with our cheerful welcome, and with the tidiness and order which everywhere met our eyes. They have little to boast of in the way of furniture, but we noticed very generally a taste for prints, and always a little book-shelf reasonably stocked. For these people are all fairly educated,—thanks to the missionary; and their children also are under regular instruction. Of course none but professed Christians are found in the settlement, and their whole life is in contrast with that of the heathen around them.

'On the Sabbath morning we again met them at early worship, and having addressed them, with Mr. Martin's aid, in a few words of kindly greeting and counsel, we said farewell. Could we convey to our readers the impression with which we left Ashapura, we feel sure they would give it a warm place in their hearts, and an abiding interest in their prayers. With such a fact to point to—and it by no means stands alone—no one can grudge the outlay, the labour, or even the life which our Rajputana Mission has cost us. The Gospel has taken root on these bare downs, and we cannot doubt that it will grow and spread. Already the infant Church is speaking of having a pastor of its own, and one of native training. The

next step will be independence, and the next more vigorous aggression. Meanwhile let us nourish the tender plant, and pray God to water it night and day, that "the wilderness and the solitary place may be glad for it, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose!"'

CHAPTER XII.

Second Visit to Scotland—Return to India—Last Years of Labour—Death—Funeral—Tributes to his Memory.

1880–83.

THE beginning of 1880 found William Martin making preparations for a visit to Scotland. The two previous hot seasons had shown that he was no longer able to bear the heat of the Indian summer, without first having his system braced by a short residence in his native land. Before leaving he was obliged to part with all the younger orphan children, whom he was sending on to Beawr to take up their abode in the permanent Orphanage there. He felt this parting keenly, as they had seemed to be drawn closer to him by his bereavement.

About the beginning of March, he set out for Bombay with his four children. When they reached Jeypore all but the baby were seized with measles, under which disease his little darling, Bessie, succumbed. It was hard for him to give her up; 'but,' he says, 'I was graciously preserved from all murmuring thoughts, and have been enabled, in some degree,

to acquiesce in what I cannot understand; for all God's dealings with me in the past have proved to me how wise and loving He has been in all the discipline to which I have been subjected. With my little child upon my knee, a child the meekest and most submissive to paternal authority I have ever known, how could I rebel against the authority of my own Father in heaven. Still, while I know that all is well, my heart is often like wax, ready to melt in me.'

He arrived in Scotland, with his three children and a native nurse, just in time for the meeting of Synod in the beginning of May, to which he repaired before seeing his relatives. In the Synod Hall he met, for the first time after a separation of twenty-six years, his brother James, who was labouring at Wamphray at the time. He writes to his daughter: 'Uncle James came up to me last night in the meeting. I could not recognise him at the first glance, but on the second, saw through his aged look the same old dear brother.' During the year that followed, the two brothers had much delightful intercourse, which revealed to each the admirable features of the other's character.

Here, too, he met his old friend Mr. Young, who writes: 'Our greeting was most cordial, and I shall never forget the tenderness, the sorrow and submission, with which, standing on the landing at the library door, he told me of the death of his wife and of his little ones. It was touching to see the strong

man weeping, and to hear his voice trembling as he spoke of the Lord's dealings with him. From that moment we were drawn more closely together than we had ever been before.'

Those who met him for the first time could not fail to be fascinated by his appearance and manner. His dark and piercing eyes seemed to gaze into the very soul of the person he addressed. There was that, too, in his bearing and manner which compelled reverence, and forced one to acknowledge that there existed in the man a reserve of power which might accomplish anything he chose to attempt.

After a short stay with his dear old mother at Strathaven, and a few months at watering-places on the Clyde, he resided in Glasgow with his family. It was a great pleasure to him to associate once more with his old friends.

'He was often with us in Greenock,' says Mr. Young, 'and no more welcome guest came under our roof; he was so large-hearted, so genial, so devout; he had so much to tell the children that was instructive and amusing; and his prayers at family worship were so childlike and tender.'

This last feature was very noticeable. One could not help realizing that he spoke to a being who was real and near to him, a being whom he loved with all his heart. When he prayed for a member of the family in sickness, his tenderness came out very markedly. As he named the loved one and pleaded for him, one was thrilled with the feeling that he was

taking him in his strong, loving arms, and laying him at the Saviour's feet. All his nearest friends remarked how tender he had grown under his own afflictions. He might be full of fire and force at one moment, but let him only enter a sick-room, and this was exchanged for a gentleness that was almost womanly. To his own immediate circle, he endeared himself very greatly during the months he remained at home. To those who were in sympathy with him, he opened his heart in fullest confidence, laying bare much of his inner life and feelings. It was easy to see that the gentleness of Christ was the power which had made him great.

Having suffered so much himself, he knew how to administer sympathy to others. Writing some time after this, on learning of the death of a beloved nephew, a young and promising artist, he says: 'And now our dear Bruce is at home. What perceptions of beauty are already his! Nothing but what is beautiful can meet his eye. What a field for the sanctified artist! And now there is no clog upon the active working and full development of all his powers. I doubt not you try to rejoice in his unspeakable gain. Yet though you may be able to say honestly, for his sake you would not wish it otherwise, you cannot help having sometimes a peculiar sinking of spirit when you realize that no more on earth are you to behold him. He was peculiarly lovely in his life—greatly beloved—and many will miss him. If spared I have no doubt his great desire would have been to spend

his life in closer communion with, and in more devoted service of, his God and Father. Let this, my dear Willie, be our resolve. You can hardly fail to feel anxious sometimes as you look forward to the future. Hear a voice of Omnipotence, but yet sweeter than the most melting strains of music: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," etc. (Isa. xli. 10).'

Nearly twelve months of his stay in Scotland he devoted to visiting as many as possible of the congregations of the Church. He conducted, or took the principal share in, at least two hundred meetings, being engaged almost every Sabbath, usually twice, on some occasions three times, while his week-day meetings were nearly as numerous. Everywhere he created a most profound impression by his stirring and powerful descriptions of scenes in his missionary life, and by his enthusiastic advocacy of the cause of Missions. His efforts were specially enlisted in behalf of the Zenana Mission, for the formation of which he pleaded earnestly and persistently. He was rejoiced at the hearty manner in which this scheme was taken up by the ladies of the Church.

All who had previously known him were struck with the great progress he had made, as well mentally as spiritually, during his absence in India. Not only had his mind become more vigorous in its grasp of the subject he dealt with, but he had also attained a wonderful readiness and power in public address, which made his pleadings very popular and effective. This was more apparent, perhaps, in his speech at the

Missionary Meeting of the Synod in May 1881, than in any other of his public appearances. His hearers were carried away with his oratory, as he spoke of his labours in connection with the orphans, and in the founding of the Christian village of Ashapura.

'We have seldom heard anything,' says the editor of the *Missionary Record*, 'more graphic and touching than his description of how he followed the track of the locusts, and gathered up the orphans of the famine-stricken, or anything more moving than his closing appeal.' An old fellow-student of his remarked, some time after, that he had been quite astounded by this speech. 'We expected,' he said, 'that William Martin would give us a good, interesting address, but we were not prepared for such a torrent of eloquence.'

The month of August 1881 was spent among the congregations in Shetland and Orkney, where his name is still fondly remembered. 'I accompanied him,' writes Mr. Young, 'in a tour through the congregations of our Church in Shetland, and was struck with the power and persuasiveness, with the appropriateness and pathos, with which he spoke to the simple-minded fishermen of the north. His hearers were often moved to tears; and his visit was highly appreciated by the ministers who, amid many disadvantages and discouragements, are "holding the fort" in that remote district of our Church. I stayed behind him in Orkney, while he hurried home to spend, in the midst of his family, the anniversary of his wife's death.'

On the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Alex. Westwater, as a missionary to China, William Martin addressed both the missionary and the congregation. A few sentences from the Ordination Charge will show the tone of his address.

'Preach Christ,' he said, 'in your daily life. To be successful in bringing souls to the Saviour, you must yourself be a living epistle of Christ. The life of Jesus must be made manifest in you. Your motto should ever be, "Not I, but Christ liveth in me." Bearing the light of the world within you, go forth and shine in heathen darkness, and ever remember that, just in proportion as you faithfully represent the character of Jesus, will He be glorified among the heathen through you. It rests with you either to bring dishonour on that blessed Name, or so truly to manifest it in your life, "that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in you."

'"Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me,
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered
His life through me might flow."'

His furlough of eighteen months came to an end all too soon. Large and impressive valedictory meetings were held in Dundee, in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, and in St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on 23rd October, 6th November, and 13th November

respectively, to bid "God-speed" to a noble band of missionaries. However interesting these meetings might be to the vast audiences who assembled, and however encouraging to the missionaries, they were at the same time intensely painful to those who were leaving; for by them they were forcibly reminded that they were soon to be separated from all they held dear.

Once again William Martin had to bid farewell to his aged mother, now in her eighty-first year. A few months before, she had parted with her eldest son, who was returning, with his family, to his labours in Jamaica; and it was touching to hear from her lips these words: 'James, this is the fourth time I have said "Good-bye" to you, and I think it will be the last.' Her parting with William was no less affectionate, for the son, who so often accused himself of having caused her sorrow, had a very large place in her heart.

But the hardest wrench for him was the tearing of himself away from his four children, whom he loved as his own soul. He knew that he was leaving them in God's hands, and that they were in the guardianship of a lady of estimable qualities, wise and prudent, well reported of by a wide circle of friends, and one who, he was assured, would give heed to their spiritual as well as their physical necessities. Still, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was returning to a home which had no longer in it the elements of a home, the love of wife and children. And yet he

never for a moment cherished the thought of resigning his post in the field for the sake of greater ease and pleasure at home. This course was once suggested to him by one who did not quite appreciate his motives, but the look of surprise and indignation which it called up was sufficient to settle the question. He could not have lived in Scotland so long as he was fit for work in India.

When the morning of his departure came, though all hearts were heavy, his children behaved heroically, making his burden as light as possible. A few lines from a letter to his children, written near Gibraltar, gives a glimpse into his heart after being severed from them.

'My very dear children,' he writes, 'this my first letter to you, at least from sea, I write to you all—Joanna, Gavin, Willie, and my little Anna. As I go over your dear names, what a gush of love fills my heart! I feel Joanna's head lovingly laid upon my shoulder; Gavin looks on with a full heart, as shown by his quivering lip; Willie wipes away the tear which I cannot altogether suppress; while little Anna, climbing upon my knee, lays her hand upon my forehead to feel if it is hot. Thanks to you all, my darlings, I feel much better now. I feel pretty strong at heart, although I cannot always keep back my tears.'

Again, a few days later, he writes to one of his nephews: 'It was with very great pleasure I got your letter, written after our parting, on coming on board

the "Speke Hall" at Birkenhead. There are many things I would have liked to say to many of my friends before parting, which I could not trust myself to utter; and while my loving Father, looking into my heart, knew all its unexpressed love, my best beloved on earth were left to guess it.

'I have no doubt, my dear Willie, you will take a deep interest in my dear, almost orphan children. I have more comfort in leaving them in Mrs. Simpson's care, than I had thought it likely I could experience under any arrangement I could make. I fondly trust and pray that my darlings may never suffer from my absence from them, but that, in ways and by means of which I little dream, my absence may be abundantly supplied to them, whilst I still retain the hold upon their hearts which I have got. The short time I have spent with them at home has been a very happy season, for which I shall continue to thank God, rather than think of my present deprivation.'

'I have had no talk with you,' he adds, 'on the subject of your future plans of study, or of your prospective sphere of work in your Master's service. I never felt that I had anything to say on this solemn subject which would be useful to you. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." You will best discover the blessed Master's will upon your knees.'

The mission party, which was made up of Mr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Robb, Dr. and Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Dr. Clark and three Zenana agents, Misses

Miller, Young, and Flett, sailed from Liverpool, in the "Speke Hall," on Saturday, 26th November 1881. They had hardly left the Mersey when they were overtaken by a terrible storm, which lasted for several days. For two nights they were compelled to take shelter in the lee of the Island of Anglesea. In the midst of appalling danger they were preserved from any calamity. On Monday morning, the storm having abated, they were able to proceed, although for two days the deck of the ship continued to be swept by waves every few minutes. The remainder of the voyage was pleasant and prosperous, the "Speke Hall" reaching Bombay on Christmas day. Three days later, on Wednesday, they took train for Ajmere by Ahmedabad. On Saturday all the missionaries from the various stations met in Ajmere, to welcome the travellers, and hold their meeting of Conference.

In the evening William Martin rode through to Ashapura, sixteen miles, on camel-back. The people were on the outlook, and came out to meet him with many demonstrations of joy. After a little refreshment, the bell was rung, at the request of some of the people, for a thanksgiving and prayer meeting. The large room was filled, the village being almost entirely deserted by old and young. After so long a silence, he feared he might have some difficulty in the use of Hindi, but he was able to address them with perfect freedom.

On the following day, Sabbath, after his first

service, he felt for a time very much depressed in spirit.

'I felt,' he says, 'as if the life before me was more than I could endure. The battle of life seemed hard and long, and my mind was seized with fear lest I should some time yield to the adversary and dishonour my blessed Lord and Master. But, blessed be His name, I was not allowed to remain long in this God-dishonouring state of mind. I was soon permitted to enjoy another proof that the Divine strength is perfected in the weakness of His people. When looking fearfully into the dark future, my fears were all dispelled by the triumphant march of the Divine promise: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

'In the afternoon, when it got spread abroad that I had returned, large numbers of the people from Dal, Gadheri, and Mandyani came to meet me. The blessed Master seemed to have met me with the soul-rejoicing promise I have quoted above, that I might be prepared to improve the occasion of meeting so many neighbouring villagers. I was enabled to address them with more than my usual simplicity and tenderness.'

The Spirit with which he resumed his work may be seen in words like these: 'I feel very keenly my unfaithfulness in the past. Often in meeting with villagers, I have spoken about the things of time, and

allowed them to depart without saying a word about their souls, and have tried to excuse myself by pleading want of time, because of my manifold engagements. I have endeavoured to be faithful since returning. I have been lovingly trying to bring my visitors under the influence of the love of God in Christ Jesus.'

In February 1882, he took up his abode at Nasirabad, to work both stations, Mr. Gray having been sent to Ulwar, to supply the place of Mr. Jameson who was absent on furlough. The bungalow at Ashapura had lost much of its charm for him, since the voices of his own children and of the orphans were not to be heard in it. His surroundings were not so cheerful as they had once been; but yet he says, 'I really do not wish to be anywhere else than where I am; for I know I am not here by haphazard, but according to the arrangement of infinite wisdom. The fight is very hard and trying, but the "Captain of Salvation" is nearer than the enemy would have me believe.

> '"I know not the way I am going,
> But well do I know my Guide."'

In Nasirabad he had the pleasure of aiding and encouraging in their labours the Zenana missionaries who had been located there; and he bore the highest testimony to their perseverance in overcoming the difficulties which met them in the beginning of their efforts. He became specially interested in the Christian Girls' Boarding School, as from it he looked for

a powerful influence upon the various stations to which the girls belonged. It was his desire that the sessions of all the stations should unite in prayer for the Boarding School, that every girl in it might be truly converted.

The last four days of 1882, and the first three of the new year were passed by him, in company with two or three of his brethren, in Calcutta, attending the meetings of the great Missionary Conference. There were present more than four hundred and fifty missionaries, from all parts of India, Burmah, and Ceylon, more than a hundred of whom were women. The proceedings were such as to give promise of a new era in the history of Indian Missions.

Immediately after his trip to Calcutta, he engaged in an extended itineracy, during which he visited villages which he had not been able to overtake for fifteen years. He found many of the places greatly changed, the majority of the old inhabitants having been swept away by the several periods of distress which had been experienced. There were still, however, some left to recognise and welcome him for the sake of benefit formerly received at his hands.

The month of August 1883 again brought the missionaries face to face with cholera, and the terrible prospect of a famine which threatened not only Rajputana, but the Punjab and the North-west Provinces as well. At Ashapura, nine-tenths of the crop which had been sown during the light rains that had fallen in the beginning of July were lost, bringing consider-

able hardship upon the young farmers. But once more God was mindful and showed His mercy. The last days of August brought rains sufficient to warrant the sowing of a winter crop.

These two years of lonely life saw William Martin daily growing in meetness for heaven. The very hymns he loved to sing were those which spoke of the joys of the better world. A glorious sunrise would raise his thoughts to heaven, and call forth his gratitude to the Father who spread out the beautiful picture for His child's eyes to look upon. He was always happy in these thoughts, and at all times cheerful, his presence acting like a ray of sunshine; and yet there were signs that he was lonely, and almost wearying to reach the home beyond. Not that he ever tired of his loved work; but his strength seemed to be failing. His brethren urged him to spare himself, but his reply was, 'If I spare myself, how are the native Christians to be stimulated?' His health was as good as ever, but the long years of toil and exposure had told upon his powers of endurance. Work seemed harder than it had once been, and many duties, which formerly were a pleasure, were now a task, making him wish for the vigour of his youth. But rest was near at hand for the tired worker, nearer than he or any one imagined.

On Sabbath morning, 21st October, he preached to the congregation at Nasirabad from the words, 'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.' After breakfast, he rode out to Ashapura to conduct his

usual services. There he remained over night to attend to necessary duties on the following day. The long season of dry weather had reduced the level of the water in the "talao," and it occurred to him that the farmers might utilize the moist soil of the sloping banks for the sowing of grain. He accordingly spent a great part of Monday in allotting portions of the half-dry bed of the lake to the various families.

In the evening he rode wearily into Nasirabad, and on reaching his bungalow, complained of fever and severe headache. He asked his servant to hold his head. When he touched it he cried out, 'O Sahib, your head is like fire!' to which he replied, 'The heat is nothing compared with the pain.' Dr. Clark was called in, and found him suffering from remittent or jungle fever, but no danger was apprehended. Till Thursday morning the fever and headache continued; but in the evening, when his faithful elder Nathu (Kacheria) went in to see him, he said he felt better. Immediately after this he became rapidly worse, and three hours later, at midnight on the 25th October 1883, the strong, brave warrior laid down his arms, as he had taken them up, at the call of his King, and entered into the eternal rest.

His illness had hardly been known in Nasirabad, and most of his brethren were ignorant of it. There was not one in the Mission but would gladly have served him, but so stealthily and unexpectedly had the angel of death come upon him, that the tender-hearted, lonely man had suffered and died, with no

loving friends to tend him, but the doctor and two of his orphan boys, medical students, who had come from Agra. So different was his end from that of his gentle brother, who had been surrounded by a ministering circle. While those he loved, and those who prayed for him, thought of him as still toiling for his fellow-men, he had fallen asleep upon his Master's breast. Instead of loving hands to soothe his sufferings, his stay and his comfort had been the arm of the God of Jacob.

At midnight, when his death became known in Nasirabad, a great wail arose, which was repeated next morning when the Ashapura people—men, women, and children—came in to see all that was left of their best friend, who had fallen a martyr to his untiring efforts in their behalf. As he lay in beautiful repose, so like, yet so awfully unlike, himself, they crowded in to look once more upon him.

'I asked one of his old boys,' writes one, 'who had been living in Ajmere for a while, if he wished to see the face. His voice was choked with emotion as he answered, "Yes;" and when I turned down the sheet, feeling vexed that it should be covered at all, he flung himself on the ground at the bedside, and throwing one arm over the still form, cried out, "Oh, my father!" and burst out, crying and sobbing. The whole room joined in, but not with the terrible noise common to these Orientals.' The cry of all was, 'Our father has died to-day—we feel we have become orphans again.'

The news of his death, conveyed by telegram, was a great shock to all the missionaries, who hurried in next day to be present at the funeral of their beloved brother. It was at first intended that he should be buried in the little cemetery of his own village of Ashapura, beside his children and his second wife, but circumstances rendered this impossible. 'We laid him,' says Mr. Macalister, 'beside his first wife, and close to the tomb of his brother Gavin, of, to me, saintly memory. It was well that these two, so devoted in their life, should sleep together in their death. They fell as I wish to fall, as every leal-hearted missionary wishes to fall, in the midst of their work, and they lie amongst the people they loved so well.'

One who took part in the funeral service, the Rev. John Traill of Jeypore, thus writes:

'It was arranged that the funeral should start at five o'clock in the afternoon, and that I should take the Hindi service in the house a quarter of an hour before that. We had just time to wash our dust-soiled faces, and compose ourselves a little, as well as hear a little of the sad four days in which he had suffered, when it was time to go to the bungalow.

'I tell you, Miss Martin, I do not remember ever being so moved. I had hardly realized the fact that our beloved brother was gone. I felt stunned, dazed, as in a dream; but there was no getting away from this—no Martin to welcome, as he had used to do so heartily, those who came to him. There was the

empty room—empty so far as he was concerned,—there the coffin,—and there the mourners, weeping as if they would have broken their hearts, congregated in and around the bungalow. The grief was real. The native brothers and sisters had indeed lost a father,—one who had been the means of saving them from famine, from disease, and from death,—one who had directed their thoughts to the "Lamb of God," and turned them away from idols to gain eternal life in Christ Jesus. It was natural that they should weep, as you now do. We all were filled to overflowing with sorrow; for by our side had fallen a mighty man.

'In such a company I had to rise up to read and pray. God enabled me, and I read to them Matt. xxviii. 5, 6, and 1 Cor. xv. 35–38 and 50–58; and then in prayer we got out of ourselves, and just cast ourselves into the arms of a loving Father. I do not know how the words came; nor do I remember all I said; but I felt lifted out of self, and out of our own ignorance, and stayed on a loving Father who "doeth all things well." We implored His blessing to enable us to walk as our dear brother had walked, to enable them to remember what he had taught, and to act so as to meet him once more beyond death and the grave. We all dedicated ourselves to serve Him in a way we had never before done, and to trust and love Him more than we ever had done.

'The storm of grief seemed to lull a little; but it rose again as the sad procession left the house. The coffin, meanwhile, was brought out, wrapped in the

"Union Jack," and laid on a gun-carriage, sent by the General for the purpose, drawn by six horses. We started soon; and as I went about among the people, I could see how deeply moved they were. One old widow woman (I know not if she were a Christian) said, "My husband is gone!" Another broke the murmur of half-suppressed weeping, by saying, "My father! my father! Ah me!"

'We started, and a large funeral it was—carriages, officers on horseback, women with children in their arms, school boys, men from the city, converts, teachers, Christians from Ashapura, Nasirabad, Ajmere, Jeypore, and Beawr. By the way we were joined by several more, and at the graveyard by the Brigadier-General, several officers, a Roman Catholic priest, an Episcopal clergyman, and by many Presbyterian soldiers who wished to carry the body in on their shoulders. This was done by four of the native Christians from Nasirabad, and four from Ashapura, who claimed this honour, saying, "He saved us from death, and we will bear him to his grave."

'After a very impressive service in English, by Mr. Macalister, he was laid to rest beside his brother and his first wife, in a spot sacred to us, and to you also. There were laid by loving hands, on the coffin, two crowns of flowers. It was worthy. He has fallen in the midst of the fight, having borne a noble part. His soul is now with his Redeemer, and wears that crown which never can fade, as it basks in the light of that blessed land, where there is no more sorrow, and no

more sin, and no more death. We left his dust, only "till the day break, and the shadows flee away."'

Thus, 'as the setting sun was throwing long shadows over the land,' the weeping mourners laid in its last resting-place the body of one who had been 'a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a true friend, a devoted husband, a father who combined what have been called the three requisites of a good parent, "truth, firmness, and kindness," a most Christ-like man, and a missionary after the Apostolic order.'

On the Sabbath after the death of their pastor, only eight days after he had preached to them himself, Mr. Macalister addressed, in the morning, the Nasirabad congregation, who were bathed in tears all through the service. In the afternoon Mr. A. D. Gray held a service in the Native Church at Ashapura, which was, if possible, more deeply affected.

The news of his departure came with startling and bewildering suddenness upon the Church which had so lately enjoyed the stimulus of his presence. Nor can it be doubted that this blow was used by God to awaken many to a sense of their duty towards the cause of Christ. The cry arose to the Lord of the harvest, 'Send forth more labourers;' and some said, 'Here am I; send me.' As the brave soldier fell, more than one sprang forward to grasp, ere it reached the ground, the banner he had borne aloft. The Church shared the grief of the missionaries, for she realized that while *they* had lost a much-loved

brother *she* had lost a faithful ambassador of Jesus Christ.

The bereaved friends were not forgotten in the general sorrow. The sorely-tried mother, so near heaven herself, the orphan children whom he had committed to his Father's care, the brother and sister who still served the same Master, all were remembered. His brother-missionaries, his own children in the faith, Christians at home, some of them unknown to his family, combined to soothe the sorrow of those, who, in the midst of weeping, might doubt if they had not greater cause to rejoice over one who had so soon obtained the crown. Although he had died in his prime, after only forty-eight years of life, they could not doubt that his work was complete. It seemed as if it needed only the hand of death to give the finishing touch to the picture of his life. They felt the truth of these words of his oldest friend:

'To us his removal seems mysterious; but God is too wise to make any mistake, too gracious to do anything unkind, and too deeply interested in the progress of His kingdom to do anything to hurt it. "He holds the stars in His right hand," and knows when to remove their shining to a higher sphere. He never puts out any burning and shining lights; He only lifts them higher, and kindles others to shine in their place, here, in this dark world.'

It could not but be very grateful to the heart of the mother who had sent him forth with her blessing,

to receive so many loving tributes to the memory of a son so dear. She was not one who readily showed her deepest feelings, but these expressions of sympathy coming from the hearts of those who had known and loved him, moved her more than anything had ever done. One of these, from the hand of the Rev. William Bonnar of Deoli, may be given here. He wrote on 4th December 1883:

'My dear Mrs. Martin,—Some weeks must now have elapsed since you heard of the lamentable and irreparable loss the Mission here has sustained in the death of your noble son, our elder brother. I do not speak of *your* loss—although I can well understand how very dear he was to you—for, in truth, he is not lost to you, only gone to the home where so many dear ones have preceded him, and where you too, before many years pass away, will follow. The loss to us, his yoke-fellows, would be more than we can bear, only that the Lord is good, and does all for the best.

'William Martin was our pride. His large heart made him the kind and sympathetic friend of all. His almost boyish enthusiasm and his untiring zeal, were ever a stimulus even to the youngest of us; while his utter forgetfulness of self, and his entire devotion to the Lord and His cause, were ever before us a living example. While we mourn over the grave of one we loved as a brother, and deeply feel the great loss we have sustained, we have the one great consolation—and we thank God for it—that his

memory will ever live amongst us; and to us, who were so long privileged to be his fellow-workers, it is a very precious memory.

'He had but one purpose in life, and with what patient endurance and unflagging zeal he followed it out! And the memory of what he was and did, stirs us to follow in his footsteps. He was our strong man, head and shoulders above his fellows in all that goes to make a good and effective missionary; always in the forefront of the battle, regardless of danger, yet how tender of heart, and how gentle! In the sorrows he was called again and again to bear, not a murmur escaped his lips; and only those nearest to him knew anything of the agony which wrung his heart.

'The Native Church in Rajputana has been deeply affected by the removal of one so highly honoured, and so truly loved. And with the native brethren, as with us, the question has been ever recurring: "Of all men, why should *he* have been taken?" And they, as we, can only reply, "Perhaps, because he was the fittest to go; however it be, it is the Lord's will. Amen, Amen!"

'I have seen a great deal of William Martin—I am thankful to say—and, my dear Mrs. Martin, from all that I have seen, I can say, that after his own dear Lord and His cause, the thought most precious to his heart was that of his family, and of his old mother's unchanging love. Many a time has he spoken to me of you—sometimes with quivering lip

and moist eye—and of all that you were and had been to him. Ah! Mrs. Martin, I deeply sympathize with you in this your great sorrow. You have lost a noble son; I have lost a loving and much-helping brother. It is hard to think that we shall never hear his cheery voice again; never again feel the warm grasp of his hand; never again look into his gentle, loving face. Alas! his place will know him again no more for ever. Thy will be done, O God, our Father!

'My dear Mrs. Martin, God has abundantly blessed you in your children. I shall ever esteem it a precious privilege to have been so intimately, and so long associated with two such noble and worthy men as William and Gavin Martin; and I pray that grace may be given me to walk even as they walked. The Lord be very merciful and gracious to you and yours, in this your hour of sorrow, and be very near to you to breathe peace and comfort into your hearts.—Yours, with much sympathy, W. BONNAR.'

The Mission Board of the Church, the Presbytery of Rajputana, the Session of the Mission Church at Udaipur, of which he was Moderator at the time of his death, and the Presbytery of Hamilton, all adopted minutes expressive of their sorrow for the loss of one who had been so faithful a missionary for twenty-three years, of their gratitude to God for what He had enabled His servant to do, and of sympathy with the bereaved relatives.

But, perhaps, apart from the consolations of grace,

nothing was so comforting to the mother, who would herself have been a missionary had circumstances permitted, as the expressions of sympathy which reached her from those to whom William Martin had been the means of bringing the blessings of salvation.

One of his teachers, Jagrup, wrote by the first mail to break the news as gently as he could to those who now had eleven dear ones sleeping in Indian soil.

The people of Ashapura 'sent their greetings to their beloved mother and *sister*' (literally, our father's sister), saying, 'we and our children will ever remember his holy life. What can we say? When we were infants, he saved our lives and nourished our bodies, and through his instrumentality we have been received into the kingdom of God's dear Son. While we live, we will never cease to rehearse among ourselves his kindly acts and his labour of love.'

Rama, now a pastor, writes: 'Among the great he could be great, and, to use a saying of this country, "be a slave to the poor." The children of his own bowels he left in a far-off land to the care of his heavenly Father; and he adopted as his sons and daughters the poor outcast and famine-stricken children of Rajputana, and fed and nourished them, often at his own expense. For them he toiled, for them he sweat, for them he died. Is it possible that his children at Ashapura should forget him? His name will descend from father to son for many, many generations. Self-denying himself, he set before us

a bright example. What can we do in return for so much kindness, but be filled with gratitude?'

Dhonkal, too, an elder in the Church at Ashapura, wrote, some time after the death, as follows:—

It is my desire to write what I know of our father, William Sahib, during the fourteen years he took care of me. About fourteen miles from Nasirabad is my native village, Sokla. In the year 1869 there was a very grievous famine. I was then starving, and in a very wretched condition. I was unable to walk erect, but could only crawl on my hands and knees. I heard that a Sahib had come to Sokla, who was very kind to the hungry, and that he was going to build a school, at the building of which all the hungry people in the village were to be employed. Hearing this, I crawled to where the Sahib was; but I was afraid, never having seen a Sahib before. The Sahib, seeing my terror, said to me, "Do not be frightened; come to me." So I crawled up to where he stood, and he took me into his tent and gave me something to eat, and said to me, "Come with me to Surajpur. There I have many sons and daughters. I will take care of you." So I was taken to Surajpur.

'When I saw the multitude of children, and the thousands of famine-stricken people, I wondered where Martin Sahib found food for so many people; because grain was at that time selling at eight pounds a rupee. I have known him to stand from 6 P.M. till 11 P.M. in the midst of this great multitude, seeing

the grain doled out to the people. Often would he gather the little children around him and feed them with his own hands, read to them from the Bible, and pray with and for them. At that time he slept little. The people were so feeble and sickly that he felt he had no right to sleep when people were dying around him.

'In 1870 the Sahib took us orphans to Nasirabad. When the poor people saw that there was every likelihood of another year's famine, they followed him in crowds to Nasirabad, some of them coming from very remote villages. When the "talao" or lake was being made, Mr. Martin built a mud-hut, in which he lived during the hottest months of the year. Its remains are still to be seen, and are pointed out to visitors as the hut in which the Papa Sahib lived. All the furniture it contained was a rickety bed, a small table, a chair, and a few dishes. One day he lived on a little parched corn and water, and yet worked as hard as if he had feasted on the finest viands. No one ever heard him murmur or complain. While he attended to the bodily wants of the poor, he did not neglect their spiritual concerns.

'When visiting villages to preach the Gospel, he never failed to get an audience. The report soon spread that the Padri Sahib had come; the villagers would at once leave their houses or fields to pay their respects to their great benefactor. Some would seize the reins, others would bring a "charpoy" (or bed), others again would stroke his legs; all

would try in some way or other to do him some little service.

'One day, when very ill in his tent, he heard the gong struck for worship, and though in a burning fever, he conducted the services as usual. On reaching his tent again, he became insensible. Death had no terror for our father. When people were dying of cholera in hundreds, day and night would he nurse them, literally regardless of the danger he was running. He would remove the patients' dirty clothes with his own hands, a thing no native but a very low-caste man would do.

'Alas! alas! our father is gone! Who will occupy his place? Is it possible to find such another Padri Sahib? Alas! no. Thou art gone to thy great reward. Thou art with thy Master, whom thou didst so faithfully serve. We, thy poor orphans, mourn thy loss. Our father used to say to us, "I will never leave you; my bones will lie here." Was not this prophetic?'

Was it not worth while to have lived and toiled and suffered and died, that heathen exclusiveness and suspicion and enmity might be changed into the Christian love which animates these representatives of the Native Church in Rajputana? They knew that William Martin loved them, and he felt that they returned his love; but he was assured also of what gave him far higher joy, that many of them loved the Saviour who had given Himself to redeem them. He had the consciousness that his life had not been

spent in vain, that the Master whom he served had been pleased to bless his efforts, that the high and noble purpose to which he had consecrated himself had been, in some measure, fulfilled, even in his lifetime.

The work of a missionary, however, does not end with his life. The labours of William Martin did much for Christianity in Rajputana; but it may be questioned whether his death did not accomplish still more. While a man lives, his motives are often misunderstood by his fellows; but when he lays down life itself in the desire to serve them, the prejudices which obscured his worth are removed, and his character is seen in a clearer, purer light than that which shone upon him even in his best days. If 'the memory of the just is blessed,' how much more that of the just man who is also good, and pure, and loving, and unselfish! It cannot be cut off; it can never die, but must go on exercising its holy influence from generation to generation.

It is a glorious reward for a Christian to be permitted, apostle-like, to found the Church of Christ in a heathen land, and to see it growing, as he toils, into a temple worthy of the great Master-builder, who is Himself the chief corner-stone. It is a blessed privilege to be allowed to lead the weary, wayworn travellers in life's wilderness to the shadow of the great Rock. There is no joy on earth like the joy of those who 'turn men to God from idols, to serve the living and true God.'

'Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life.'

'Around him Indian orphans weep,
The Eastern palm waves o'er him;
They laid him where his kindred sleep,
Whom God had ta'en before him—
A gentle brother, loving wife,
Who helped his toil and blessed his life.'
—GEORGE PAULIN, in *The Christian Leader*.

These Memorials would be incomplete without a reference, in closing, to the honoured mother of the missionary brothers. Two years had not passed away after William Martin's death before Mrs. Martin was called to join, in the heavenly home, those dear ones who 'rested from their labours.' On 10th July 1885, the aged pilgrim, who had for many a year dwelt in the land of Beulah, crossed the dark waters of death, the light from the heavenly city casting its radiance upon her countenance. With intense longing she desired to sit at the table of the Lord three weeks before. She was permitted to enter His courts, and to present her offering; and then the Lord laid His hand upon her to prepare her for feasting with Him in glory.

Three weeks of helplessness of body, but unclouded

mind, borne with the patience and submission of a martyr, brought her to the end of her journey. Seventy years she served the Master she loved, and then He breathed upon her and she fell asleep. She died as she had lived, in perfect peace, her mind being stayed on Him; because she trusted in Him. She was worthy to be the mother of the three sons she gave to the mission-field.

In her old age God was very good to her in removing all anxiety about worldly affairs. The death of a brother in Canada put her in possession of a considerable fortune. As she had been faithful in little, so was she in much. Retaining only sufficient for her daily necessities, she divided the large sum of money into six parts, giving to the cause of Christ a share equal to that which she bestowed upon each of her children. A rich blessing accompanied this truly Christian deed. She was freed from all concern regarding the management of it, and she had the joy—to her a very keen one—of doing good, and adding to the comfort of those she loved.

By her death a mother in Israel was taken away, one who ever prayed most fervently for the coming of Messiah's kingdom. The ministers of Christ, at home and abroad, had no one who held up their hands more tenderly and more perseveringly than she. Few have so delighted in the house of God; and now she is in His presence, beholding His glory. While here, she laid her gifts at the Master's feet, and He accepted them and smiled upon her. Now she

'casts her crown before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power.' Now she rejoices with joy unspeakable, holding fellowship with Him whose love constrained her to surrender her heart, her life, her sons, her all, that His kingdom might come, and His will be done upon the earth.

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